MARCH

15 CENTS

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March

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"MY NAME IS STURGIS, RICHARD STURGIS," HE SAID.

—The Gentleman Burglar, page 329.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI. MARCH, 1907. No. 3.

THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Joint Author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide"; author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In "The Adventurer" the Editors of EVERYBODY'S believe that they have come upon a kind of story that both public and publishers seek constantly and seldom find—a brilliant novel of adventure. Moreover, a novel with a genuine mystery, whose trail the reader follows eagerly into far savage lands and through a series of strange and exciting experiences, centering about an idea of startling audacity and modernness. The author, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, has been known for years as a writer of clever and entertaining short fiction. But in this, his first independent big story, he has produced a novel whose current recalls, without resembling, "The Wrecker," that remarkable tale of adventure of which Mr. Osbourne was joint author with Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHY do other men succeed, and I fail?" How often does the unsuccessful man ask himself this question as he sees about him, on every side, the evidences of an unattainable prosperity. Clods risen to greatness; mediocrities snuggled into warm berths; dull fellows, without an idea in their wooden heads, high up the ladder, securely perched in affluence. What of better men at the bottom, from whom has been withheld this magic power? What's the matter with them? What invisible lead is weighing down their unfortunate feet? Why has Fate assigned them all the kicks, and reserved the halfpence for the others?

Lewis Kirkpatrick, on the top of a Chelsea bus, was moodily turning over these things in his mind. Ordinarily he would have given them very little thought, but the drizzling London day was favorable to introspection, as likewise were the nine shillings and eightpence in his pocket. Nine shillings and eightpence and the clothes he stood in! That was what Kirk had to show for thirty-two years of an active and adventurous life.

Nine shillings and eightpence!

To look at him you certainly would have thought he might have done better. His blue eyes were bright as a girl's. It wasn't drink that ailed Kirk. There was character in his firm mouth; courage in his chin; fearlessness and honesty in the carriage of his head. A fine-looking man indeed—tall, clean built, manly—with broad shoulders and a shapely neck. Not at all the type of failure, though a failure he was. A man damned by his own ability, and cursed by a restlessness that prevented him forever from taking root. Born of an old New England stock, reared a gentleman, and at nineteen, through the death of his parents, cast out in the world to shift for himself—such was Kirk's earlier history. He could swim anywhere, make a living anywhere—and this fatal facility had been his ruin. So soon as he learned that he could always make the world feed and clothe

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IT WAS AS THOUGH SOME GREAT EXPRESS TRAIN HAD THUNDERED BY, LEAVING IN ITS WAKE THE CINDERY SMELL OF CIVILIZATION.

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him, his wanderings began—began, never to end.

He had enough knowledge of the sea to make it bear him where he wished. He could hand, reef, and steer, heave the lead, and box the compass. You don't need much sailorizing nowadays to ship aboard a steamer, or a fore-and-after. He was something of a navigator, too, and could take a sight. He could cook, figure out accounts for the captain or supercargo, work a donkey-engine, and repack a leaky stuffing-box. In short, he was what is called a handy man, and always very quick to learn. On shore his abilities were even more extensive. Tutor, photographer, surveyor, bookkeeper—mender of guns and clocks and sewing-machines—odd jobman, tinsmith, paper-hanger, sailmaker. A good mechanical draftsman, knew something of assaying and reduction processes, could shoe a horse, milk, shear sheep, and set type. To offset the impression that our hero was the eighth wonder of the world, let us admit frankly that he did none of these things too well. He merely had the Yankee faculty of turning his hand to anything and managing after a fashion to pull through. Part bluff—part raw inherent ability—and both aided by a pleasant voice, good humor, and very winning manners. Kirk was a favorite everywhere.

The previous year he had had no more thought of ever finding himself in London than in Kamchatka. He had been trading in the Kingsmill Islands—on a little dot of a South Sea atoll named Arorai. Beginning with no capital, and "staked" by a Chinese merchant named Quo Hong Fat, he had gradually worked up a very good business. True, he was still $3,000 in debt, but his turnover was steadily growing more and more considerable, and a few years would have found him the owner of his store and stock, and in possession of a comfortable independence. One night, however, as he was sitting and dreaming on the edge of the lagoon, the smoke of a neighboring fire blew into his face. At the same moment the long and continuous roar of a mighty comber burst upon his ears. It was as though some great express train had thundered by, leaving in its wake the cindery smell of civilization. Again Kirk waited for the roll on the reef; again he shut his eyes and breathed in the acrid smoke; again he had the startling effect of the train whizzing past him in the dark. When he arose it was to find himself hating Arorai, hating his lonely life among the savages, on fire to escape at any cost and get back to the world of men. The demon of restlessness took him by the throat, and all his hopes and plans disappeared in the throes of an aching homesickness. Not the literal homesickness for the place where he had been born, but for people—white people—the bustle and roar of civilization as exemplified by that train—that train compounded of the smoke of a naked savage's fire and the green seas bursting against the coral.

He nailed up the store, made an exact division of his accounts, buried nine hundred Chile dollars in the copra-shed, and gave the Hawaiian missionary a sealed letter to be delivered, after his departure, to Quo Hong Fat. He retained in Chile dollars the equivalent of twenty-three pounds, English money—a sum which he considered rightfully his own—and then began to count the days till a ship might call. It mattered not where it came from, nor where it was likely to go. Any road was Kirk's road so long as it led from Arorai.

The barkentine Ransom gave him a lift to Sydney, New South Wales, whence, a month later, he shipped as A. B. on the British tramp Windsor Castle for the port of London. Here in due time he arrived, with eighteen pounds in his pocket; and installing himself in humble lodgings in Radnor Street, Chelsea, took in the tail of the London season. He did the galleries of all the theatres, took in all the sights from the Tower to Kew, sat in the Park in his shabby blue clothes, and watched the wonderful procession of the smart and the great. Saw the king bowling by in a gold carriage with postilions and outriders. Saw Westminster Abbey. Spent long days in museums. Took trips in the penny steamers. Gorged himself with civilization.

He hoarded his money; carried his lunch in a paper package; read the daily paper in a free reading-room; grudged every cent that debited itself upon his freedom. Not that he had any fear of want. Shipping was brisk, and the port short-handed. Three pounds ten were the wages out of London; and often, as mentally he cast up his accounts on his homeward way, the bells would ring out the refrain: *Three pounds ten, three pounds ten, three pounds ten*—at once comforting and disquieting—as the inevitable end of his holiday forced itself upon him.

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One afternoon, returning somewhat earlier than usual, he discovered the sidewalk blocked with a large part of his landlady's effects. From the door more were issuing in a pell-mell manner suggestive of riot and revolution, while the unfortunate lady herself, in a sea of wreckage, was tearfully expostulating with a red-faced man. It seemed that Mrs. Brundage—such was the worthy creature's name—had been dispossessed; and lacking the sum of eleven pounds fifteen shillings and ninepence, was in the process of being put out on the street. Of all human catastrophes there are few more moving to the heart. The dejected furniture, the tumbled mattresses, the poor, shabby household gods shivering in the rain—it is a hard man indeed who does not feel a gush of pity at such a sight. Though he could but ill afford it, Kirk paid the sum demanded, and laid up in heaven £11 15s. 9d. x 100.

On earth this left him with exactly two pounds fourteen shillings and threepence halfpenny!

The populace acclaimed his noble action. The red-faced man gave him a receipt. Mrs. Brundage, inarticulate with gratitude, assured him brokenly that he would not be out a penny, and that he was to consider his board and lodging paid up in advance for sixteen weeks to come. Had the unfortunate lady been better able to live up to this contract Kirk would have been pleased enough. But as he assisted her to carry in her belongings a gnawing incredulity beset him, and he reflected somewhat drearily on the speculative nature of his tenure in No. 7. Later on, he went out and bought five pounds of shag tobacco, and, determining not to borrow trouble, smoked a philosophic pipe amid the Brundage ruins. If all went well he might now count on food, lodging, and tobacco for sixteen weeks—and with fourteen shillings in hand to meet any unforeseen emergencies, was prepared to see a lot more of London before he must needs sign on.

"*Three pounds ten,*" rang out the bells of St. Stephen's. "*Three pounds ten, three pounds ten, three pounds ten!*"

"Don't you worry, old fellow," said Kirk. "I'm going to stick it out in London for a long time yet!"

For a while it looked as though he might. Mrs. Brundage had a brief period of prosperity, induced by two new lodgers. The morning bloater gave way to a slice of ham; tea was occasionally brightened with sausage; the midday lunch packet swelled in bulk. Now an apple, now a large juicy pickle rewarded our sightseeing friend on the summit of his bread and oleomargarine. The number of things you can see for nothing in London is simply astounding. Time and shoe leather are the only requisites. You can hear free lectures, too, on every conceivable subject, from radium to Greek art. You can listen to noble and inspiring music in ancient churches; and feel (for nothing) the uplifting of the spirit induced by beautiful and stately services.

It was hard work, of course. It is always hard work to be very poor. You have to walk miles and miles, and frequently lose your way in the bewildering labyrinth of the streets. But the point to Kirk was that one could pass long and profitable days without the expenditure of a cent. The treasure-houses of the world were open to him. Wonders of art and science, assembled at incalculable expense and incalculable pains, were as much for him to look at as for any duke. Kirk, in his shabby blue suit, in his dented billycock hat, in his clumsy boots already far down at the heel—Kirk would have delighted his unknown benefactors by his zest and eagerness. Often in his heart he thanked them for the privileges they had given him, and invariably stopped before their busts or portraits to accord them his meed of gratitude.

"Well done, old fellow," he would say. "Wish I could tell you how much obliged I am to you!" And thus, pausing before the effigy of the Right Honorable Lord Something Something, with half the alphabet tacked on behind him, Kirk would pay his homage to the mighty dead.

In all his wandering and lonely life he had longed for these things that now at last were within his reach. He had the imagination that can invest dead things with life. He was the sort of man that could get a thrill at the sight of old classic jewelry, and traverse the intervening centuries till he seemed to see the women that wore them in the dim and wonderful past—an American, of a not uncommon type, whom the crudities of his own new land and of his own materialistic generation had left hungry for romance and beauty.

Thus the gray days passed—not gray to him—but bright with the inner sunshine of long-cherished hopes fulfilled. The only disturbing element was the uncertainty of the Brundage raft, and the likelihood of its suddenly foundering in the financial seas. The

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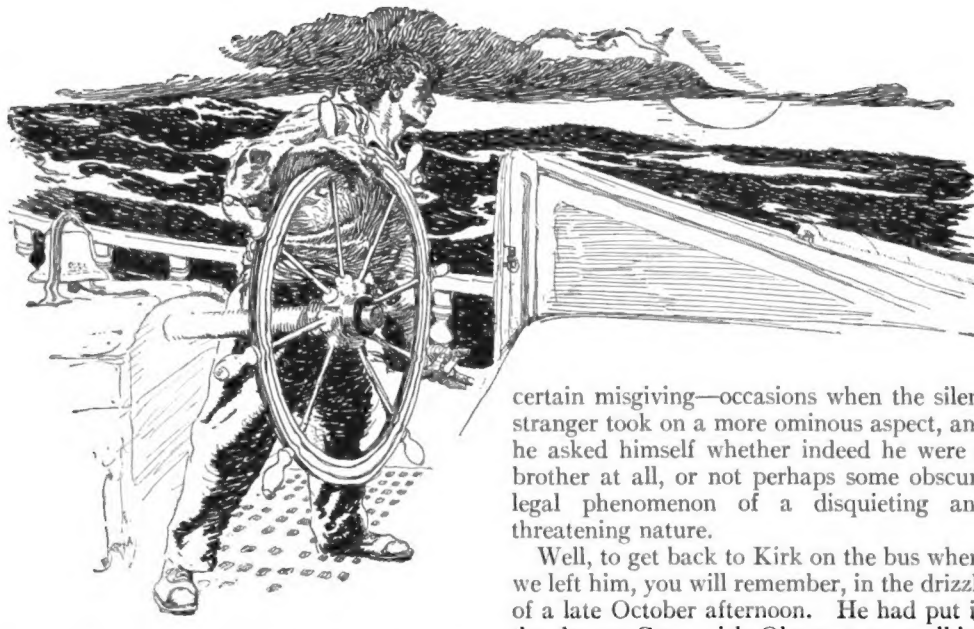

HE HAD ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE OF THE SEA TO MAKE IT BEAR HIM WHERE HE WISHED.

two new lodgers had flown away. Ham, sausage, and pork pies became but memories of the past. Bloater again predominated—bloater and tears. Mrs. Brundage's tremulous smile grew more tremulous, and a period of strange disappearances set in. Familiar objects unaccountably vanished. This mysterious shedding of things material first affected Mrs. Brundage's person—her cameo brooch, her old-fashioned earrings, her wedding-ring—and by degrees, spreading like some malignant disease, it swept whole mantelpieces clean, and devoured beds, mattresses and washstands. The interior of No. 7 Radnor Street was melting like snow in the sun, and one waited apprehensively for the walls to follow.

A red-faced man might now be encountered, smoking a pipe in the basement, and stolidly reading a sporting paper. Mrs. Brundage referred to him as her brother, and seemed greatly agitated at his visit. He was an unobtrusive, uncommunicative person, with a faculty for gluing himself all day to a chair and detaching his mind from the life about him. It pleased Kirk to see the widow's relations rallying to her side, and he ascribed the fellow's taciturnity to the undemonstrative English nature. But there were occasions when he could not resist a certain misgiving—occasions when the silent stranger took on a more ominous aspect, and he asked himself whether indeed he were a brother at all, or not perhaps some obscure legal phenomenon of a disquieting and threatening nature.

Well, to get back to Kirk on the bus where we left him, you will remember, in the drizzle of a late October afternoon. He had put in the day at Greenwich Observatory, walking there and back, and had found himself so footsore and weary on his return that he had extravagantly climbed on top of the first Chelsea bus. A brooding sense of impending misfortune was too strong to be shaken off. His conscience, too, was troubling him. Although legally entitled to nine weeks more of board and lodging, his manhood revolted from imposing himself any longer on Mrs. Brundage. He had to draw the line somewhere, and why not at eating the first floor, front?

Descending at the King's Road, he turned into Radnor Street. He walked up the steps of No. 7 and knocked. Waited, and knocked again. Mrs. Brundage was unusually slow in opening the door. It struck him for the first time, too, that the house was dark—that no light showed from any of the windows. Wondering, he knocked again—rap, rap, rap. Still no answer. Then a frowzy head popped up from the neighboring areaway.

"Looking for Mrs. Brundage?"

"Yes."

"She ain't 'ere no more."

"Not here! Where is she?"

"She went away a nour ago in a keb with her married sister!"

The head was beginning to withdraw.

"But I don't understand," Kirk called. "Hold on—what's the matter? When is she coming back?"

"She ain't coming back at all. She's sold up!"

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IT STRUCK HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT THE HOUSE WAS DARK—NO LIGHT SHOWED FROM ANY OF THE WINDOWS.

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CHAPTER II

It took Kirk a moment to collect himself. Tired and hungry, he did not at first appreciate the full magnitude of his misfortune. Then he remembered his kit inside, his tobacco, his rubber boots, his overcoat—all his poor cheap outfit without which he would be lost indeed. Had Mrs. Brundage packed them up and left them with the frowsy maid of all work next door?

"A sort of blue 'old-all, wasn't it?"

Kirk eagerly indorsed this description.

"It went in the van with the rest!"

"But, good heaven, it was everything I have in the world!"

"Too bad!"

"But the van—where did it go to?"

"Dunno!"

"What am I to do about it?"

"Dunno!"

"Have you any idea where her married sister lives?"

"Dunno!"

"What did she say to the cabman?"

"Nothink. Just drove orf!"

Kirk was too dazed to put any further questions. He walked into the King's Road again. "Signing on," which so recently had appeared the solution of all his difficulties, now took on a very different look. Sea life is hard enough, even with a modest outfit of flannels and socks—of boots, oilskins, and spare changes. Without them—? A man couldn't hope for any advance of wages except on a deep-water vessel. But Kirk had no fancy for square-riggers. He wasn't enough of a sailor for that. They would find him out in no time, and probably disrate him. The food was atrocious too. Kirk's desire was for steam. But he didn't want to die of pneumonia, nor be a rheumatic cripple for the rest of his life. No, he must try to get a job ashore, and save sufficient money for a new kit.

Turning over these thoughts in his mind, he at length stopped at a baker's, and bought a twopenny loaf. And then out into the street again, surreptitiously eating it while pretending to gaze into the shop-windows. He made his way to the free reading-room, and ensconced himself in a warm corner with a couple of the daily papers. Surely somewhere in the advertisement columns he would find his job? He had to find his job, and find it double quick. He had nine shillings and sixpence in his pocket, and not a single thing he could pawn—not even the overcoat that he had stupidly forgotten to take with him that morning. Nothing! In all his past vicissitudes he had never quite touched such bed-rock before, and in the worst of his evil days there had always been at least a companion or two with whom he could chum in. His present loneliness daunted him, and he would have given years of his life for a pal.

The *Daily Telegraph* began badly, and ended worse. No jobs here—only a disturbing feeling that men of marked ability were a-begging, and their services attainable for a song. The *Daily Mail* was equally depressing. Kirk embezzled the *Times* from an old gentleman who was nodding off to sleep; and a perusal of its columns lowered his spirits to zero. Employers wanted deposits, references, certificates, and degrees. They flung out their haughty demands with the consciousness that they could make their own terms. Paragons of learning were invited to East Dulwich for a hundred pounds a year, to rise by yearly increments of five pounds to a final hundred and sixty. Unfortunate governesses, capable of teaching everything under the sun, were expected to be of an exact shade of Protestantism, total abstainers, attractively mannered, and pay for their own washing—out of thirty pounds per annum. The British Empire as thus reviewed by a perishing stranger, seemed to offer as few opportunities as the upper Congo or the White Nile.

By Jove, here was something! On the first page, three items down the second column! Kirk's breath came quickly as he read the startling advertisement. Here was a job that appealed to all the adventurer in his nature:

> WANTED: Resolute men, 30 to 35, single, of superior education, inured to hardship and danger; honest, sober, good-tempered, and, above everything, able to hold their tongues. Apply by letter in own writing, giving antecedents, to DESPERATE ENTERPRISE, No. 199,024 Times.

Kirk did not wait to analyze it, did not waste time in speculation. It was enough that he seemed to fill the bill, and all his thoughts were directed to making his letter of application a success. He would be taken or rejected on that letter, and it behooved him to make it a little masterpiece—if he could. He hurried out for paper and envelopes, and bent himself to one of the hardest tasks of his life. He felt instinctively that half the

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loafers and ne'er-do-wells of London would be in competition against him—hundreds of them, possibly thousands—and that his only chance was to sling his ink effectually. He wrote his letter twenty times—not on the precious paper itself—but in a halfpenny version book, making one rough draft after another. Some he discarded as too modest; others as too breezy and self-complacent. His effort was to hit the delicate mean between the two, and yet draw such a picture of himself that they'd fall over one another to get him!

Finally he chose a sort of census-like form. It sounded curt and manly, and resolved many of his literary perplexities. He would not try to puff himself—he didn't seem to have the necessary art. A letter full of brag would kill him. He wrote as though he were filling out a printed form. It reminded him of one of those thumb-nail historiettes that the police file away in the Rogues' Gallery. Not an extra word in it, yet everything said. Such a letter, in fact, as a resolute man of thirty-two, single, of superior education, inured to hardship and danger, honest, sober, good-tempered, and, above everything, able to hold his tongue, might be expected to dash off "in own writing."

But what of an address? How was Desperate Enterprise to reply to him? He appealed to the grim young lady in charge. Might a letter be addressed to him in the care of the free reading-room? She seemed very much perturbed at the suggestion. The rules of the institution hadn't provided for such contingencies. She eyed him darkly, and was at length prevailed upon to give him a very grudging assent, dissociating herself personally from all liability. It struck the grim young lady as a scandalous proceeding. Suppose it became a common practise? Suppose everybody had their letters addressed in care of the free reading-room? What if the committee complained? What if the post-office complained? What if the other free readers complained? He might do it once, at his own risk, but was not to form the habit. He wasn't to regard it as the thin end of the wedge, and expect to carry on an animated correspondence. Nor was he to lay it up against her if his letter miscarried, or got lost, or was accidentally destroyed. The attitude of the free reading-room was to be simply passive.

Kirk did not dare to ask her for a stamp. He slunk out and bought one at a grocer's, dropping the fateful letter in the box with unspoken good wishes for its safe and speedy journey. What a fool he was to count so much on it at all! It might well be that the whole thing was a hoax, or else the cracked-brain absurdity of some silly boys. What if Desperate Enterprise was aged seventeen and lived with his mother? Or was a tottering graybeard with romantic illusions? Pshaw, he mustn't take it too seriously. What really was serious was a bed.

He got a shake-down in a Salvation shelter. Fourpence, and twopence more for breakfast. He felt dirty and unkempt. He cleaned his teeth with the end of a burnt-out match, and combed his hair with his hands. The chained comb and brush of Salvation repelled him. But their water was all right, and so was their soap. Then he passed out into the streets, with the walk of a man who has nowhere to go and nothing to do. He directed himself first to Radnor Street in the faint hope of recovering his clothes, or possibly of meeting Mrs. Brundage, and getting on their track. But No. 7 was shut and silent, with the blinds drawn, and the steps littered with odds and ends of paper and straw. Nothing to be got here except a piercing note of desolation. He went to the reading-room, and took up the day's papers, finding in the *Times* a repetition of yesterday's advertisement. He took a note of six or seven others, and put in a dreary, hungry day looking for work. Two of them carried him to fee-snatching agencies whose plausible managers tried to rob him of half a crown apiece. Then he tried for a berth on one of the river steamers and failed. Tried for a fireman's job on the Southwestern Railway and failed. Tried at a type-casting plant, at a storage warehouse, at a sailmaker's loft. No good. Full up, every one, with only a vacancy here and there for exceptional men, highly skilled in some particular branch. There was a linotype job a-begging, but he left it still a-begging. Dispirited and forlorn, he returned to the Salvation shelter, and passed another anxious night.

The next day he was almost too out of heart to return to the free reading-room. His money was melting fast, and common sense bade him seek a seaman's institute whose address he had, and try for a ship. Here, at any rate, he had something to sell that somebody wanted. The port was short-handed, and sailormen were in demand. He would ship as cook in a windjammer, and

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get a substantial advance. Not a job he fancied, but it paid good money, and assured him of a kit. The necessity for that kit was looming up as the biggest need in life. Nobody appreciates the luxury of cleanliness more than a man who is suddenly denied it. No, he would take in the reading-room on a chance of a reply from Desperate Enterprise, and failing any word from that quarter, would hasten across the river to the institute.

He addressed himself to the grim young lady, whose unpromising countenance did not serve to raise his hopes. With well-calculated rudeness she allowed him to ask his question several times over before condescending to answer.

A letter? Oh, yes, there was a letter!

He took it from her with trembling hands and retreated to a corner near the window. So much was at stake that he could not bring himself all at once to open it. He must nerve himself for a refusal. He must remember the thousands of other applicants. He turned over the envelope in his hand, still withheld by a sort of dread. The paper was of excellent quality, bluish and thick, and addressed in a bold big hand. Kirk summoned all his courage and tore it open. But it held no corresponding bluish thick sheet—only a few words typewritten on another variety of paper: "You seem the kind of man we want. Meet me to-day (Wednesday) at the Vienna Bakery, 928 High Holborn, at 2.30 sharp, recognizing me by the green tie I shall wear. Desperate Enterprise."

Kirk read and reread this many times. He was ashamed of the exultation it gave him. Again common sense bade him beware, to steel himself against disappointment, to dash cold water on his absurd elation. But the spirit within him revolted at these prudent counsels. The spirit within him was on fire and the blood tingled in his veins. Mystery and romance were not to be set thus tamely aside, and talked down. Why should one be so confident that nothing existed in the world save the commonplace and the prosaic? After all, was this not as good a way as any other to get recruits for a desperate enterprise?—presuming it really to be desperate, of course. "More than anything able to hold their tongues." These words recurred to him significantly. Men who could fulfil all the terms of that advertisement were bound to be rare. . . . Well, there was one thing he might be certain of. They weren't after his money anyhow. He had told them that he was broke.

It was a hard thing to know how to fill up the intervening hours—the gap from nine o'clock to half past two. He decided to go to High Holborn, and look up the rendezvous designated. Suppose, like so many places in London, it was almost unfindable. It was a wonderful old town for losing your way in. What if half past two arrived and he was still groping for it? No, he would chase up that Vienna Bakery; take accurate bearings of it; and find some neighboring garden or park to camp in.

He turned out into the open air, and followed the King's Road into Sloane Street. He knew vaguely that High Holborn was near the British Museum, and that it was a goodish walk from Chelsea, but it would all help to fill up the time, and bring him nearer half past two. It was the second day of November—dark and foggy—and the chill of impending winter was already in the air. But he was not in the humor to find fault with anything. To him at that moment London was the most fascinating city in the world. What was grubbiness and gloom to a man who was hastening to enroll himself in a desperate enterprise, and meet a mysterious stranger in a green tie?

The Vienna Bakery was easily found. It was a good-sized place at the gore of High Holborn and another street, and wore a very smart, pleasant, and appetizing appearance. Through its wide uncurtained windows Kirk saw rows of little marble tables, and at one of them a waiter whisking chocolate for a lady. He liked the look of the Vienna Bakery, and hoped that Green Tie would stand him a feed. He could hardly do less in the circumstances, and Kirk decided on chocolate, and as many of those crisp rolls as he could venture to eat without making too bad an impression. Six if he could, but anyway, three! His hunger, which had been very poorly satisfied at the Salvation shelter, became ravenous at the sight of these outspread dainties. He went in, and timidly bought a small loaf of brown bread for twopence—a horrible extravagance.

But it was an excellent little loaf, though abnormally small for twopence, and Kirk munched it hungrily as he strode away in the direction of the British Museum. In his utter homelessness this venerable pile took on a friendly and welcoming aspect. It assured him of warmth, of a bench to sit on, of a

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clock. Incidentally he could look up his old friends, the Greek and Roman antiquities, and muse cheerfully on the nothingness of man. Standing before those noble remnants of classic ages, his own little hopes and fears dwindled into insignificance. He wiped the telltale crumbs off his legs, and altogether felt greatly refreshed. Even the gray London light failed to daunt his rising courage. If all went well would he not soon find himself embarked on a Dangerous Enterprise, with money in his pockets, and bold, resolute companions? He would recall this unending day as his starting-point into the unknown, and amid brighter scenes would look back on it almost with fondness.

One o'clock. Half past one! Two! With his eyes never off the clock, he watched the minute hand tediously forge around the dial. At the quarter he was suffocating, and could no longer adhere to his determination to wait for the twenty past. Walking fast, at times almost running, he again made his way to the Vienna Bakery, and stopped, panting, at the door. He could not well go inside without ordering something and must therefore loiter at the entrance, attracting as little attention as he could. There was another entrance at the side, on which he had also to keep a watch; and it was while he was in the spell of a most painful excitement that a tall bulky man brushed past him, and seating himself at one of the unoccupied tables exposed to view an unmistakable green tie.

CHAPTER III

KIRK fought down his first impulse to rush in and seat himself beside the stranger. He prudently reconnoitered him instead, giving him a close and earnest scrutiny. Desperate Enterprise was a shabbily dressed, good-natured, breezy-looking, bland individual of about forty, with a tawny mustache and a dirty collar. Yet he had none of the air of a man down on his luck, nor for that matter any appearance of the desperado or the adventurer. He had more the look of an actor, and his whole get-up suggested the theatre rather than the real vicissitudes of fortune—and this effect was heightened by a pair of blue eyes that twinkled kindly and merrily.

"I beg your pardon," said Kirk, entering, and stopping diffidently before him. "I—I believe you are the gentleman whom I was to have the honor of meeting here?"

The stranger rose to his feet, and assuming a would-be mysterious expression which quickly broadened into a smile, asked if he had the pleasure of shaking hands with L. K.

"Lewis Kirkpatrick at your service, sir," said Kirk, accepting a place beside the stranger, who motioned him into it and then sat down himself.

"Call me Smith," he said, "unless you have a preference for something more high-sounding?"

Kirk replied, with a laugh, that Smith was quite acceptable to him.

"Ha, a man of humor," said Desperate Enterprise, laying a large fat hand cordially on Kirk's knee, as though to emphasize his approval. "A fellow who can see a joke! Good! If all goes well you'll soon be initiated into the biggest joke of the century. Waiter!"

Orders were given and taken. Kirk chose chocolate and rolls, wondering all the while whether he was dealing with a madman. Mr. Smith demanded muffins and a pot of tea, and then settled back bulkily into his seat.

"I'm very eager to hear about that job, sir," said Kirk.

Mr. Smith's face changed.

"My dear man," he observed, almost with severity, "in this interview I am going to ask the questions, and you are going to do the answering. I admit the one-sidedness of the arrangement, but this is due to circumstances beyond my control. I am here in the capacity of a sifter, and you are the siftee!"

"Very good," said Kirk. "I want to be in on this thing, and am quite willing to go through all the preliminaries."

"We liked your letter." Mr. Smith was looking at him very keenly, and Kirk's first impression of his companion's irresponsibility began to change. Here was plainly a man accustomed to read faces; and his own, when he consented to be serious, was both masterful and authoritative. "To be absolutely frank, you seem the kind of man we want; and my only duty is to find out whether you told us the truth."

"Then go ahead," said Kirk, in no way abashed. He liked Mr. Smith, and he felt pretty sure that Mr. Smith liked him. "I'm all ready to turn myself inside out."

Mr. Smith drew out a piece of paper and a pencil.

"Now about that navigation?" he began suavely. "You tell us you can work a sight.

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Here's an observation supposed to be taken at 10.33 A.M.—and here's a difference in time between an imaginary noon and a Greenwich noon as shown by your imaginary chronometer. Would you mind giving me the latitude and longitude?"

Kirk gazed blankly at the bit of paper on which these facts were scribbled.

"I cannot do it," he said, looking up. "I'm afraid you don't understand. I'd have to have a Nautical Almanac and the year."

"Nineteen hundred and two, July 27th," blandly responded his examiner, producing at the same time a copy of the Nautical Almanac from his ulster pocket.

Kirk again looked blank. "But Mr. Smith, I'd have to have a book of logarithms!"

"Here, my friend," said Mr. Smith, placidly laying down another volume on the marble table.

"And the error of the chronometer?" put in Kirk.

From a waistcoat pocket his smiling inquisitor produced the rating.

"You seem to know a lot about it," he said. "My dear man, I don't know how you'll end, but I compliment you on your excellent start."

Kirk was rusty in his navigation. Moreover he was hungry and tired, and so wrought up that it was hard to concentrate his faculties. His depression did not escape Mr. Smith's watchful eyes.

"Take your time—take your time," he said. "We've chosen you out of nine hundred already. I can see you know how to do it. Why, the last so-called sailor didn't even know he needed an almanac!"

The waiter rattled down the refreshments. Kirk took a sip of chocolate and began to figure. Mr. Smith leaned back, and bubbled over with a singular entertainment.

Kirk indeed took his time. He did not dare to risk a failure. He was horribly rusty, and had a paralyzing moment of indecision when he was at a loss to decide whether his longitude was east or west. He sipped some more chocolate, and gobbled a roll. Yes, it was east. How could he have been so foolish as to think it otherwise! He worked out the position twice—independently.

"Here it is," he said at last. "At least this is what I make it."

Mr. Smith deliberately produced another scrap of paper, remarking as he did so that it was all Greek to him. Kirk's labors were compared with the paper. Thank God, the two positions agreed. Kirk breathed a sigh of relief, and hastened to get outside another roll.

"Capital!" cried Mr. Smith, repocketing the two books, and beaming with satisfaction. "Now let us get through the rest of the program, though I'll tell you right here that in your case it is a mere formality."

This engaging preamble seemed designed to lull Kirk's suspicion; for Mr. Smith was as shrewd and searching in his questions as though he were some eminent counsel crushing a witness into powder. He popped back and forward over Kirk's whole career, pinning him to a date here, a fact there, and then darting up like a jack-in-a-box to tax him with an apparent contradiction. This genial and smiling Mr. Smith, for all his bonhomie, turned out to be as diabolical an inquisitor as ever tore a fabric of lies to pieces in a court of law. At times, too, he attempted to ruffle Kirk's temper, and tease him into some hot rejoinder. Some of his questions were almost insults in themselves, but Kirk turned them off with a laugh, and refused to play into his tormentor's hands. Altogether, when at last they stood up to go, Kirk's original opinion of Mr. Smith had changed materially. The latter's gay masquerade was a blind. Underneath was a man of strong character, cunning, clever, and full of guile.

"Well, what next, sir?" asked Kirk, when at last they stood up to go.

Mr. Smith fumbled in his pockets for a card, on which, in blue pencil, was written "82 Ledworth Street. Knock four times."

"I intend making a very favorable report on you," he remarked. "Come to-morrow morning at ten o'clock to that address. And now, my dear man, good afternoon, and *au revoir*."

They passed out of the bakery, and Mr. Smith hailed a passing hansom and jumped in. The last Kirk saw of him was a large, fat white hand waving a farewell.

It would be hard to describe Kirk's feelings as he strolled down Holborn and tried to piece together in his recollection all the details of that singular interview. What did it all mean? he asked himself. Who was this man, and what did he want of him? The advertisement had said nothing of navigation. No sailorizing was even mentioned in it. Yet he had been put through his facings as though he had gone up to try for a Board of Trade

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certificate. Was it just a part of the sifting process? Just an example of this Mr. Smith's thoroughness? He had been three hours on the rack. Three hours! And looking back on it he marveled at the skill and completeness with which his examination had been accomplished. His respect for Mr. Smith was unbounded. Kirk admired capacity, and it boded well for the enterprise, whatever it might be, to have such a man as leader. But was he the leader? That "we" recurred to Kirk. It was always "we." There was an impersonality about Mr. Smith that baffled Kirk. He had never let slip a word or a hint as to the nature of the undertaking. His easy-going, comfortable, smiling manner was even disconcerting in the retrospect. Not at all the manner of a man organizing a desperate enterprise. Yet was it not perhaps the mask that concealed a very different Mr. Smith behind? It was hard to say. It was all very mysterious.

But Kirk was very happy. These musings and questionings stirred his imagination. He had emerged triumphantly from the ordeal—that was the great thing—and he was as good as enrolled already. He had no doubts, no hesitations. An enterprise that was good enough for Mr. Smith was good enough for him. It certainly could be nothing criminal. It was impossible to connect Mr. Smith with anything criminal. But for that matter it was impossible to connect Mr. Smith with anything at all. The man was an enigma. His purpose was an enigma. His light-heartedness was the biggest enigma of all. Yet he had voluntarily spent three hours on Kirk, and gone to a lot of pains to turn him inside out. He didn't strike one as the sort of person to do this for nothing. Indeed, it represented a pretty hard afternoon's work. And now he was off to "report."

Kirk strolled through the darkening streets with the swing and vigor that come of success. There was no lag in his walk now, no indecision as to which street he should take, no crumpled list of addresses to decipher under the gaslights. There was no job to look for now. The job was found! He had won against nine hundred. All he had to do was to exist till the next day, and then knock four times at 82 Ledworth Street. And after he had knocked four times? Oh, what was the good of worrying about it?

He treated himself to a generous dinner. Roast beef, potatoes, cheese, and a pewter mug of beer. A fellow with a desperate enterprise before him was entitled to live high. It was policy, too, to be in good shape for 82 Ledworth Street. He had to make a good impression on "we," and confirm Mr. Smith's favorable opinion. He promised himself an ample breakfast, a shave, and a shine—perhaps even a penny flower in his buttonhole. There was a lot at stake. He felt instinctively that anything of Mr. Smith's was bound to be well paid. You are always well paid for risking your life. It was only fair that you should be. He hoped it wasn't too desperate. He was willing enough to take his chances with the rest, but there was something to be said for a whole skin. But what was the good of a whole skin if you had nothing to put inside it? If you got right down to it, more men died of poverty than were ever shot in battle or drowned at sea. A man with any spirit would choose a bullet. He wasn't afraid of bullets. The only lurking dread in his mind was—jail. Hard pressed as he was, with his back to the wall, he was not going to steal. Nor murder. Nor enter the photogravure or counterfeiting business. It had to be a straight proposition. But somehow it was impossible to connect Mr. Smith with anything that wasn't straight.

Kirk passed the rest of the evening in the free reading-room, and then went back to his fourpenny cot in the Salvation Army shelter. The next day at the stroke of ten he was on the steps of 82 Ledworth Street. It was an ordinary four-story London house, undistinguishable from its neighbors, save for a painted sign above one of the basement windows: "To be leased unfurnished for a term of years. Apply to Jeffrey & Thatcher, house agents, 807 Marylebone Road W." It was a most respectable-looking house in a most respectable-looking street, and except for a tarnished brass knocker, and windows heavily glazed with dust, there was nothing to suggest that it was not a typical rooftree of Britain's best — the house of a well-to-do professional man or city merchant. The blinds were all drawn down as though the household were still asleep, and in the area there was none of the usual morning bustle of clattering servants and tradesmen's boys. A general lifelessness pervaded the headquarters of Kirk's unknown employers, and his four knocks, as he struck them slowly, seemed to reecho through an empty house.

The second instalment of "***The Adventurer***" will appear in the April number.

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Myrtie Smith's Little Brother

By MARGARET G. FAWCETT

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

ELIZABETH ANN emerged from her morning of solitary confinement a trifle pensive. It was her usual mood following a period of incarceration; and it was only another evidence of the imperishability of hope that the elder members of the Sheraton family invariably mistook it for evidence of repentance. As a matter of fact, it was generally owing to something quite different; to-day, for instance, to the consciousness of having to curb a desire to go over and feel Polly Walton's bump. From the heated remarks of the other Waltons at the time of Polly's fall and from the unusual length of her mother's sorrowful discourse, Elizabeth Ann had gathered that it was a regular beauty of a bump. But discretion, if not delicacy, restrained her from invading the Waltons' premises. Not that she took upon herself any blame for the bump. After a great deal of urging, she had succeeded, by means of her own strong young arms and a chair, in getting Polly suspended from the rope that entwined the Waltons' clothes reel; and then she had removed the chair in order that there might be plenty of room for the double aerial somersault that had been one of the features of Mlle. Celestine's performance in that summer's circus. She herself had successfully managed the feat on the same reel, and her only object had been that Polly might share her enjoyable thrills. But instead of making the slightest effort to turn, Polly, a plump, indolent person, had dropped to the ground like an overripe plum, and the wrath of the Waltons, the grief of Elizabeth Ann's mother, and her own imprisonment had ensued in swift and tragical order.

It was what one got for playing with 'fraid cats! she told herself fiercely as she reviewed the details of the disastrous incident.

Taking her roller-skates from the hall closet she strolled out to the curb, where she sat down and buckled them on. There was always some disagreeable restriction attached to her liberation. To-day it was that she should keep within her own square. A square was not a great deal of space in which to practise the Double Dutch Roll, but Elizabeth Ann was used to making the best of her meager opportunities. And, fortunately, the Smiths' house was in the square. Ever since it had been completed and the Smith family had moved in, she had kept a watchful eye upon it, for it was known in the neighborhood that there was a Smith girl who was to return from her grandmother's in the country as soon as the family was settled. Elizabeth Ann had been hoping all along that the girl wasn't a 'fraid cat, but the sort one could choose for an intimate friend. Her experience had been that even boys weakened occasionally when it came to accepting a "stump." As for the girls—well, Polly Walton was a fair example.

Spinning around the corner, she approached the Smith house, a pink and white architectural departure with curves where the corners should have been, and with a veranda encircling the first floor and a balcony the second. Elizabeth Ann's mother had likened it to a huge wedding-cake on a green tray. To-day Elizabeth Ann's eyes widened with surprise when she saw, sitting on the veranda—that is, the lowest layer—exactly like a row of ornamental cherubs, five familiar figures and one strange one. Undoubtedly, the small, spectacled person in buff was the Smith girl!

Elizabeth Ann described the Figure Eight carelessly with the left foot, then glanced out of the tail of her eye at the Row. Its expression was one of polite but indifferent attention. Disconcerted (for never before had any feat of hers failed to command the plaudits of her audience), she Dutch Rolled around the square and came back, only to find that she was no longer accorded even the former scant attention, that the eyes of her once loyal followers were fastened to a man on the buff stranger, who appeared to be talking volubly. She did the Dutch Roll

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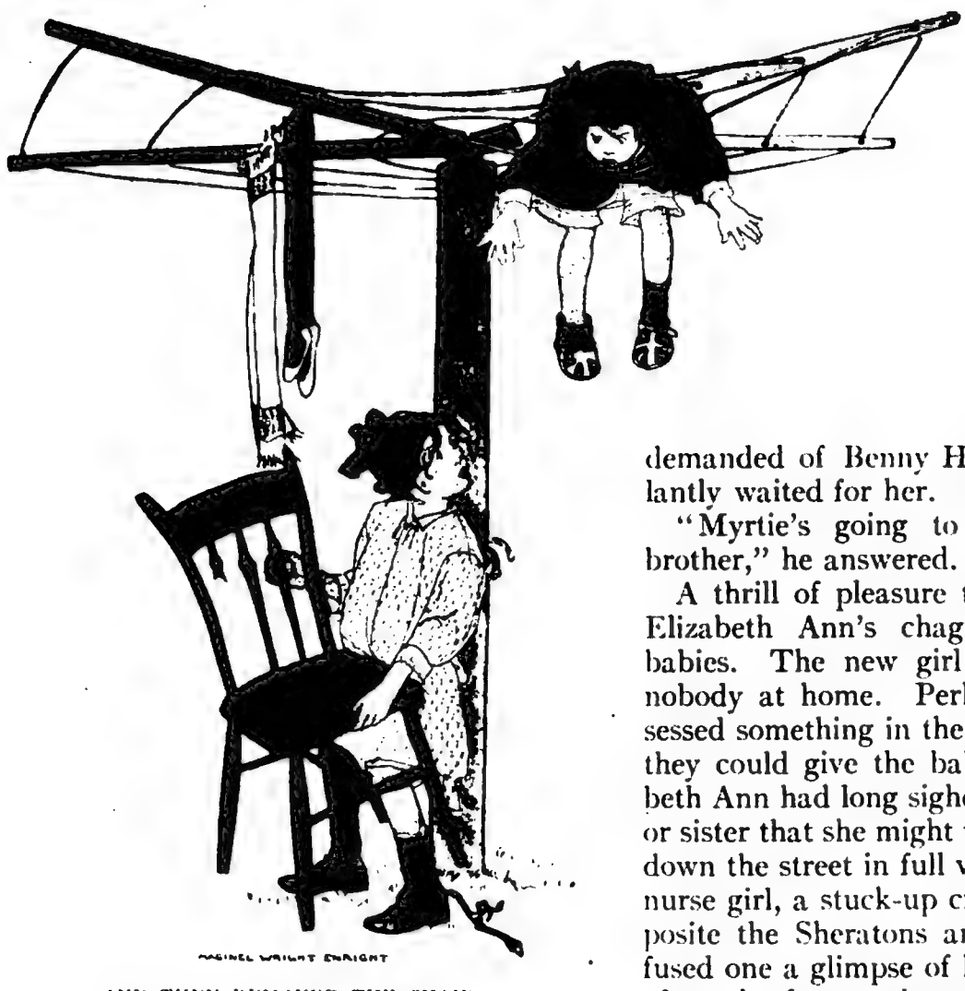
backward and then, perceiving that the five continued to hang on the words of the stranger, realized that the situation demanded more direct tactics.

"H'lo," she called in general greeting.



AND THEN REMOVED THE CHAIR.

Two responded not at all; Willy Baker's and Cora Sanders's replies were absent-minded; only the always dependable and therefore despised Benny looked at her and smiled in friendly fashion.

Experience had accustomed Elizabeth Ann to the fact that the world continued to move during her frequent imprisonments. Once she had gone into enforced retreat, leaving the Higginses in the best of health, and had emerged to find a scarlet-fever sign on the door. During another involuntary absence Martha Clapp had acquired the whooping-cough and a magic lantern. But this wholesale desertion of her standard for that of a newcomer was something utterly unforeseen and left her, for the moment, resourceless. Before she could rally her scattered wits there was a diversion on the veranda. The Row had jumped to its feet and, headed by the spectacled Smith girl, was making for the door. Grief and astonishment at this unmistakable indifference to her presence held Elizabeth Ann motionless. Pausing on the threshold, the stranger glanced over her shoulder.

"You c'n come, too, if you like," she observed carelessly. "There's nobody home."

Elizabeth Ann hesitated. In the end, however, curiosity got the better of her pride, and she unbuckled her skates.

"What you going to do?" she demanded of Benny Higgins, who had gallantly waited for her.

"Myrtie's going to show us her little brother," he answered.

A thrill of pleasure temporarily displaced Elizabeth Ann's chagrin, for she adored babies. The new girl had said there was nobody at home. Perhaps the Smiths possessed something in the way of a go-cart and they could give the baby an airing. Elizabeth Ann had long sighed for a small brother or sister that she might wheel proudly up and down the street in full view of the Harrisons' nurse girl, a stuck-up creature who lived opposite the Sheratons and who generally refused one a glimpse of her charge. She had often, in fancy, gloated over the stuck-up one's discomfiture in the event of her emerging from the Sheratons' doorway with twins!

But when the little procession of which she formed the rear was marshaled in front of a niche in an upper room where stood no cradle, she stared blankly at the Smith girl. The stranger was gazing at something on the wall above her head, and following her glance, Elizabeth Ann found herself looking straight into the eyes of a golden-haired child who seemed to be smiling down upon her.

"Who is it?" she asked, pointing a brown forefinger at the picture.

"It's my little brother," the new girl responded with an air of bland satisfaction.

"Where's he now?"

"In heaven. He's an angel."

Elizabeth Ann advanced a step nearer the picture and the silence that is apt to ensue when children are confronted by the Great

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Mystery fell upon the group. Benny Higgins broke it.

"Did he wear those things when he—died?" His nod included the airy tissue drapery that served in lieu of clothing, and the garlands of flowers.

"Yes. Buried in 'em." There was indescribable pride in the new girl's voice.

Death was not entirely foreign to Elizabeth Ann's experience. The summer before, John, who had worked about the house ever since she could remember, had disappeared suddenly, and she was told that he had gone to heaven. Subsequently, a certain Mr. Tubby, who had occupied the brick house at the other end of the block, had vanished; and those who had sought to explain to her the reason for the flowers on the knocker and the carriages before the door, had given him the benefit of some slight charitable doubt (his career had been erratic) and had told her that he was with John. Elizabeth Ann had never believed them. Not because of any misgivings as to the merits of the departed, but because the exceedingly fat Mr. Tubby and the always grimy John did not fit in at all with her idea of heaven and the angels, which was neatly exact. Fear lest her opinion should reach and wound Mr. Tubby's widow and John's relatives had kept her from voicing it, but nevertheless it was firmly fixed. Until now, therefore, she had looked upon angels as young and very lovely creatures unrelated to anything earthly. To find a really, truly one in the Smith family aroused a passionate envy in her bosom. It placed the Sheratons on a lower scale. It made such accomplishments as Double Somersaults, Figures Eight, and the Double Dutch Roll Backward seem of little account. Not even twins could offset such an advantage.

ELIZABETH ANN DESCRIBED THE FIGURE EIGHT.

"He gave all his pennies to the heathen and died with a smile on his lips."

It was the Smith girl's voice that broke in on Elizabeth Ann's disquieting reflections. Perceiving the impression the picture had made on her new friends, the stranger hastened to strengthen it with anecdotes of her little brother. By the time the group had regained the veranda she had completed a description of his death-bed which, if somewhat inconsistent in detail, was very uplifting in general character.

Bidding the new girl and her fickle mates a subdued good-by, Elizabeth Ann walked slowly back to her own house, her skates jingling on her arm. For the first time in her life she felt dissatisfied with the status of the Sheratons. Not even the cuckoo-clock in the living-room, in Elizabeth Ann's opinion the *chef d'œuvre* of the Sheraton possessions, could offset the claim to superiority that their relationship to an angel warranted the Smiths in putting forth.

To reach the Sheratons' front door from the street, one mounted a flight of twelve stone steps, then traversed a stone walk eighteen feet in length, and finally ascended another flight of steps, fourteen in number, that led to the veranda. Never before, since she had become the proud possessor of a bicycle, had Elizabeth Ann approached the house without picturing herself making the dizzy descent of the double flight on her wheel. One morning she had been discovered in the act of preparing to essay the feat, and she had passed the remainder of the day in her own room and had dined on bread and water; and so dire had been the threat of punishment for a second offense, that she had been moved to add to her morning and evening prayer the petition:

"And please, dear Lord, don't let me ride down the front steps on my bike."

But this afternoon the steps did not tempt her. Her thoughts were with the Smith angel. Bobs, her brother, lay in the hammock, his eyes glued to the pages of a dilapidated volume. Sitting down in front of him, she stared at him wistfully, hoping to discover some resemblance to Myrtie's little brother. But at the end of a few minutes she had regretfully abandoned the task. Knickers,

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bristling red hair, and freckles of great size and brilliance made Bobs an unfit candidate for an angel. Besides, even if the condition of his health warranted the expectation of speedy death (which it didn't), his conduct, Elizabeth Ann realized vaguely, would not justify the hope of an uplifting death-bed. Bobs, feeling her scrutiny, raised his eyes from the book.

"What you lookin' at?" he demanded gruffly.

She made a face at him from force of habit, but it was a mechanical performance.

The next day was Sunday, usually a blue-letter day in Elizabeth Ann's calendar, for ever, she actually looked forward to Sunday-school, for Benny Higgins had assured her over the back fence that the Smith family was Congregational, and she felt certain that the Smith girl would be there.

And she was, a model of decorum in white muslin dress and hat, white lace stockings, and white kid boots. It seemed a most appropriate attire for the near relation of an angel, and so absorbed was Elizabeth Ann in studying its details that Polly Walton's ostentatious avoidance of her society was quite lost upon her.

The lesson for the day was the story of Jacob's ladder. Miss Susie, who was young

"WHERE'S HE NOW?"

her bloomered, short-skirted, loosely built attire was taken from her and a stiffly starched frock was substituted; and things that were fun, like her bicycle and skates and the tame toad and her stilts, were banished. The only diversion offered in return was Sunday-school, a feeble one, though once or twice she had succeeded in making it exciting enough. The day she had carried Bill, the toad, there in her handkerchief and he had got away and Miss Susie, the teacher, had screamed so loud when she found him in a fold of her dress, had been fun. But having crossed her heart on her promise, she could never take Bill again. To-day, how-

and who possessed the gift of description, made the scene so real that it seemed almost as if you could put out your hand and feel the rungs on the ladder and the feathers on the angels' wings. In the midst of the eloquent discourse, Elizabeth Ann stole a glance at the Smith girl. Myrtie sat stiffly upright, her hands sedately folded in her lap, an expression on her complacent little pink and white face that said as plainly as words, "If this hadn't happened so long ago, I'm sure one of the Smith family would have been there."

This was humiliating enough, but Elizabeth Ann was to experience yet deeper morti-

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fication. Bobs, one of a boys' class at the farther end of the big Sunday-school room, imagined that he saw an opportunity to hurl a spitball unobserved, but was detected in the act and thrust into the seat of abasement beside his teacher. Time was when Elizabeth Ann would have gloried in his discomfiture and risked Miss Susie's displeasure by thrusting out a derisive tongue at him, but to-day

"IN HEAVEN. HE'S AN ANGEL."

her fervent hope was that the Smith girl should not suspect the relationship. It vanished when Polly Walton leaned over and whispered in the stranger's ear, and Myrtie gazed swiftly at the disgraced Bobs and then, with open pity, at Elizabeth Ann.

The week that followed was not pleasant. Instead of the bosom friend she had hoped for, the new girl proved a Mordecai at the Gate, a Banquo at the Feast. For the gift of invention was hers and Elizabeth Ann's more or less bruised followers flocked eagerly and gratefully about the new standard, which demanded nothing of them but that they listen. Elizabeth Ann's most thrilling feats were thus denied the inspiration of spectators. Moreover, with the stranger sitting, superior and bland, on the top step of the Smiths' veranda, relating with easy eloquence stories of her little brother's brief but exemplary earthly career, those feats, which were nearly always infractions of some parental law, seemed not so glorious by contrast.

Mixed motives frequently inspire the most sublime deeds. When, for instance, on the Sunday following that humiliating week, Elizabeth Ann ostentatiously dropped into the plate which was being passed around for foreign missions, all the pennies and nickels she had saved to buy Benny Higgins's white rabbits, a queer mingling of the fiercest pride and the deepest humility was behind the action. Elizabeth Ann would have preferred a vicarious sacrifice, but there being nobody but herself and Bobs for victims, and he being out of the question, she was not the person to shirk. Later, an unpleasant half hour had to be endured with Benny when he heard of the disposition of the hoard, for he had gallantly declined two advantageous offers of spot cash in order that Elizabeth Ann might have the benefit of the bargain. But she accepted his upbraiding meekly as one of the minor discomforts of an exacting rôle.

Just at first, however, it proved, quite unexpectedly, to be fun. She did not hide her newly acquired light under a bushel, and the result was that a wave of renewed interest in her doings swept the juvenile portion of the neighborhood, leaving the new girl stranded, high and dry and solitary, on the top step of the Smiths' veranda. A living saint who was continually devising modern substitutes for the obsolete hair shirt was certainly more exciting than stories about a little boy whom the children had never known and whose virtues were, after all, so numerous as to be almost a reproach. When, therefore, Elizabeth Ann hopped around the square on one foot to punish herself for some imaginary wrong-doing, hers was the spectacular course of the comet, with herself for the head and a long procession of admiring friends for the tail. To be sure, the appreciation accorded her abroad was denied her at home, where her blameless record was mistaken for incipient disease. This was annoying, but she consoled herself with the thought that when she had died and gone to heaven, her father and mother and Bobs could speak of her just as the Smith girl now spoke of her little brother.

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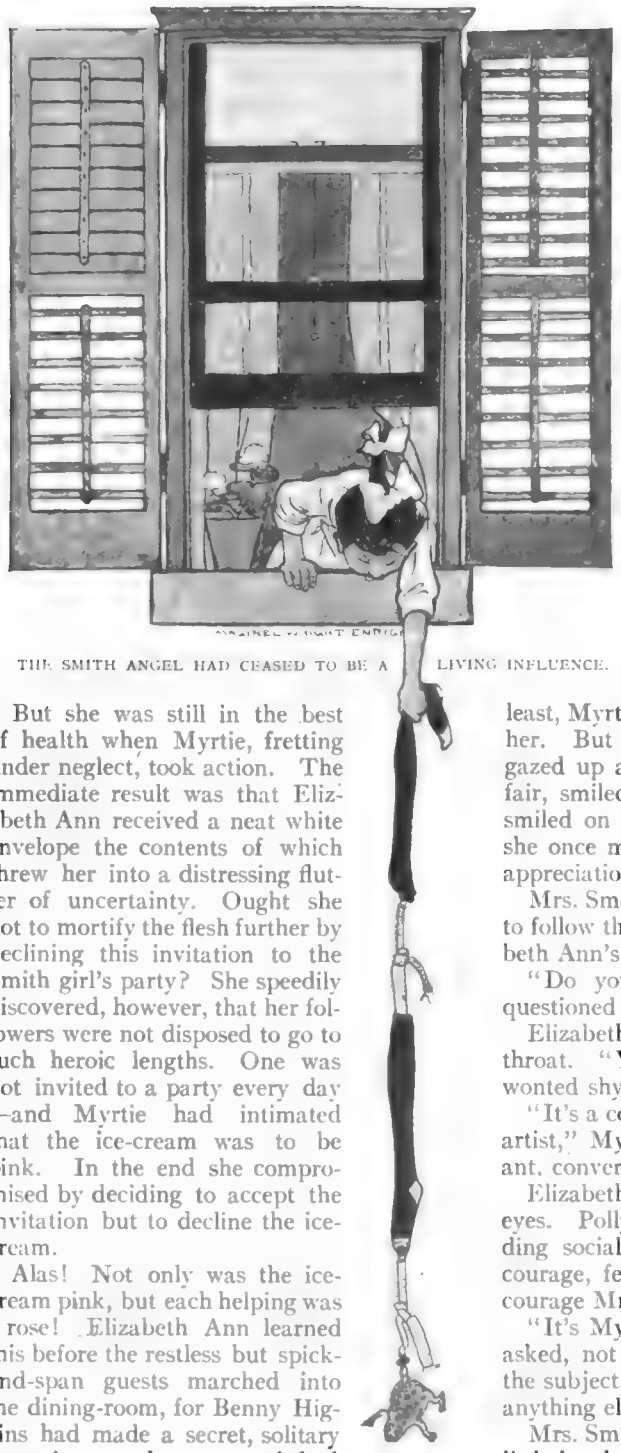

THE SMITH ANGEL HAD CEASED TO BE A LIVING INFLUENCE.

But she was still in the best of health when Myrtie, fretting under neglect, took action. The immediate result was that Elizabeth Ann received a neat white envelope the contents of which threw her into a distressing flutter of uncertainty. Ought she not to mortify the flesh further by declining this invitation to the Smith girl's party? She speedily discovered, however, that her followers were not disposed to go to such heroic lengths. One was not invited to a party every day—and Myrtie had intimated that the ice-cream was to be pink. In the end she compromised by deciding to accept the invitation but to decline the ice-cream.

Alas! Not only was the ice-cream pink, but each helping was a rose! Elizabeth Ann learned this before the restless but spick-and-span guests marched into the dining-room, for Benny Higgins had made a secret, solitary excursion to the rear and had afterward whispered the information behind his immaculate party handkerchief.

But it was not until each of the other children was devouring a gelid posy that Elizabeth Ann fully appreciated the enormity of her sacrifice. To yield to the astonished Mrs. Smith's hospitable urging meant that the Sheratons would slip back to the plane they had occupied before she offered herself as a rival of the Smith angel. It meant the acceptance of Myrtie's leadership. She emerged victorious from the struggle, but as she took alternate bites of cake and candy, her feelings in regard to Myrtie's little brother underwent a revulsion.

And so, when Polly Walton, in the awkward interval following an enforced adjournment from the table, suggested that they go up and look at the picture, Elizabeth Ann attached herself listlessly to the skirts of the crowd. For the time, at least, Myrtie's little brother was as Hecuba to her. But when she stood in the niche and gazed up at the Smith angel that, ineffably fair, smiled down upon her just as it had smiled on the day when she first beheld it, she once more paid it the tribute of envious appreciation.

Mrs. Smith, who had taken the precaution to follow the guests up-stairs, observed Elizabeth Ann's look of rapt admiration.

"Do you like the picture, dear?" she questioned smilingly.

Elizabeth Ann swallowed a lump in her throat. "Yes'm," she answered with unwonted shyness.

"It's a copy of a picture painted by a great artist," Myrtie's mother explained in pleasant, conversational tones.

Elizabeth Ann stared at her with puzzled eyes. Polly Walton, who made up in budding social tact what she lacked of circus courage, felt it incumbent upon her to encourage Mrs. Smith's conversational effort.

"It's Myrtie's little brother, isn't it?" she asked, not because she had any doubts on the subject but because she couldn't think of anything else to say.

Mrs. Smith laughed. "Myrtie calls it her little brother," she answered, "but it's just a picture, you know, made by an artist named Greuze."

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And at last Elizabeth Ann comprehended. Conscious of a sharp pang, she turned once more to the picture. So the smiling child had never really lived! He was merely one of those make-believe things like the little Dutch girls her mother sometimes drew for her amusement. There was no angel in the Smith family! Then crowded into her mind recollections of the dreary inactivity, the deprivations of the preceding fortnight, culminating in the loss of the pink ice-cream with each helping a rose. She faced Mrs. Smith resolutely.

"I think Myrtie's an awful liar," she observed with an air of dispassionate judgment.

Their hostess put a period to the awkward pause that followed by bursting into tears. It was a critical moment, which seemed to threaten the success of the party. Mrs. Smith gathered the children about her and explained as clearly as she could her little daughter's imaginative gift. When at last she dismissed them for a final game of blind man's buff, she felt sure that she had made them understand. And she had, but the understanding was after the literal fashion of childhood. Benny Higgins voiced the general conviction when he observed, "Short things that ain't so are lies, but long things is 'magination."

Elizabeth Ann kissed her hostess good-by amiably and hippety-hopped jauntily home in advance of the other guests. She had been deceived, but she dimly perceived that it had been unintentionally, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that the Smith angel would never again be cast in her face. A few minutes later, neatly dressed little boys and girls, strolling past the Sheraton house in sedate groups, stopped in open-mouthed horror at sight of Elizabeth Ann poising her bicycle on the veranda just above the double flight of stone steps. Before they could call out, she had waved them an airy greeting, mounted, and was off.

It was her father who picked her out of a pansy bed across the way. Except for a few scratches she had, miraculously enough, escaped injury. Half an hour afterward she sat, a defiant prisoner, in her own room. But time did not hang heavy on her hands, for she had managed to smuggle into prison Bill, the toad, and with her stockings and hose supporters she was improvising a rope with which to let him down with a note to Benny Higgins. The Smith angel had ceased to be a living influence.

HER FEELINGS IN REGARD TO MYRTIE'S LITTLE BROTHER UNDERWENT A REVULSION.

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"War Against Christ"

—Merry del Val

By VANCE THOMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For the Vatican to express its views to the world through other mediums less formal than a Papal Encyclical is almost unprecedented. The following statement, therefore, from Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, and, spiritually, the second in command of 250,000,000 people, is, we believe, the most important contribution yet published in the course of the tremendous contest between church and state now going on in France. Its history is as follows: Upon receipt of William M. Fullerton's sketch of Georges Clemenceau, the brilliant head of the French Government, which appeared in the February issue of this magazine, we concluded that, in fairness, the church side of the controversy should also be set before the American public. Accordingly, we cabled Mr. Vance Thompson to go to Rome and secure, if possible, an interview with Cardinal Merry del Val, the man who, above all others, is credited with the responsibility for the Pope's policy of resistance to the latest religious edicts of the French Government. The article that follows is the result. Mr. Thompson has lived in Paris for many years and is a very well-known writer on foreign subjects for American periodicals. As in other contributions to this magazine, the author speaks by his own authority, and our readers must understand that such expressions and opinions as are recorded here are Mr. Thompson's own, and do not necessarily involve the editorial standpoint of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

THE VOICES AND THE APPETITES

IT was a winter afternoon in the Chamber of Deputies, there by the misty Seine in Paris. By a vote of nearly three to one the representatives of the French nation turned out the light in heaven. That was a prodigious event. Two thousand years ago a star stood over Bethlehem.

"We have put that star out forever!" cried the orator.

He was Viviani—a desperate lawyer, politician, journalist, a socialist who had fought his way to power with the ruthless courage of a medieval bravo; having been personally informed of the non-existence of God, he announced the fact simply and frankly: "Aye, there was a deceptive light in heaven, but We have put it out forever!"

By "We" he meant the brawling cohort grouped at the left of the chamber—the cohort of socialistic Greeds; yonder fat and hairy man, with the immense abdomen and the short gesticulating fins (a porpoise of a man!), may stand for the type and symbol of them all—Jaurés. He is not a man; he is a Voice and an Appetite; lungs and stomach. By "We" Viviani meant all the Voices and Appetites round the swill-trough of the state. And wild cheers greeted him.

Old Clemenceau, a little man, smart and dirty, led the applause from his place of Prime Minister. The melancholy Brisson, who presided, looked almost cheerful; he had never been personally informed of the non-existence of God, and his life had been a dismal fear—he showed immense relief. That bold Viviani, with his rhetor's breath, had blown out the light of heaven. When the French Chamber passes a new law it orders it printed on huge posters and pasted up all over France—at every street corner, in every hamlet, on wayside barns and fences. I have forgotten what Jaurés rose and demanded that Viviani's speech should be thus placarded over France; but by a vote of nearly three to

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one the order was made. And for weeks after—even to this day—the walls and hoardings proclaimed the interesting fact that the French Assembly had decreed the non-existence of God and turned out the lights that shone once upon a time overhead.

Unless you know France well you cannot understand how the news was received: the Parisian journalists, who have always had a prudent dread of constellations and aureoles, wrote grinning articles in which they praised Viviani's rhetoric; the helots of the cities smashed a few church-windows, stoned a few men of God, and drank a little more absinthe than usual; the lean peasants—the real victims of the Appetites and Voices—stared at the posters and plodded on their ways, silent and inscrutable; and in the wine-shops, music-halls, *cafés-beuglants* a new song became popular—a Rabelaisian parody of what children once sang about the star of Bethlehem. That was all.

They did it better a hundred years ago.

Robespierre (in a sky-blue coat) led his deputies to the Champ de Mars, where they crowned a poor draggled night girl with tinsel, and worshiped her. The Voices and Appetites do not worship even that poor, sad, outcast type of humanity. The only worship they have is that of the Trough; immediately after banishing God from heaven (by a vote of nearly three to one) they decided (by a nearly unanimous vote) to double their own salaries.

Thus, having disposed of the necessary preliminaries, the Chamber of Deputies went on about its business of passing laws for the confiscation of what property it had not yet taken from the church.

It is not my business in this article to unravel for you the long and complicated history of the Concordat, which bound the unwilling church to France. This was the work of Napoleon. And it was a bilateral agreement, whereby the church lost a great many of her possessions and accepted in return a system (then much in vogue in England) of multiple small pensions for her priests and curates. It was bad for the church, because it made the servants of religion mere helpless functionaries of the state; it was bad for the state, because it introduced into sordid French politics a new and superfluous element of hypocrisy. Unfortunately the contract was difficult to break. You give me your house upon condition that I shall pay you a pension for life—that is a bad bond between us; but so long as the conditions are fulfilled it is not easy to undo it. Abstract justice, however, is not a question that concerns the governments of men. With states, as with men and microbes, the old Darwinian law holds good—the struggle for existence knows nothing of moral right or wrong. So France broke the Concordat—it kept the house and refused to pay the pension. Had this been all, there had been to-day no religious war in France. Things had been as they are in England and the United States and the free republics of South America. The churches, built by the piety of ages, had stood open; men had entered and prayed or passed by—just as they found best. Priests had prayed in the quiet churches. Socialists had howled in the wine-shops. And for the first time in her history France had known the serene, tolerant, tranquil liberty of the Anglo-Saxon world. But the Frenchman's idea of liberty is the license (granted by the state) to knock some one else about the ears. The government had been so long used to treating the clergy as functionaries that it could not bring itself to let them go freely about their business. What, these poor, black-coated imbeciles, who do not know that God is dead, are to be permitted to preach their absurd doctrines how and where and when they please? The Voices and Appetites could not consent to that for one moment. And besides, in spite of the fact that the property of all the religious congregations had been seized quite recently, the Trough was empty. So the Briand law was passed, which tied the unwilling church once more to the state—and put a gendarme at the altar, side by side with the priest.

This was the state of affairs in France when—weary of the Voices—I went down to San Remo, where the world is quiet and only the gray olive-trees whisper together. It was there I received a cablegram from the editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, asking me to "go to Rome and interview Cardinal Merry del Val," upon this thorny French question of church and state. It sounds quite simple, does it not? Only it has never been done before. Thousands of pilgrims have been received by the Pope—but aloof, mysterious, invisible, another Power, ancient as the faith, dwells in the gray silence of the Vatican; behind a closed door. Kings have beaten upon that door with angry swords, and had no answer—only silence. And so,

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though I went to Rome, it was without hope of fulfilling my mission. What is called in Italy a *treno di lusso* dragged its slow length along by the sea for twenty hours; I walked up and down the corridor wondering how I should open that closed door yonder in the Eternal City. One man I knew would help me: this was the Baron von Rotenhan, the Prussian *Gesandte* to the Holy See; by this time he knew I was on my way to Rome. And I thought of others, of prelates—who is there? who is there?

(A man says to himself: "This thing shall I do!" and goes his way, poor fool! And, lo, all the while an army of Obscure Wills labors in the darkness—like the panting serfs who dig in a coal-pit—quarrying out that man's destiny and shaping the thing he shall do.)

Toward midday it was the wide campagna—the smoke-colored oxen drifting across it—and then, far off, the great dome of St. Peter's; an hour later I was driving to the house of Monsignor Brandi in the Via Ripetta. He is the stateliest of men, a fountain of discretion and most excellent prudence. His advice was good. It was late when I reached the Via dell' Umilta. I pushed hard on the electric button in the windy stone entrance. No answer. I beat on the door with my walking-stick. A baker's boy, with a basket of loaves on his head, came up and lent me his additional clamor. And no one came. After twenty minutes I gave it up. "There is always another way," I said; and ordered my cabman to drive to the Baron von Rotenhan's private residence. At that moment (for the Obscure Wills had labored in the dark) a pale young priest came to the door of the house. I turned back, and a moment later I was sitting in the great, silent reception-room, staring at a familiar picture—the virile head of Roosevelt. Then Monsignor Kennedy entered. It was good to be able to speak English once more, and for a long time we talked. This tall man, with the athlete's shoulders, has kindly eyes and the look of power. And power he has; not wholly, either, because he is head of the American College in Rome—men are more than place.

"It is impossible," he said; "but come to the Vatican to-morrow. I may possibly give you an opportunity of seeing the Cardinal, but an interview is out of the question. Such a thing is unknown and unheard of."

For three days before Christmas nothing can be done in clerical Rome. These days are given up to the annual visits paid in hierarchic order—the Cardinals wait upon the Secretary of State, Bishops and Archbishops pay their respects.

It was at twelve o'clock of the third day before Christmas that Monsignor Kennedy was to make his annual visit to the Cardinal del Val.

II

"COME IN—I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU"

It was a little before twelve o'clock when I passed the Swiss Guards and entered by the Porta di Bronzo; the steps led up to the Cortile di S. Damaso—and that was familiar. I walked to and fro there with Malaspina—the man who knows Rome best. It is behind those windows on the second floor that the Pope dwells. The windows are curtained all. Then we went up—past the knightly guards—to the Great Hall. An usher, in black and white, took my coat and hat and showed me into the First Room of the stately apartment occupied by the Secretary of State. The Appartamento Borgia; here died that Borgia who was Alexander VI. High on the vaulted ceiling dance four winged Victories, upholding the arms of the Medici. Your thoughts go back to those tremendous, far-off days when the militant church had conquered the universe; and the Feet of Immaculate Conception were planted on the necks of kings; that was long ago. Cardinals come and go; a bishop, in violet soutane, stands by the little table where a silent secretary sits making notes in a leather book. At last comes Monsignor Kennedy—black-robed, girt with his crimson sash.

"I will see his Eminence and do what I can"; and Monsignor takes me into the Second Room; there he leaves me. Little groups of ecclesiastics, in red, in violet, in black, are whispering together. On the walls are wonderful paintings of the Life of the Madonna—Pinturicchio's miracles of color—and overhead the Apis bull, belonging to the arms of the Borgias. But my thoughts are with the Obscure Wills at work in the darkness; what is Monsignor Kennedy saying now? In a moment he comes and whispers: "His Eminence will see you, but he can give you only a few moments."

We go into the Third Room, which is that of the Saints—on the wall St. Anthony waves away with eternal disdain the women with cloven feet. A Roman cardinal walks to and fro, waiting—it is the Cardinal San Minia-

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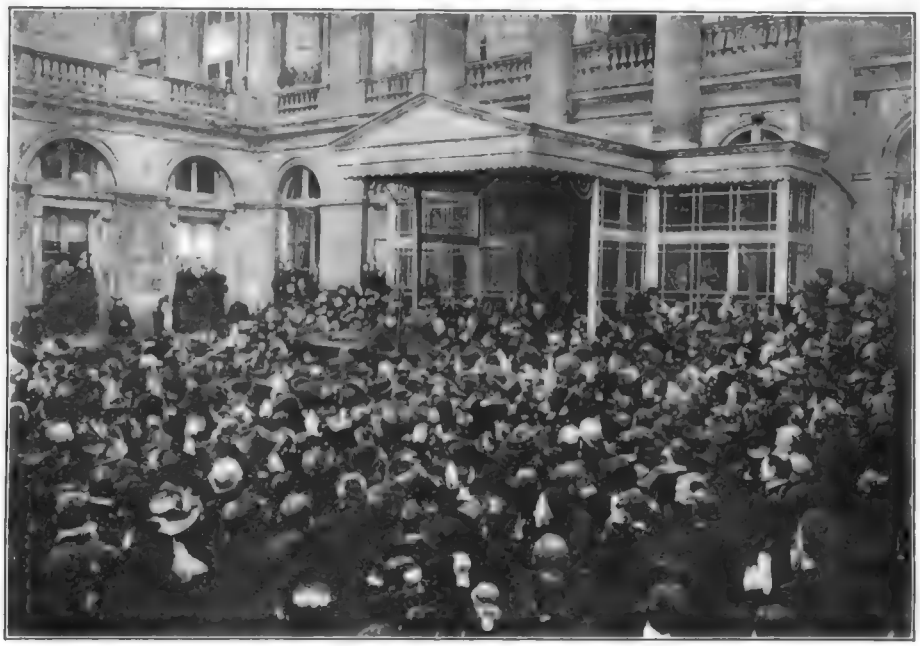
tello; that other Cardinal too, I recognize—the imperial face, the ample gesture, belong to Rampolla and no other. Comes a third

The tall figure, draped in shimmering silk, had been quite motionless until then; the thin, handsome face had been like a Roman mask



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

THE FRENCH POLICE EVICTING CARDINAL RICHARD AND CONFISCATING HIS HOME.

Cardinal—it is Giacobini. And we wait, in front of a closed door. At last a gentleman-in-waiting opens the door—he is a pompous figure of a man, with sword and cocked hat. And then I see the tall figure of the Cardinal Merry del Val, the red silk falling about him. When I have been presented he shakes hands and says: "Come in; I am glad to see you." The door closes behind us. Then I see that we are quite alone. There is a crimson *canapé* opposite the great fireplace, and to the right of it is a wide fauteuil; it is there we sit. His Eminence waited for me to speak, and that—when one has only three minutes of allotted time—is not easy. I told him of certain things that I had seen and known in France, and explained why it was well the truth should be written in a great magazine at home. He listened in silence until I referred to a speech that Briand, the Minister of Public Worship (!), made when he introduced the last anti-religious bill, in the Chamber of Deputies; and I quoted the words of that little brawling Jacobin: "*Il faut en finir avec l'idée chrétienne!*" [We must make an end of the Christian idea!]

in its immobility, and the wonderful eyes, large and brown, had seemed of stone; but when I quoted those words the real man appeared—it was very wonderful. It was as though a flame—without vacillation, steady as a sword—burned up in him. There was flame in the great eyes—flame even in the long white hand with which he threw back the folds of red silk. What he said was:

"You see, then! It is not a war against the church—it is war against Christianity itself—it is war against Christ! That is a plain declaration of the government of France. Without any concealment it announces that its purpose is to make an end of the Christian idea. It is more than a solemn profession of irreligion—it is a declaration of war upon Christ."

"That is the plain truth, your Eminence. No one who knows French politics can ignore it."

"But the press of the world does not say it. The Paris correspondents hear these things said in the Chamber of Deputies. They are not ignorant of the government's frankly declared purpose to eradicate Chris-

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tianity from France. Daily they witness the bad faith of the government—its acts of plunder and sacrilege—and they cannot be for one moment deceived by the hypocritical pretense of tolerance."

"They are not deceived," I said, "but they are not the proprietors of the journals in which they write. And so long as the brunt of this battle in France is borne by the Catholic Church, the great newspapers and the news-agencies—which are mostly non-Christian—are rather pleased than otherwise."

His Eminence, for he is English-born, spoke of the London *Times*, and of its persistent and subtle misrepresentation of this attack on the faith of Christ. And it is a plain matter. In all the English-speaking world the battle in France has been subtly misrepresented. The press has been an orchestra ruled by the *bâton* waved by the non-Christian ring of international financiers. No one of the slightest intelligence in international affairs doubts this fact—but few would dare to say it. There is not much courage these days. But courage is a quality that Merry del Val has never lacked. And the picture he drew of this great battle for religious liberty and the faith of Christ was bold and apostolic. I seemed to see the legions marching out against God—grimy little Jacobins, the Voices and the Appetites, while in the background other little men unbent themselves and stood up (they had been groping for gold in the gutters of the world—in the very tumors of humanity) and cheered on the grimy mercenaries; over them floated sordid banners on which I read: "*À bas le Christ!*"—a true picture that. "*À bas le Christ!*"—that is the open cry of Briand, "Minister of Public Worship," of Jaurés, of Clemenceau, of Viviani, of all the dwarf Robespierres in whose hands (ostensibly) are the destinies of unhappy France. And of these things the Cardinal spoke very quietly, but with hidden fire; now and then he gesticulated with his long white hand, upon which was the great episcopal emerald—it is the gem of humanity and peace.

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ONE OF THE SWISS GUARDS AT THE PORTA DI BRONZO.

III

THE GENDARME AT THE ALTAR

"THE English-speaking world is Christian, after all, your Eminence; its apathy is due to ignorance. That hidden orchestral leader of the press has created the impression that the Pope is assailing the French civil law."

"You have but to look at the facts. The Concordat was broken—most dishonorably. The Holy See was not even notified. This in itself was a violation of the usages of civilized nations. Moreover, if the Concordat was to be broken, if the petty pensions paid to the clergy were to be revoked, justice demanded that the church property, which the state held in trust as a guarantee of these payments, should be given back. Now, what was done? The state confiscated the entire property of the church—the houses built for God by the piety of ages, the episcopal manses, the very funds that had been laid up for the support of superannuated priests, the sacred vessels and the holy relics of the faith. One thing the state offered—it permitted the churches to be *leased* by what it called *associations cultuelles*. These associations might be formed by any Frenchmen who made a declaration before the local authorities."

"I know a parish where the plumber, who is a socialistic politician and a Jewish antiquary, made that declaration," I said.

"Exactly such a thing could occur in any parish. These *associations cultuelles* receive from the government a one-year lease of the church buildings; they are held responsible for public worship—and their orthodoxy, their Christianity even, is vouched for, not by the bishop of the diocese, but by a council of

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CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL, PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

state named and appointed by the government of France—by that Minister of Public Worship who has declared: 'We must make an end of Christianity!' I shall not insult your intelligence by asking you if this is religious liberty! These churches must be leased from the government; once a year the lessee must report himself to the police, like a ticket-of-leave man; but that is not all. The *association cultuelle* is responsible for the public worship; beside the priest at the altar stands the gendarme. At any moment this delegate of those who are trying to make an end of Christianity may rise and stop the service—send the priest from the altar and take his place. Have you read this law (Article V, 25° and 36°) which prohibits the giving of religious instruction to children between the ages of six and thirteen, who are inscribed in the public schools or destined to enter such schools?

"Religious liberty!

"All our property—historic churches, ancient colleges, seminaries, manses, houses for the sick and the poor, houses of prayer—we let them take it all. We demanded only the right to worship God in freedom.

"It has been said that we put ourselves in opposition to the law of the land by refusing to form the *associations cultuelles*. This again is misrepresentation; the law gave us the right to form these associations—we refused to take advantage of it. By way of answer the government applied a penalty, which has long been excluded from French law, that of confiscation. Very well; they have taken our property; but we have not yielded up the principle of religious liberty.

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You have read the Pope's encyclical: *Gravissimo officii munere*, in which it is stated that the *associations cultuelles* offered by the new law cannot be instituted without violence to the sacred principles and rites that are the basis of the life of the church. Upon that we stand. The French Government issued a statement that it knew to be false when it announced that the French Episcopate would have accepted the law; it was unanimous in rejecting it.

"Again, the French governmental press avers that in Germany the Pope accepted the *associations cultuelles* which in France he has refused. This is another distortion of the truth. The German Church Councils are merely administrators of church property."

"As the church wardens are in England," I suggested.

"Yes, they manage the church property; but they are not the organizers and directors of church worship, as the French associations would be. And it is upon this point that we cannot yield. We cannot permit that those who are avowedly trying to make an end of Christianity should control our worship of Christ. This is more than a violation of the rights of individual liberty; it is a denial of man's right to worship God."

And this indeed is the point in the law of December 16, 1906, and in the later law, passed in the last days of the year, a point that has not been made clear in the press of the English-speaking world. Glance merely at the famous paragraphs ordaining that the churches shall be kept open, "according to the days, hours, and convenience of the taxpayers of each commune and under the control of the mayor or responsible local authority." Now the churches, so controlled, are "kept open," not only for the use of Catholics who built them, but "for all religious or *philosophical* gatherings." If certain little Robespierres wish to worship the Goddess Reason, they have merely to mention the days and hours that suit their convenience. The mayor and the gendarme will see to it that their girl in tinsel is installed in the holy place. Israelites, Buddhists, philosophical anarchists, worshipers of the Golden Calf, devil worshipers of the Parisian cult, may gather in the churches, suiting their "convenience" of day and hour. And to the Catholics the government says: "You see, we do not drive you out of your churches! They are open. Go and worship if you want to worship. The mayor will admit you; the gendarme will 'organize and direct' your worship." As a matter of fact one has but to read the law to recognize how subtly it fulfils its purpose—that purpose which Briand declared was to make an end of Christianity.

It was of these things that his Eminence spoke as we sat in the great room, in front of Sansovino's chimneypiece, and under the allegorical figures of the Arts and Sciences and the Cardinal Virtues—symbolism not wholly without meaning to-day. And I asked what the church would do in these hours of battle. Once more, with slow emphasis, the Cardinal declared that the church would not relinquish the fight for religious liberty in the world and for the preservation of the faith of Christ in France; and this was impressive. He stood erect in his flowing robes, and he seemed timeless and impersonal as a prophecy.

IV

THE STOLEN ARCHIVES

"THE French Government has gone from illegality to illegality," he continued. "It broke the Concordat without notifying the other party to that contract—a procedure unknown among civilized nations. It seized Monsignor Montignini, who was in charge of the Papal Nunciature in Paris, and expelled him from the country, by the hands of its police. Such an expulsion is unprecedented in our days. Even when diplomatic relations are broken, civilized nations respect the residences and especially the archives of foreign embassies. It is true that our nuncio had left Paris, but how could I imagine that our archives would be plundered? Who could have expected that? The French press and notably the government have reproached me with asking the Spanish ambassador at Paris to try to protect the archives. What else should I have done? Such action has often been taken; it is thoroughly in accord with diplomatic usages. I telegraphed him as soon as I heard of the outrage. Unfortunately he could do nothing; anyway it was too late."

It was another man who spoke now; and I began to understand why he is called the Great Cardinal.

"The archives were seized—the papers accumulated in the nunciatures of Monsignor Clari and Monsignor Lorenzelli, and, in addition, the cipher, with which the French

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Government can now read all the telegrams exchanged between the nuncio and the Holy See and, as well, the correspondence of all the civil powers—and all of them have a right to demand that their diplomatic secrets should be preserved. I have protested to the powers against this violation of an incontestable right of the Pope—the right of corresponding directly or through others with the Catholics of the entire world, be they bishops or the humblest of the faithful."

His Eminence had spoken of a paper that he wished to give me. He went toward the Fifth Room, which is in the old Borgia tower. As he came to the few steps leading up to it, he turned and said: "Perhaps you would like to see this room."

Of old it was known as the Room of The Creed; to-day it is the Cardinal's study—a great writing-table, many books, a typewriter, a telephone; it is essentially modern save for those ancient frescos and the deep windows.

For the Cardinal is the most modern of men; the Romans know him only as the great Secretary of State—that state constituted by 250,000,000 of the faithful. They see him when he drives abroad in his Old-World coach, drawn by black stallions. Those who know the man will tell you what a good game of golf he plays, how he can send a rifle bullet through a ten-cent piece at twenty yards.

These are things worth knowing about a really great man. And Merry del Val is, moreover, an accomplished man. He speaks all languages. His English is perfect; he is a finished scholar, an extremely fine diplomatist, a rare judge of men. I have met most of the strong men of the world and judged them as one may; but I have never been face to face with a man of such essential power. That is the impression you take away: calm power. There is no imperial hysteria; there is nothing strenuous and ill-balanced. You feel yourself in the presence of what the scientists call "intraatomic energy"—something beautiful and still and irresistibly strong. And this is interesting and important, because to Cardinal Merry del Val is committed the conduct of the battle now being waged in Europe for God and the Ideal. Of all the men in high place he is the youngest. He was born in London, of distinguished Spanish-Irish parentage, in 1865. Before he was thirty-nine years of age he was a cardinal; a year later he was made Cardinal Secretary of State. In his hands was placed the greatest administrative trust that any man holds upon earth. Pius X., as the Romans are fond of saying, is a holy Pope; it is upon his secretary of state that the burden of the visible church has been laid. And he has entered upon a great battle for liberty, perhaps the most important battle fought in France since the days of Clovis.

It should be borne in mind that France is the only anti-religious nation in the world. No other has set itself the task of blowing out the light in heaven and getting rid of Christianity; and France is in her decadence—with a dwindling population, with criminality averaging more than twice that of Italy or Germany, with nearly ten thousand suicides a year—the figures are 9,703—and with a literature in which Infamy squats by the side of Blasphemy and Human Degradation.

But even in the masculine and adult nations humanity to-day is ill at ease. In America, in every degree of latitude, scores of little religions are springing up and dying; ghostly visitants haunt the darkened rooms where tables rap and turn; one and all, these are mere indications of the battle that must be waged the world over—on the one side the Voices and the Appetites, on the other God and the Ideal. And 250,000,000 are marching out with the Christian Knight with whom you and I have had word. Surely then he is a man to study and, if possible, to know. His last word was: "No, the Pope could not accept the *associations cultuelles* without failing in his duties as Supreme Chief of the church and denying the fundamental principles of the church itself."

He accompanied me to the door at which he had received me. And we shook hands and parted. The cardinals had gone; only the little secretary, silent and pale, still wrote in a leather book; and in the other room Monsignor Kennedy waited. He came to me in a kind of amazement.

"It is nearly two o'clock," he said.

His Eminence had given me not only three minutes; he had given me one hour and a half.

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Photograph by T. E. Marr, Boston.

Dogdom's "Four Hundred"

By R. F. MAYHEW

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
POPE (*on the collar of a dog*).

LOVE of luxury; acquiescence, not to say pride, in a life of uselessness; recognition of class distinctions—these are wholly unnatural instincts—diseases peculiar to the human character, and entirely due to the deleterious effects of overmuch civilization. Thus speaks the enthusiast for social equality and the Simple Life; and invites us, in proof of his statements, to consider the Spartan virtues of all members of the animal kingdom.

Casting a rapid glance over our scattered fragments of natural historical lore, we are about, reluctantly, to acknowledge that the enthusiast is right, and that only man is vile, when: "How about the dog?" we ask. "The dog?" repeats the enthusiast. "Yes, the much-belauded quadruped, the dog," we reply firmly.

We do not, of course, refer to the unfortunate, neglected mongrel that picks himself an unsatisfactory living out of the ash-barrel, sleeps in the lee of an area doorway, and is hail fellow with the first affable tramp. Even man can come down in the world, and live hard—if he has to.

No, we have in our mind the dog in easy circumstances. Do you find any inborn hatred of luxury, any strenuosity, any democracy there?

Consider a dog of fashion. He toils not, neither does he spin. Of him it is not required to guard the home from the burglarious intruder, to free the cellar of rats, nor to fill the larder with the hard-earned spoils of the chase. Nothing at all is asked of him, except to be an adornment to the house; and very much is done for him. The maid combs him daily, and washes him once a week; the footman leads him forth for healthful exercise; and the chef prepares for him such meals as shall gratify his palate, without destroying the luster of his coat.

Does the noble dog scorn this degrading existence? Far from it. To say that he adapts himself to the atmosphere of immoral ease is to put it incorrectly. Immoral ease is plainly his preferred environment, and any other is painful to him; to be borne philosophically, if necessary, but none the less painful.

Watch him circle round a dish of promiscuous victuals (the family being away from home, the chef has taken a holiday). He smells the food, touches it tentatively once or twice with his nose, and then walks haughtily away, preferring the pangs of hunger to such unworthy sustenance. Could a human gourmet achieve more successfully an atti-

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tude of lofty contempt toward an ill-prepared dinner?

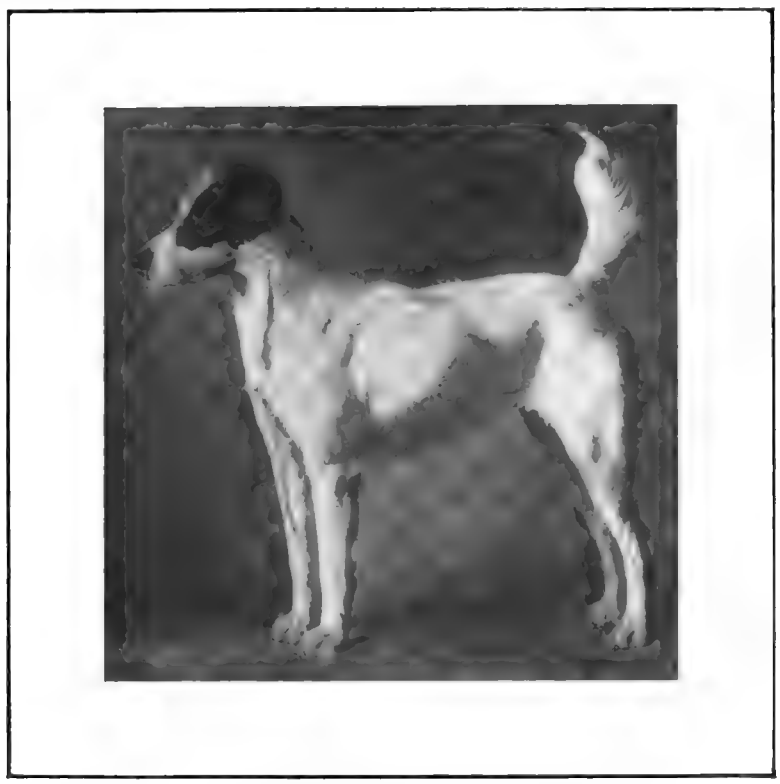
As for the equal rights of man! Observe the canine as he occupies the front steps of his owner's mansion. A policeman walks by. Up goes the nose, forward come the ears, a suppressed snarl of indignation may be heard; there goes the Law, which he, as a member of the upper class, bitterly resents, but feels it incumbent on him to respect.

A youth in an obviously just-brought-it-over-myself-from-London overcoat comes down the avenue. "Hullo, old fellow!" cries the youth, and the tail marks time on the door-mat in a salutation to one worthy of recognition.

A carriage draws up at the curb, and some one approaches the door. The occupant of the top step courteously rises, steps aside, and almost obsequiously extends the hospitality of the house.

ing a parcel, comes toward the steps, to be greeted with low growls. The man pauses and tries blandishments. "Hullo, old fellow!" he cries, even as did the golden youth a short time back. A threat is the reply, and the hair bristles stiffly down the spine of the friend of man. But the parcel must be delivered, and, gathering courage, the unfortunate messenger essays to reach the door-bell. A volley of infuriated abuse greets him, and he is lucky if he escape with no further mutilation than a rent in the shabby trousers.

The servants of the house will tell a similar story of the innate snobbishness of Fido. He will cringe before a whip in the hands of his master, but an ugly snarl and an alarming exhibition of white incisors meet any attempt at discipline on the part of those below stairs. He trots forth submissively at the heels of



FOX-TERRIER CHAMPION, "WARREN SENTENCE," LATE THE PROPERTY OF WINTHROP RUTHERFORD, ALLAMUCHY, N. J.

Evidently a thoroughly amiable dog, say you, at peace with all humanity. Wait five minutes longer. A shabbily clad man, bear-

the head of the house; he marches somewhat ahead of the domestic exercising him, and pauses for exchange of compliments and gos-

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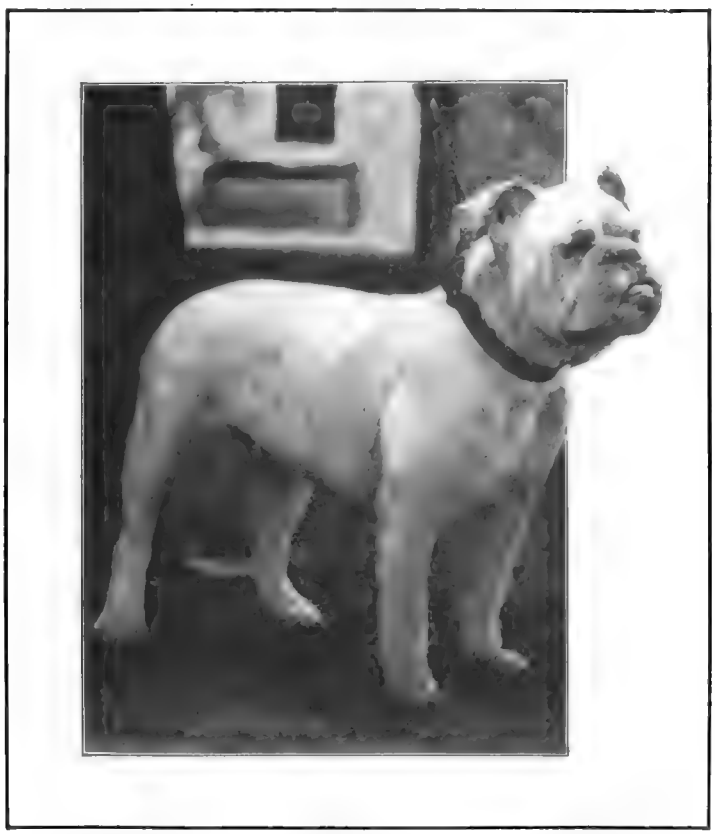
sip, regardless of weary Thomas's insistent pulls upon the leash.

But what of the many stories of canine fidelity to masters in distress, of hardships gaily borne, of deeds of heroism done? asks the believer in the higher nature of dog.



BULLDOG CHAMPION, "KENTISH LILY," THE PROPERTY OF W. C. CODMAN, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

All true, we answer, and entirely in accord with the character of aristocrat and courtier. Every fallen monarch has his devoted court, and king and court alike endure misfortune manfully; *noblesse oblige.* To a dog, his master is ever the king, and to notice inevitable discomforts is contemptible. It is to this recognition of the divine rights of royalty, to this sense of personal superiority, that we owe the dog story; not to any instinct of democracy, nor to a disregard of the pleasures of life.

He is a natural-born aristocrat, then, the dog; and, like seeking like, the human aristocrat has always turned to him, among the beasts, for companionship, sympathy, and comprehension. And just as the man appreciates long lineage, an honorable family history for himself, so he covets breeding, and the qualities that breeding means, in the animal that he would make his friend. So Plutarch tells us that Alcibiades paid 7,000 drachmas for a handsome dog, and we hear to-day of an Englishman who received a cable offering £450 (about $2,250) for a famous Collie—which offer was declined. No one would assert that the dog was intrinsically worth this sum, but so wide-spread is his fame that this animal probably earns $50 a week in stud fees. This is $2,500 a year, which in three years would swell to $7,500; and a dog of ordinary constitution is good for many more years than three.

During the period of America's true democracy and struggle for life, there was small use for the nobility of dogdom; but as we are

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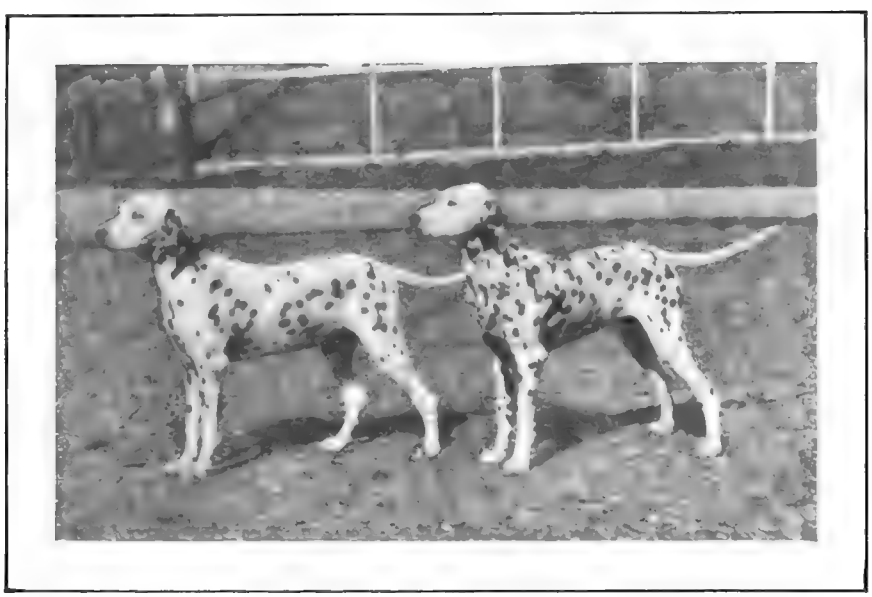
developing an aristocratic class, the animals suited to share the life of that class are growing in the expected proportions. The Westminster Kennel Club of New York has just celebrated its thirty-first anniversary. The show eclipsed all its predecessors. Prize winners hailed from all points of the compass, though home-breds held their own in a few varieties. The proportion of successful women-owners (women are increasingly becoming the representative American aristocrats) was a staggerer to those who, ten years ago, deplored the absence of the fair sex as exhibitors.

Anyhow, dogs have become an established hobby, and an expensive one at that. When an American makes up his mind to go in for a thing, he does not mince matters, but plunges headlong to his very armpits. One enthusiast dashed off checks to the tune of $10,000 in a month, just prior to last year's Westminster Kennel Club Show. Another has distributed the better part of $50,000 in his eagerness for the best, while only recently a fancier wrote his check for $15,000 for an entire kennel of Fox-Terriers.

Illustrious personages arriving from Europe, Siam, Burmah, or what far quarter of the world are interviewed at the drop of the gangway, and all America reads of them in its evening papers; Ellis Island tells us of the thousands of immigrants unloaded in New York; but seldom is the arrival of a famous canine chronicled. Yet, day in, day out, our shores are a haven for some noted foreigner of the dog world, and although he and his family may not be conspicuous on the passenger list, he lives on the fat of the land, and his provisioning is among the most remunerative of the ship's butcher's perquisites.

There is no such thing as fashion in dogs, despite the frequent "spread heads": "The latest fashion in canines," "The new, fashionable breed," etc., etc. These are printed either because they are catchy or striking, or else—and this is generally the case—the "head" fits a story inspired by some thrifty soul, anxious to boom a breed that dog-lovers won't cotton to.

If there were such a thing as fashion in dogs, in the sense of a shift of liking from season to season, one would naturally turn to the Ladies' Kennel Club as a guide and leader. But while every member probably takes "one more" peep at the mirror to see that the latest creation in headgear is properly tip-tilted, and to be sure that the frills and furbelows and pleats and tucks hang to a dot, no Worth or Louise can dictate to her in her doggy propensities. In these she is



DALMATIAN PUPPIES, "GEDNEY SURPRISE" AND "GEDNEY SPORTSMAN," THE PROPERTY OF HOWARD WILLETS, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

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SCOTCH DEERHOUND CHAMPION, "ST. RONALD'S RANGER," THE PROPERTY OF E. L. MACKENZIE, NEW MARKET, N. J.

fancy free; and what is more, once a woman makes her choice in dogdom, she never swerves. Whimsicalities she has not, so far as dogs are concerned, and let those who question it delve into the records kept by the English or American Kennel Clubs. Dogs do not leap into fashion's circles because they match the family livery or blend with the latest shades decreed by milliners. They become aristocrats and dandies because they jump bang into the hearts of princesses as well as Cinderellas.

Breeds of dogs have their distinctive merits and demerits, as is the case with human races, and varieties of breeds are also distinct in character. All this is to a considerable extent traceable to the environment of ancestors.

By the environment of his forbears for generations back, you may know the dog. An Eskimo or Sledge Dog, or a Chinese Chow Chow could never create the deep friendship that a Deerhound, or an Old English Sheep Dog, or a Collie, or a Bulldog, or a Terrier is capable of inspiring. Years before any of us were thought of, the Sledge Dog was a beast of burden, tolerated because human lives depended on his "motor" power, begrudged the necessary wherewithal to keep his "machinery" in good order, and treated not as a companion, but as a pariah and as a brute without feeling, without thought, without hope. How expect a descendant of these half-starved, cuffed, and buffeted animals not to shrink from the uplifted hand and treat with suspicion all friendly overtures? All man has done for him and his forbears has been to play the brute and make life a dreary bondage. And in all parts of the globe where the struggle for life is most desperate, and people—according to our estimate—are brutes or semi or whole savages, so are the dogs of that people. Persian Wolfhounds, Chow Chows, "Dingoes" in

GREAT DANE CHAMPION, "CORA OF RATISBONA," PROPERTY OF J. FLETCHER LUTZ, GLEN ROCK, PA.

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the wilds of Australia, Tibet Mastiffs, Russian Sheep Dogs, Samoyedes, all more or less dread man, who many years ago beat them into subjection, not affection.

With the $500, $1,000, and $2,000 champions and their brothers and sisters and cousins who made last month's Westminster Kennel Show the success it was, the story is different. Neither they nor their ancestors have known what it was to turn cannibals to avert starvation. Man did not beat them into drudgery. Man warmed to them and they gave their all to man. And of the 2,000 dogs gathered together from here, there, and everywhere, there were probably not a dozen who would churlishly snarl at a stranger's greeting.

Photograph by A. Hedley.

BLACK POMERANIAN CHAMPION, "BEAUTIFUL BILLY," THE PROPERTY OF MRS. F. H. BROOKFIELD, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

The history of dog-shows has proved that in a big majority of cases, common sense and practical knowledge of what a breed was originally intended for has prevailed in dog-breeding. Any effort to intensify a particular point to the damage or exclusion of other properties has invariably been nipped in the bud, and fanatics have been compelled to become converts to the common-sense theory, or to confine their doctrines to their own narrow circle. The incalculable good that bench shows have done in the advancement of all the breeds can be realized only when one looks back in blocks of five years over a period of thirty years.

Chronic growlers there are who decry present-day champions and uplift the shadowy heroes of the past. To comparative newcomers their wailings and bemoanings have the sound of a Solon. To the old hand, who has followed bench-show vicissitudes since before the

IRISH TERRIER CHAMPION, "STRAIGHT TIP," THE PROPERTY OF J. A. COCHRAN, YONKERS, NEW YORK.

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English Kennel Club was a power, the laudations of past luminaries and the despairing criticism of present celebrities are the vaporings of incompetency.

Never in the history of dogdom have there been so many specimens worthy the title of champion as there are to-day, and never so many sterling representatives unable to attain the honor.

Perhaps the most marked improvement in a breed is to be found in the case of the Fox-Terrier, both smooth- and wire-coated. Thirty, or maybe forty, years ago, the Fox-Terrier was a jumble of anything with a sharp face and smart manners, with a splash of Beagle for bone and substance, and plenty of Bull seasoning for pluck and gameness. With so little true blood to work upon, and so many foreign admixtures to eliminate, breeders both here and in England have accomplished wonders. Yet there have been times when fanatics were getting in their destructive work, and the ideal Fox-Terrier was being lost sight of. Once a wave of frenzy for legs and feet threatened to leave nothing recognizable of the original, except a narrow, consumptive chest and legs like broom handles. This insanity was throttled in time, however, and matters went smoothly until, some ten years since, the natty, compact eighteen-pounder was given the cold shoulder in favor of a larger size. The mania was carried to such an extent that animals tipping the beam in the neighborhood of thirty pounds were crowned champions. Again common sense came to the rescue; a halt was called, until to-day there were never neater, more compact, or more cleanly cut specimens contending for honors.

Photograph by James Burton, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL COLLIE CHAMPION, "WISHAW CLINKER," THE PROPERTY OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN, NEW YORK.

In fact, one of the features of the Westminster Show was the splendid array of smooth- and wire-haired Fox-Terriers, in keen competition. The success of our home-breds was notable.

What has been said of the Fox-Terrier applies more or less to the other varieties of

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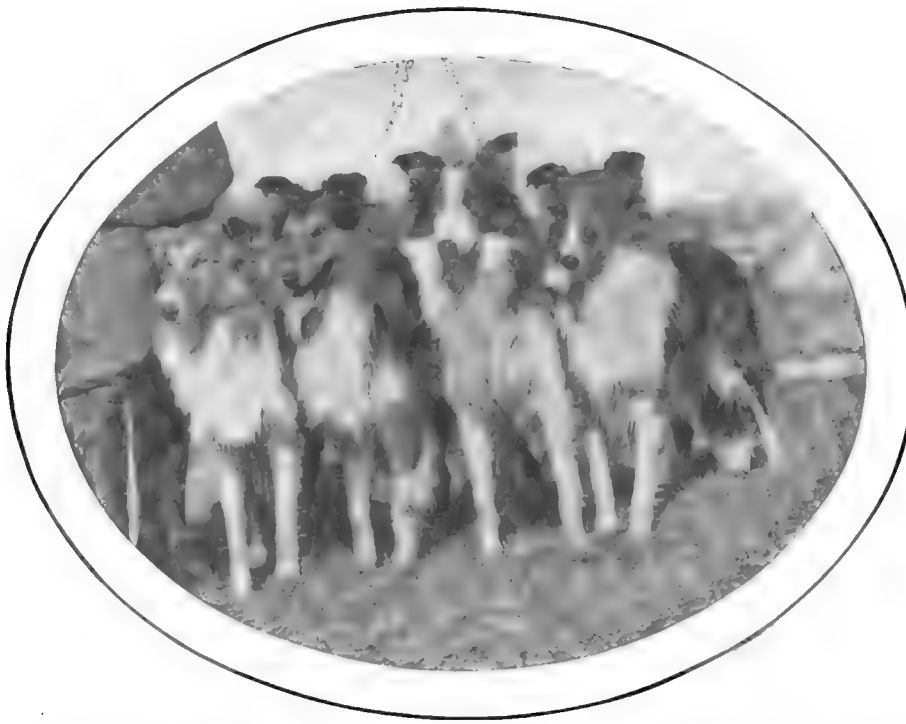
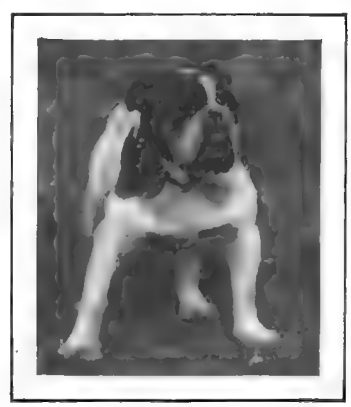


A TEAM OF CHAMPION COLLIES, "SOUTHPORT SCULPTOR," "GREYSTONE BREDALBANE," "GREYSTONE BRIDEGROOM," AND "BRANDANE MELINE," THE PROPERTY OF SAMUEL UNTERMYER, YONKERS, NEW YORK.

Terriers, as well as to Old English Sheep Dogs, Collies, etc. And the real secret of this undeniable advance has been a multiplicity of breeders, producing a multiplicity of interests, resulting in a multiplicity of ideas. All, however, have had one aim—to approach most nearly a given and accepted standard. As to what this standard should be there have been differences of opinion, but the majority of breeders has always prevailed in the long run, and cliques and cabals have always met with a deserved rebuff.



BULLDOG CHAMPION, "MAHOMET," THE PROPERTY OF MISS L. DE GROOT, NEW YORK.

Some breeds there are, however, that have been driven into obscurity by the unbridled craving of breeders for particular properties. Most lamentable of these is the case of the Mastiff who, fifteen or twenty years ago, was the king of the heavy brigade. Size and massive heads became the alpha and omega of the breeders. Increase in size resulted in lumbering, overfed apathetics, that could not get out of their own way and only by an effort could support their calfish carcasses on sprawling legs and splay feet. And in the intensity of desire to produce massive heads, the hither end of the wretched animal was forgotten, and paralyzed or semiparalyzed hindquarters were the result. Hence the downfall of the Mastiff and, in a measure, of the St. Bernard. Their former position in the dog world is now occupied by the Great Dane, the Deerhound, and the Russian Wolfhound. The latter, picturesque in his slim, sleek outline, his exceptional height, his coloring, and his soft, glistening coat, is probably the most popular of the big breeds. To me, however, this Russian

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aristocrat, distinguished as is his appearance superficially, is a slinking, lurking-gaited gentleman, with close-set eyes that never look one squarely in the face, while his mode of attack, like that of the assassin, is from behind. After the manner of his sworn enemy, he fights in gangs and shows an unblushing disinclination to take his medicine singly.

Far more courageous is the Great Dane—embodiment of power and activity. Beautiful in outline, contour, and proportion, with a firmly chiseled head and jaw, and an eye that tells of unflinching determination, I know of no breed so fascinating in its unmistakable power and evident lithesomeness. He is a Titan among dogs, and fearless. Yet there lurks the swashbuckler and the brawler in his composition, and when he does start on the rampage he is a hard customer to handle.

Personally, none of the heavy brigade appeals to me as does the Deerhound. A patrician from his nostrils to the wagging tip of his tail; chivalrous to a degree; brave as a lion; loving as a woman; true to the core; what more can one ask, even from a dog? That his worth and sterling qualities have never been flaunted by those who know and cherish him is the only reason that I can suggest for his not being the most popular of his division.

Coming to the welterweights, popularity would seem to be divided between Collies and Old English Sheep Dogs—those shaggy, blue and white, grisly looking reprobates with no tail, beaming eyes, and square, squat body, denoting the strength of an ox.

In disposition there is as much difference between a Collie and a Sheep Dog as in appearance. The first, tractable to a degree, almost fawning in its abasement, wins most hearts. Docile and ever yielding to his master, he is averse to strangers, inclined to cunning, and as the spirit of his ancestors in the days of the Picts and Scots still lurks within, he is a born thief and inclined to attack from the rear.

The Sheep Dog, on the other hand, has the ways and motions of a jolly Jack Tar. He is a hail fellow well met; genuine, honest, and as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. Quick to resent an indignity, he neither seeks quarrels, nor proffers insults. He, too, is tractable, but not obsequious. He will stand for discipline and authority, but draws the line at imposition and an abuse of power. In other words, he stands for his rights as firmly as he stands up for his master. If you have read "Bob, Son of Battle," you know all about an English Sheep Dog, as well as a Collie, for Bob was the one and "Red Wullie" was the other.

Dropping the question as to the respective merits of the Collie and the Sheep Dog, one comes to the Bulldogs, which include the pride of England, the Frenchman's delight, and possibly the boast of Boston, Massachusetts.

That Boston Terriers should be mentioned even in a whisper with English and French Bulldogs seems sacrilege. Some fifteen years ago I was assigned to judge Boston Terriers at Lynn, Massachusetts, without consultation. On the day of the show I declined the honor, and when pressed for a reason by exhibitors, said that Boston Terriers were neither "flesh, fish, nor fowl." Since then one has read of these nondescripts being sold for $1,000, $1,500, or $2,000. Yet there are established breeds such as English or French Bulldogs, or Bull-Terriers or Pugs, that have not the bar sinister a generation or even ten generations back.

Such, however, is the present popularity of Boston Terriers that they are being bred as prolifically as a horde of locusts. The result is that anything on four legs with a white or brindle background and a "Bully" looking face is snapped up as a Boston Terrier. That this conglomeration of any old kind of smooth Terrier and English or French Bulldog should be tolerated is an instance of the ease with which the public can be gulled, not forgetting the effect of clever advertising.

The English Bulldog has been the most persistently popular among all dogs. One would think his unique *tout ensemble*, to put it tactfully, would have proved a serious handicap for the world's favor. Perhaps it is his very grotesqueness that attracts. Certain it is that with his short, undershot jaw, his bandy legs and huge chest, his square-set, honest eye, and wrinkled but humorous face, he has had from the early times of which one reads, down to the present day, an unwavering host of distinguished adherents, and no breed has ever surpassed his in monetary value.

Entitled to follow the English Bulldog's footsteps is his French cousin. Smaller, and as easily handled as the Boston upstart, with a pertness all his own, the Parisian in miniature is worthy to be ranked with his British relative.

Jumping to the Terrier, with his numerous clans, one might exclaim, "How happy could I be with either." All Terriers are more or

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less impudent, obtrusive, self-assertive, precocious as a Park Row newsboy; pugnacious; acutely bright mentally and tolerantly affectionate. Of all the Terrier brigade, however, the king is the Bull-Terrier. No dog is wiser; none more generously affectionate, none more unflinchingly courageous. No dog is more symmetrical; none his equal as a comrade or as a foe.

In spite of this, and of occasional envious thoughts when I visit the Bull-Terrier aisles at bench shows, my choice has been wire-haired Fox-Terriers. Maybe, had I not in earlier days owned "prodigies" of this variety, my allegiance would have swerved and my affection been transferred perhaps to Irishmen, perhaps to Scotchmen. Anyhow, putting my own predilection on one side, there is no jollier friend than a Fox, Irish, or Scottish Terrier. Wise beyond their years; ready for a day's rummaging after coon, badger, otter, fox, rat, or what not; tireless, and ever anxious to please, it is marvelous what a large amount of companionableness is contained in such a small compass.

Once he gets the hang of one's humors, a representative of any one of the three varieties so worms himself into one's confidence—and one's heart—that an attachment bursts forth to blossom and flourish for the rest of one's days.

Next to the Terrier, in point of avoirdupois, come the Toys. Spaniels there are that some four hundred years ago migrated from Spain to England, and others that have been nurtured and prized for generations in Japan. Dainty and pleasing are these, but conceited and egotistical as a spoiled belle. With them affection lasts only as long as the supply of bonbons, and when delicacies and sweet trifles cease, so does their friendship.

Not so a Pomeranian, brightest, most elfish of all breeds. Once in his good graces, and whether his fare is cracker and cheese or minced breast of pheasant, he is your sworn knight, ready to defend you against all comers; willing to tackle "Chang," the Chinese giant, or any other colossus.

Sleek and comely and winsome too are Lilliputian Bull-Terriers. Sharp as steel traps, their devotion is appalling and their grit unsurpassed.

After all this, were I at a doggy convention for the purpose of casting my vote, I should throw in my lot with a Deerhound in the big division; a Sheep Dog among the welterweights; a wire-haired Fox-Terrier among Terriers; and a Pomeranian among Toys. At the same time, I have the greatest admiration for a Great Dane, a Bulldog, a Bull-Terrier, and all other Terriers.

To grasp the good and bad points of a dog is a study in itself, although, boiled down, nine-tenths of the breeds are built on identical lines, and the only differences are type, head properties, color, and coat.

In buying a dog—a Great Dane, a Deerhound, a Collie, a Terrier, or a Toy, one should be sure that he has ample bone, straight pins, sound quarters; is proportionate, i. e., that his length of body is equal to his height at shoulder, and that he carries no bossy muscle on his shoulders or quarters like a cart horse. Head properties have no general rule, except that round, prominent eyes are a disfigurement with but few exceptions.

Every breed, however, has its standard, framed not by any dictates of whimsical fancy, but drawn by acknowledged experts, conversant with the utility end, and the reason for which a breed has been produced.

Take Terriers as an instance. Fox-Terriers are expected to go to earth and rout out badger, fox, otter, etc.; also to hunt hedgerows for rabbits; to be the sworn enemies of rats and all vermin. All these things require an animal to be built for endurance as well as for speed; to have a jaw sufficiently long and powerful to hold his own against badger, fox, otter, or coon; to have a coat that shall keep him warm in all weathers; to have an eye so set that his jaw shall instantly follow every move and attack of the enemy; to have ears small and placed well on the head, that they may not interfere with his sight nor hang beside his cheek to be ripped by the enemy; to have good hard bone and closely knit feet to carry his body and endure a hard day's work; to have sloping shoulders for propelling power; deep and sturdy ribs for heart and lung room; strong loin and short back for power and endurance. All these and other details are comprised in the Fox-Terrier Club standard, and all are based on rational grounds, demanding nothing but what seems best for the purposes for which a Fox-Terrier is intended.

And so it is with every breed—common sense and practical considerations dictating the standard. Indeed, it may safely be stated that no animals are judged on sounder, more consistent principles than dogs, and to none are prizes more rationally awarded.

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"KATHARINE, I COULD LOVE THAT BURGLAR," SHE SAID.

—*The Gentleman Burglar, page 330.*

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The Gentleman Burglar

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," "Concerning Belinda," etc., etc.

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

MRS. RAMSEY leaned back in her comfortable chair and looked about her with appreciative eyes. Shadows lurked in the corners of the room; but the firelight, undaunted, flickered gaily over gleaming mahogany surfaces, set the rich coloring of handsome hangings and rugs aglow, brought the books that filled the many cases into well-deserved prominence, and, now and then, even made defiant excursions into the darkest strongholds of the enemy in order to do justice to some rare bit of pottery or brass or copper or, perhaps, to light the face of some fair woman who smiled enigmatically from an Old World portrait.

Howard Curtis had taste as well as money. His cousin's widow admitted that as she warmed herself at his fireside. Incidentally, she made her acknowledgments to a generous Providence who had brought forward this rich and friendly relative, at a time when the problem of comfortable living had become too complicated for her mathematical ability. She had never really known this favorite young cousin of whom her husband had talked so often. He was always traveling in some outlandish place—Dahomey, or the South Sea Islands, or Tibet—but, evidently, the traveler was loyal to ties of blood and heart. He had come hurrying back from the ends of the earth when disaster overtook the business upon which the Ramsey fortune depended; but he was not in time to save the man whose life went in the wreck of his life's work. All he could do was to gather the widow and daughter in out of a world that is bitter for women who have known love and protection and luxury and have lost all three.

The wanderer opened his comfortable old house on a down-town street, settled Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter in it, scraped together the pitifully small fragments of fortune that had survived the failure, added enough to the amount to make the total a sum yielding a fair living income, lied stoutly to the two women in order to make them think the money all salvage from the wreck, and then—went back to his far countries.

His going was as much of a surprise to Mrs. Ramsey as had been his sudden coming. Even in the first throes of widowhood, she was still a mother—and Katharine was exceedingly attractive, and it was the duty of a wealthy bachelor to marry and settle down. Still, there was something in having one's benefactor roaming Asiatic wilds. To be gracefully but not fulsomely grateful, at close range, calls for a degree of tact amounting to genius.

The woman before the fire wondered idly whether the traveler would soon be coming back. Katharine was only twenty; but she really should marry by the time she was twenty-two and she must marry well. Mrs. Ramsey believed in marrying for love, but she also believed in loving a man with money; and now that they were comparatively poor, there would be less chance for the girl to meet eligible men. She was charming enough to make the right impression upon any who did happen her way. The trouble was—and Mrs. Ramsey sighed as she admitted it—that Katharine was "queer." She cared so little for men, and the only men she did seem to like were usually hopeless ineligibles, men of large ideas and small incomes.

A bell sounded somewhere in the house. There were hurrying steps in the hall, a scratching of matches, the lighting of gas jets, the opening of a door. Then a murmur of voices came faintly to Mrs. Ramsey's ears; and, a moment later, a maid appeared in the doorway, followed by a tall man swathed in a long, enveloping overcoat. The mistress of the house rose, a stately figure in widow's weeds, silhouetted against the fireglow. The visitor's face was in shadow; but he came forward with an easy grace that indicated social training, and his voice, when he spoke, was a likable thing, a pleasant, well-modu-

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lated voice, with a ring of decision under its friendliness.

"The maid tells me that I am intruding upon a cousin of my friend Howard Curtis," the man said with a note of apology in his tone. Mrs. Ramsey murmured a swift denial:

"A friend of my cousin's couldn't possibly be an intruder here. I am sorry Mr. Curtis is not here to welcome you in person, but you know he is a wanderer."

The stranger laughed.

"Oh, yes, I know; but I heard in Washington that he was here for the moment, that he had opened his New York house, and was presumably going to settle down here for a while. I knew him too well to believe him capable of that, but I did hope I could get a glimpse of him before he started on the long trail again. I've missed him so often and in so many places that I didn't take any chances on missing him this time and came here right from my train; but it seems I am too late after all. My name is Sturgis, Richard Sturgis. You may have heard Curtis speak of me. He and I have foregathered in queer places and under queer conditions, before now."

As the maid lighted the lamps and candles, the shadowy figure resolved itself into a tall, sinewy man whose handsome, brown face looked oddly young beneath a mop of thick hair, powdered with gray. It was in the smile that the irrepressible boyishness lurked, not in the man's features; for his jaw had a stubborn set and his gray eyes were the eyes of a man who had thought and seen and done. Mrs. Ramsey warmed to the smile. "Take Mr. Sturgis's coat and hat," she said to the departing maid; and, as the man made a gesture of protest, she held out a friendly hand to him.

"You must allow me to give you the welcome Howard would want you to have in his home. You will stay and dine with us, I hope. We are not entertaining this winter, but it will be kind of you to bring a bit of the outside world to us."

The boyish smile flouted the gray hair more openly than ever; but the man shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you and I'd love to stay, but I have an appointment with some men at the club and—" He turned slightly and stepped aside at the sound of soft footsteps behind him. Mrs. Ramsey's face brightened.

"You're late, Katharine. I was beginning to worry. Come in and let me introduce a friend of your cousin Howard's. Mr. Sturgis, my daughter Katharine."

Firelight and lamplight leaped to greet the girl who stood in the doorway, a slender figure all in black, yet dominating the somber hue, vivid, colorful, sweet with a gay, girlish sweetness that robbed even her mourning garb of its gloom. One might have thought that the clinging black gown, the soft black furs, the shadowing black hat had been chosen advisedly for the sole purpose of setting off effectively that glowing face.

The face smiled at Cousin Howard's friend, and a voice that was like the face set to music made some conventional remark which was so swallowed up by the smile that it did not even penetrate to the man's consciousness.

"I am trying to persuade Mr. Sturgis to dine with us," he heard Mrs. Ramsey saying, in some far-off region outside the smile, and he spoke quickly.

"I shall be delighted to stay, if you will pardon traveling clothes. I had promised a friend, whom I ran across in the street, to meet him at his club, but he is to have guests so will not miss me, and I can join him later in the evening."

The girl had been pulling off her long gloves. Now she turned to go, still smiling that disconcerting little smile.

"I shall not have time to dress for dinner myself. I am shockingly late, *Mütterchen;* but I'll just run and take off my hat and coat. You'll excuse me, Mr. Sturgis?"

She was gone, and the man drew a long breath as he turned to his hostess. Mrs. Ramsey met his eyes and answered the look in them. "Yes, she *is* pretty," she said laughingly.

The man threw out his hands in a gesture of indignant protest.

"Pretty!" he said with a quiet intensity that blotted the boyishness from eyes and mouth. "Pretty! She's glorious!"

And the mother straightway dreamed dreams and saw visions while she chatted with her guest. He was good-looking and clever, and since he talked of a yacht on the Mediterranean, and a ranch in New Zealand, and mines in Australia, he must have money.

When Katharine came back to the library, her mother left her alone with their guest.

"I'll tell the servants that Mr. Sturgis is dining here," she said, and she did. Also, she made some swift but radical changes in the dinner menu and ordered wines cooled. The occasion seemed to warrant extravagance.

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Half an hour slipped by before she went back to the library, but she had not been missed. The man and girl did not even see or hear her when she entered the room, so absorbed were they in each other; and they came back to things mundane with a start when she spoke.

"Dinner has not been announced, Katharine? We are very late to-night."

The guest sprang to his feet.

"It is dinner-time? I had not realized. Will you add to your kindness, Mrs. Ramsey, and allow me to wash and brush off the travel dust? As I told you, I was so eager not to miss Curtis that I came directly from my train."

Mrs. Ramsey rang the bell.

"Show the gentleman to the blue room, Mary. It was careless of me not to realize that you had been traveling, Mr. Sturgis. Don't hurry."

Katharine was looking into the fire, when her mother turned to her.

"Rather pleasant man," said the older woman, with studied indifference. The girl's face flushed.

"He's splendid," she said, without looking away from the fire; and Mrs. Ramsey's eyes smiled, though her lips remained discreetly grave.

That was a gay little dinner. As Mary, the waitress, put it to the cook, "Shure he do be a-talkin' like a shtory-book, and Miss Katharine a-houldin' her breath for fear she'll miss a worrud av him, and he a-shtarin' at her widout even battin' his eyes, for fear he'll miss a luk av her; and the missis a-smilin' at thim that creamy ye cud whip it! There'll be a weddin'—ye marrk my worruds, Ellen."

Mr. Sturgis did not stay long after dinner. He went reluctantly, but, as he explained, he did owe something to the friend who had expected him to dinner, and he felt that he must look him up.

"You have been so very good to me," he said, as he bent over Mrs. Ramsey's hand, but his eyes were seeking the girl's eyes. "I can't tell you what it has meant to me; but some time I shall try. You will allow me to come again, won't you? I must go West to-morrow, but I shall be in New York again soon, and if I may come——"

"Your welcome will be waiting for you," said the woman graciously. What the girl said only the man's eyes knew.

Mother and daughter sat by the fire for a long time after their guest left them; but they talked very little. The mother was too wise a woman to force confidences and the daughter was busy with dreams. . . . But finally the woman rose, yawning behind a white hand.

"Come, dear. It is late."

The two went slowly up the stairs, kissed each other good night, and separated, going to their own rooms. Fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Ramsey, clad in a dressing-gown and crimson with excitement, burst unceremoniously into her daughter's room.

"Katharine, where is your jewelry?" she asked breathlessly. The girl, who had made no move toward preparing for bed, looked up from the *chaise longue* where she was lying.

"My jewelry?" she echoed. "Why, everything except the rings I am wearing is in my jewel-box in the top drawer."

Mrs. Ramsey dragged the drawer out and opened the box.

"I knew it," she wailed, sinking down upon the nearest chair. "It's gone too. I haven't a thing left—not even a stick pin. My pearls and that diamond and ruby pendant were in the secret drawer of my writing-desk; but they went with the rest. It's too dreadful. The jewelry was all we had saved and now it is gone. It couldn't have been Ellen or Annie. They've been with us forever. I'd as soon suspect you. Some one must have come in while we were at dinner and——"

She checked herself suddenly, and a vague suspicion dawned in her eyes, battled with incredulity, and conquered.

"Katharine!" she gasped. "That man!"

The girl, who had gone to the dressing-table and was futilely examining the empty jewel-box, turned a puzzled face toward her mother.

"What man?" she asked; but Mrs. Ramsey swept the question aside with a torrent of broken argument and comment.

"No letter of introduction—and he didn't give me any address. And to think I gave him that old Burgundy your father saved for such very special occasions! But he was charming. Nobody could have imagined. It doesn't seem possible—but he did come upstairs. He asked to come— You heard him ask, Katharine, and he was up here alone for at least fifteen minutes. And then his coming just before dinner when we would be sure to invite him to stay, and his leaving right after dinner before anything could possibly be discovered. Oh, there's no doubt of it—not a shadow of a doubt."

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Her daughter interrupted her eagerly.

"Why, mother, it isn't possible. He was a friend of Cousin Howard's."

"Friend of fiddlesticks! He didn't tell us a single thing about Howard that couldn't have been picked up from any one who knows your cousin. I didn't notice it at the time; but you know it's true. He only told us entertaining stories about queer places, and he had our jewelry in his pockets all the time. He fooled me completely. I'll admit that. I thought he was the most delightful man I had met in years. We must telephone for the police."

"Oh, no, mother," said the girl impulsively; but Mrs. Ramsey was already on the way to the telephone, and in a few moments an officer in plain clothes was taking notes concerning the events of the evening.

"Clever game," he commented admiringly. "Sounds like a new man. I don't remember anybody that fills the bill, but it may be one of the old crowd in a new lay."

When he went away the two women once more said good night to each other. Mrs. Ramsey's eyes were wet and her expression tragic, but her daughter was dry-eyed and philosophical.

"Don't fret, mother," she said cheerfully. "We can live very comfortably without family jewels so long as our credit with the butcher and the baker is good; and, at least, we've had a lively evening. That's worth something."

But when her mother had gone, the girl threw herself down on the bed and hid her face among the pillows. A door had opened and closed. Through it, in the moment of its opening, she had caught a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains. Later, as she sat before the dressing-table, she spoke severely to the young woman in the mirror. "Serves you right," she said. "Serves you right for being a susceptible idiot—and at your age!" Then, in answer to a look from the face in the mirror, "Yes, I know. He was—and perhaps, even if he took the things, he did think—but you ought to be ashamed of yourself for caring whether he did or not." The girl in the mirror frowned assent.

As Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter were finishing breakfast the next morning, the maid brought in a large box. "From the florist's, ma'am."

"Very well, Mary. Put it down beside Miss Katharine. Open the box, Katharine, that's a dear."

A gust of perfume filled the room as the girl lifted the lid from the box, and Mrs. Ramsey leaned forward eagerly.

"Such roses! and such violets! Who could have sent them?" She opened the envelope that had been tucked in among the flowers, and fell back in her chair with a gasp of astonishment.

"For the good Samaritans who took a stranger in and gave him the happiest evening of his life," was written upon a blank card such as florists supply; and the name signed was "Richard Sturgis."

"Well, of all the—" Words failed Mrs. Ramsey for a moment. Then she laughed helplessly.

"Katharine, I could love that burglar," she said. "He's a gentleman and an artist."

The girl shook her head doubtfully. "Do you believe he would have sent them, mother, if he had really been——"

"You'll observe, my dear, that he didn't have any of Mr. Richard Sturgis's visiting cards," Mrs. Ramsey said drily.

Day after day went by, but the detectives made no progress. A Mr. Richard Sturgis was on the membership list of the University Club and his dues were paid up; but he had not been seen by any of the club officials in years, and if the Ramseys' visitor had dropped in at any other club after the burglary, no trace of it was found. The case had been kept out of the papers and no one outside the family had been told of it. "I hate to acknowledge publicly that I am a fool," Mrs. Ramsey had said to her daughter. "We will not speak of the affair to any one." And there was a hint of thankfulness in the voice that answered, "All right, mother."

Two weeks after the eventful evening, Katharine Ramsey started for Ohio to attend the wedding of her old school friend, Frances Preston. Her mourning had interfered with her officiating as maid of honor according to the original plans, and, for a time, she had insisted that she could not go to the wedding at all; but the bride elect showered imploring, tear-blotted letters upon her, and Mrs. Ramsey added the force of her persuasion. "You need a change, my dear," she said. "I have never seen you so restless and depressed. It will do you good to have happy young people around you."

So, on the afternoon before the wedding, Miss Ramsey arrived at the Preston home, and, after a hasty toilet, joined the other members of the house party in the big living-

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room. She had already been welcomed by the daughter of the house, and now she made her way toward her friend's mother, who was presiding over a tea-table near the open fire. At every step the girl was stopped by friendly greetings and her progress was slow; but at last she reached her hostess, who looked up with a little cry of delight.

"My *dear* child! I am so glad. We feared you might fail us, even at the eleventh hour."

"I realized that Frances couldn't be properly married without me," Katharine said gaily; and, at the sound of her voice, a man standing near, with his back toward her, whirled swiftly round, disclosing the astonished face of Mr. Richard Sturgis.

"Miss Ramsey!" he exclaimed in a low, eager voice.

Katharine, who had leaned over to kiss the little woman in the low chair, straightened suddenly and a wave of color swept over her face, then ebbed, leaving even her lips white.

A score of persons were looking on; Mrs. Preston was saying, "You know Mr. Sturgis? How delightful!"; a scene was a hideous thing; and so the girl allowed her hand to lie, for an instant, in another hand whose touch unaccountably sent absurd little thrills tingling through her nerves, but the eyes she raised to the man's eyes were full of scornful accusation, and she turned from him abruptly. The eager delight faded from his face; but he waited a moment as though hoping the girl would give him another look. Then, finding that she pointedly ignored him, he moved away, with a frown between his straight brows.

When Katharine did look around, he had disappeared from the room and she drew a quick breath of relief. At least, she need not speak to him or see him again, but what must she do? Speak to Mr. Preston, of course. The man was probably here on the same errand that had brought him to her cousin's house. The Prestons were wealthy. Any amount of handsome jewelry would be among the wedding presents, and the guests would all have valuable jewels with them. The opportunity for burglary was a splendid one. She must warn the family before harm could come.

Mr. Preston, big, genial, fatherly, was standing by the window. Katharine started toward him, then hesitated. Suppose there were a mistake; suppose the Prestons knew all about him and could prove that the man was all right? She turned aside and went over to where Miss Preston was giving an order to a servant.

"Frances," she said, when the maid had gone, "this Mr. Sturgis—who is he?"

Miss Preston laughed.

"Another victim for him? He *is* a duck, isn't he? If I weren't going to be married to-morrow, I'd be having flutters about him myself. You see he just happened. He was in town on business and it seems he knew Uncle John out in Australia and had promised to see us when he came here. So he came around to call, about an hour ago, and father insisted upon his sending for his luggage and staying here with us. The more the merrier, and he's an acquisition. The girls are crazy about him. Mother is calling me. Will you come? Going up to rest? All right, dear. You must be tired. Don't come down again until dinner, if you'd rather not. I'll come up for a visit if I can get away." She ran across the room, and Katharine made her way up the stairs and to her own room.

Of course she must go down again and tell Mr. Preston. It was perfectly clear. The man was following exactly the same tactics as he had used before; only he was Uncle John's friend now instead of Cousin Howard's. She must expose him. Then, suddenly, a thought came to her. Perhaps he had gone already; or, if he hadn't, he surely would go, as soon as he realized that she knew him for the thief of her own property and would guess his purpose here. If he would only go, it wouldn't be necessary for her to tell any one about him. For some reason or other, she did not seem to feel the proper zeal in regard to bringing a criminal to justice. In fact, justice was the last thing she wanted this criminal to have. Of course he deserved punishment; but it would be horrible to have him arrested and that was what Mr. Preston would do. It was the detectives' business to catch the man, not hers. She would send him a note telling him that unless he left at once, she would speak to Mr. Preston about him. Then he would go, and she would never need to see him again—and she sat down upon the bed and cried, in a choked, miserable fashion, about nothing at all.

He was brazen, this gentleman burglar, positively brazen. He had actually looked glad to see her; and, remembering the light of welcome that had leaped into his eyes, she choked more hopelessly than ever. It couldn't have been all assumed, at such short notice. Perhaps he forgot all about every-

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thing else and just *was* glad. Even a burglar might care about——

She sprang up and went to the desk. She would write to him and have done with it. After fifteen minutes of effort and much destruction of paper, she achieved a brief note:

"*Sir:* You may imagine that I was surprised to find you among Mr. Preston's guests; but I understand that you obtained admission by a story much like that which imposed upon my mother and me; and I assume that your purpose is the same as that which brought you to our house. Possibly it is my duty to let Mr. Preston know at once whom he is entertaining, but that would make a distressing scene; and, if you will leave the house immediately, I will say nothing about the matter to any one.

"KATHARINE RAMSEY.

"The New York detectives are searching for you."

It was an unsatisfactory note and the impulsively added postscript of warning was foolish. Katharine realized that; but she sealed the envelope and rang the bell. When a servant came she handed her the note.

"Do you know Mr. Sturgis?"

"Yes'm."

"Give him that note at once. Don't fail to find him. The message is important."

"Yes'm."

The door closed. So that was finished. Perhaps she had done wrong; but he would go and that would end the story. "Life's a very horrid sort of mess anyway," said the twenty-year-old pessimist, apropos of nothing, as she dabbed Pond's Extract on a nose distinctly pink.

A few moments later there was a tap at the door.

"Come."

"If you please, Miss Ramsey, here's a telegram for you. Is there an answer?"

Katharine tore open the despatch and read:

"Sturgis theory wrong. Burglar caught confesses our case with others. Most of jewels recovered.

"MOTHER."

The girl read the message a second time and then a third.

"Please, miss, the boy says is there any answer?"

"Oh, no; no answer. Wait a moment, please."

She fumbled in her traveling-bag and produced a time-table. The next train for New York would leave in thirty-five minutes. She could drive to the station in twenty. It was an awful thing to do; but it would be a more awful thing to meet him. She couldn't face him. She simply couldn't do it. There was nothing for it but flight. She could make some excuse. The maid would tell that she had received a despatch.

"Will you have a carriage at the back door in ten minutes?" she said to the maid. "I have been called away, but I don't want you to mention it to any one. I will leave a note for Miss Frances explaining, and it would make such confusion if I should tell any one now. Be sure to have the carriage." She tucked a five-dollar bill into the servant's hand and the fervent "Yes'm" promised obedience. Ten minutes later Miss Katharine Ramsey sneaked stealthily down the Prestons' back stairs, bag in hand, climbed into a waiting carriage, and rolled off at a swift pace toward the station.

She had been gone about twenty minutes when a man came hurrying from the kennels to the house. He was evidently much disturbed and his face expressed profound bewilderment. In his hand he held a crumpled sheet of paper at which he glanced occasionally, each glance deepening the furrows in his brow and the amazement in his eyes. In the hall he met Miss Preston, whose pretty face faintly reflected the expression of his own, and who also held a letter in her hand.

"Where is Miss Ramsey?" asked the man abruptly.

Miss Preston's blue eyes filled with tears.

"She's gone, Mr. Sturgis."

"Gone!" The exclamation was in the nature of an explosion. "Gone where?"

"Gone home—to New York. I can't understand at all. She left a note for me saying she had been called home suddenly and didn't want to disturb us, so just slipped off quietly and would write. One of the maids says she had a telegram. I'm afraid something dreadful has happened and she didn't want to tell us for fear of spoiling my wedding. I was just going up to her room. She can't have taken her trunk, but she doesn't say anything about it in the note. This is her room."

The man had followed her and was at her side as she opened the door.

"You see she didn't take her trunk—didn't even pick up all of her toilet things. She must have gone in a tremendous hurry. Oh, this must be the telegram she got."

She picked up a yellow sheet of paper from the floor and looked doubtfully at the man beside her.

"I don't know. Perhaps I ought not to

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read it. She must have dropped it accidentally."

The man took the telegram from her hand without a "by your leave" and read it. For a moment he stood staring at the paper with a puzzled frown. Then with a queer little laugh he thrust it in his pocket and turned toward the surprised and indignant young woman.

"When's the New York train due? Can I make it? This telegram concerns me, Miss Preston. I'll explain to you some time, but I haven't time now. I must catch that train."

The ring in his voice was compelling. The girl looked at the clock.

"You can't do it, Mr. Sturgis. It's a twenty-minute drive to the station, and the train is due in three minutes."

The teuf-teuf of an automobile sounded from the drive and she ran to the window.

"There is Bob's car. You might—no, you couldn't do it in less than five minutes even in the car."

The peremptory young man laid a hand unceremoniously upon her shoulder.

"Isn't there some way? Think, Miss Preston. I *must* get that train. There has been a mistake. She's all the world to me. Think!"

The astonished girl rose to the appeal. It was all crazily queer; but one thing was clear. It was a love affair; and any love affair had her sympathy.

"The train stops at W——. You might catch it there. You have a few minutes' start and Bob has a great car."

The man was already through the door and on his way down-stairs.

"God bless you," he called back. "Make my excuses. I will write to your father."

"Well, of all the lunatic wedding parties!" said Miss Preston; and as she sank limply into a chair she heard the puffing of an engine and then the whir of wheels speeding down the drive.

A chauffeur was reposing peacefully in Bob Preston's car when Sturgis invaded it.

"We've got to catch the New York train at W——," the invader said curtly. "It's fifty dollars for you if we make it."

"B-but Mr. Preston said—" stammered the chauffeur.

"Preston knows about it," lied the man in a hurry. "Never mind the speed laws now. Catch that train."

As the New York train pulled into the station at W——, Katharine Ramsey, looking listlessly out of the car-window, saw a rolling cloud of dust swoop down the road and deposit a man upon the station platform. A second later the man emerged from the ticket-office, and as she saw his face, she gave a gasp of consternation and looked about her as one who meditates flight.

The man from whom she was running away! He appeared to be running away too; but if he was innocent why should he run? Perhaps, after all— No; that couldn't be. She had felt all along that he really couldn't be a—burglar; but every one had been so sure, and she had been so ashamed of having cared for— She couldn't meet him! She'd get off the train. As she sprang to her feet, the train started and she fell back despairing. The man swung himself on to the moving train. Perhaps he would go into the forward car. Yes, he was going in there. Thank Heaven! Then her breath stopped and wild panic seized her.

Richard Sturgis opened the front door of the rear car and ran a swift glance over the few passengers. In the last seat he found what he sought, and a light flashed into his anxious face. Katharine shrank into a corner of her seat, her gaze fastened to the scurrying landscape outside the window.

Her heart was in her throat. This was ghastly—awful! She would have to explain —but——

Some one sat down in the seat beside her and, suddenly, a strong hand closed firmly over the two little nervous hands clasped in the girl's lap.

"Little girl! Little girl!" said an eager, masterful voice. "Why did you run away? Didn't you know I should have to follow? I was going back to you, grudging every hour that kept me from you. And then you came and—you snubbed me royally."

A note of laughter crept into the low, earnest voice, and Katharine's face took on a deeper crimson.

"It is all horrible," she said chokingly. "There was an awful mistake. I thought that——"

He interrupted her:

"Yes, I know. I read your telegram; but I don't care what you believed, if you only felt the right thing back of the belief. Look at me, little girl."

Her eyes met his for a fraction of a second.

"It happened that night, at dinner-time, and mother thought—and the detectives were sure, and——"

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Her voice stuck in her throat.

"And so you believed—but you didn't quite hate me? You warned me in your note. You cared enough for that?"

He asked it humbly, but there was a little ring of triumph in his voice, and the hand that still held hers tightened its clasp.

"If I had been a master thief that night, it wouldn't have been your jewels I'd have stolen. Do you know what I did want, little girl—what I've wanted ever since I first saw you? I'd turn burglar gladly if I could rob you of that. Tell me, dear, is your heart burglar-proof?"

If one of the other passengers had chanced to look around he would have been highly edified; but no one saw what happened.

"I think I'll take another," said the Gentleman Burglar boldly, a moment later. "This robbery business does grow upon one."

The "Shadow" in High Finance

By DAVID FERGUSON

THE "shadow" is one of the most potent forces in the service of those who deal in millions. This shadow is no airy, flimsy thing, but a hard-headed, cold-blooded, patient, persistent, silent detective, highly trained in all the tricks of his craft, but specially developed along two or three lines. He is used chiefly to watch men and to get information. That sounds simple and commonplace enough, but it defines an occupation that has caused numberless heart-breaks, has thwarted vast ambitions, and brought about financial tragedies; while on the other hand it has served to multiply the great hoards of the masters of high finance.

No great railroad or industrial merger has been perfected in recent years without the cooperation of the "shadow," or private detective. Even the acquisition of the majority stock of a small railroad by a larger road brings the detective into action. His services are indispensable when one group of financiers falls afoul of another group, and each begins to plot and scheme for the other's destruction.

Prior to 1901, which was the record year of corporate creations, mergers, consolidations, overcapitalizations, schemes, deals, and financial chicanery—the detective was only occasionally used in Wall Street transactions. That year made him a permanent part of the machinery, for it set the high-finance school firmly on its feet.

Managers of three or four detective agencies were quick to see the value of the new fields thrown open to them. The largest private-detective agency in the country created a special department for the Wall Street work and detailed its best men to that particular division, selecting those with the keenest intellects, the best education, and the most gentlemanly appearance. Two other agencies gradually abandoned their general business and are now specialists in the financial field. These three do the bulk of the fine detective business for the financial district, but other agencies are called upon for men to do the coarser grades of work. Practically every important firm of corporation lawyers in the financial district of New York has on its outside staff a private-detective agency on which it can call, at any hour of the day or night, for from one to a dozen or fifteen detectives, or operatives, as they are technically termed. Most of the operatives assigned to such tasks know by sight nearly everybody of any importance in the Wall Street district and something of their habits outside of business hours.

The sleuths themselves are constantly subjected to a system of espionage designed to test their good faith and honesty. Each agency has two or three men who never appear at its offices and who are not known by the regular staff of detectives. At brief intervals one of these men is instructed to "shadow" a regular detective. The "shadow" makes his report; so does the man shadowed, stating in detail where he went and what he did. It needs only a comparison of the "shadow's" report with the other's to determine the value of the detective's skill, and his loyalty to his employers.

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It may be asked, why should detectives be necessary in the business intercourse of business men? The answer lies in the fact that the projects of such men as J. P. Morgan, H. H. Rogers, Thomas F. Ryan, James J. Hill, and Edward H. Harriman are not ordinary business matters of purchase and sale. Buying control of a railroad is not like buying a car-load of flour or a piece of real estate. The railroad has thousands of owners. Their equities in the form of shares of stock fluctuate rapidly and at times tremendously. Were it widely known that Morgan or Harriman or Hill had to get control of a certain railroad in order to perfect some huge project, the price of its stock would shoot up beyond all legitimate reason. Such purchases must be made secretly and through agents who are bound to be more or less in the confidence of their principal. Of course every financier of importance has his own personal staff of tried and true men to carry out his orders loyally and faithfully. But every big deal brings into action a new set of men through whom the financier's agents must conduct negotiations. Their loyalty is undetermined; it has never been submitted to a test; and millions are involved. These new men may be officers or directors of the road that is to be bought. They may be men of unblemished reputation and of lofty position, but high finance is always suspicious, taking nothing for granted. The moment a new man is partly admitted to a secret—the real kernel of the project on foot is usually withheld until the final moment—he is watched to see whether he is going to play fair or try to "double-cross" the project and make a pile of money for himself by betraying confidences.

In putting him under espionage, the financier seldom deals directly with the detective agency. He summons his confidential legal adviser and tells him that he wants to get every scrap of information obtainable concerning Mr. Brown. Later, the lawyer sends for or calls by telephone the manager of the agency and directs him to have Mr. Brown followed day and night and to render daily reports. The agency manager is seldom told the real motive underlying the surveillance of Mr. Brown, but is given only enough information to enable him to direct the work intelligently.

Then the private detective begins to "tail" his subject. Mr. Brown is watched from the moment he emerges from his house in the morning until he goes to bed at night. A tally is kept of his visitors at office and home. Regular visitors are followed from time to time, their identity is learned, and their affairs are investigated. Office clerks and household servants are cleverly handled. The telephone is a tremendous aid to the high-finance detective. Employed to get information, he does not permit scruples to deter him. A telephone wire, leading to a private residence or an office, is easily tapped, and a patient man sitting all day long with a receiver strapped to his ears often hears surprising things over a "tapped" wire. To the credit of the detective be it said that whenever he taps a wire he religiously untaps it before he quits the job.

It is an amazing mass of data that three or four skilled detectives assigned to follow one man will collect. Each day's report usually covers several typewritten pages, though much of it, often ninety-nine per cent., is worthless to the man who pays the bills. But if it contains one solitary nugget of real information, the man who gets it feels that he has been repaid a hundredfold for his outlay.

A few years ago a group of men who controlled an important financial institution became involved in an ugly scandal. It was learned that they were borrowing for themselves millions of the depositors' money through clerks, private secretaries, and other dummies, on collateral that was worthless. By his own secret methods a rival financier, who had been fighting this particular group for years, got possession of all the facts concerning these illegal loans. Then for purposes of revenge he started a campaign, which, had it been pushed to its proposed conclusion, would have involved not only the cancellation of the charter of this institution, but the prosecution of the group of men in the criminal courts. To get the information concerning the loans the financier had to use a retired lawyer whose history would not bear close scrutiny. The connection of this lawyer with the scheme was kept a close secret.

The group of men involved in the scandal decided that their only chance to defeat the plans of their enemy and to protect themselves against criminal prosecutions rested in a counter exposure. They knew that some artifice had been employed to get the facts of the loans, but they did not know what it was. They called in the manager of a detective agency and set him to work. By following the rival financier and keeping

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track of all his visitors and picking up scraps of conversation here and there, within a week the detectives partially identified the lawyer of doubtful history with the project. Then they camped on his trail to confirm their suspicions.

This lawyer had offices on Broadway overlooking Trinity churchyard. Luckily for the detectives, the room in the building adjoining his private office was vacant. Overnight, following this discovery, a firm of real-estate brokers was created and the next day leased the vacant office. The members of the firm were in reality three of the best detectives in that particular agency. They moved in with fine office furniture and had two stenographers, both employees of the detective agency. A partition was erected to divide the room. In the inner half, or private office of the real-estate brokers, the new firm worked late that night—not on books or papers but on two square feet of the stout wall that separated them from the lawyer's private office. By midnight they had removed the paper, plaster, and laths on their side of the wall, and the concrete in the middle—everything down to the laths on the lawyer's side of the wall. Very deftly they scraped away pieces of plaster in the interstices between the laths, so that in spots only the wall-paper separated them from the lawyer's room. The débris was packed in boxes labeled "books" and a heavy, high-backed desk was shoved against the wall so that the two-foot hole should not be discovered by a prowling janitor or assistant. Early every morning the desk was lifted to one side, and at night set back in place again. Heavy carpet was placed on the floor to deaden sounds, and a rule of strict silence was established.

After that there were always a detective and a stenographer sitting with their ears close to the hole, listening to and recording every word uttered in the adjoining room. When any visitor who had said something of importance was about to leave, a detective would go into the hall and trail him. In three weeks the detectives learned not only that the facts about the illegal loans had been obtained by a combination of bribery and burglary and under conditions that, if disclosed, would surely send the lawyer with the past to jail, but that this lawyer was also engaged at that particular time in the promotion of a get-rich-quick swindle of an outrageous character.

With all of the detailed conversations that revealed these facts nicely arranged to use as a club on the revenge-seeking financier, the counsel for the group of accused financiers went to their enemy and explained what would happen if he persisted in his plans. He was furiously angry and declared that the crooked lawyer had imposed upon him and that he didn't propose to be robbed of his revenge even if the lawyer had to go to jail. Many conferences followed, and finally a peculiar kind of compromise was reached. The financier abandoned his plan to prosecute the others criminally, and they turned over the detectives' data to the crooked lawyer and agreed to wind up the affairs of their financial institution within a year. Both of these pledges were kept.

In no instance in the history of financial New York were private detectives employed in greater number than in the internecine strife in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which began in February, 1905, and culminated the following June with the sale of the controlling stock by young James Hazen Hyde to Thomas F. Ryan.

Every agency capable of doing Wall Street work had its hands full in those four months. The Hyde and the Alexander forces both employed detectives to keep track of each other. Hyde individually employed a small army of sleuths. He distrusted some of his own supporters and had them watched. A host of lawyers was employed on each side, and some of the lawyers distrusted other lawyers associated with them. Suspicion was so rife that men endeavored to safeguard themselves against treachery by hiring detectives to watch their lifelong friends. That there was justification for the general distrust was subsequently well established.

The private detectives involved in the Equitable's civil war never had a more difficult case to handle. There were so many groups of men, each striving to keep its existence concealed from other groups, that the ordinary difficulties of such a task were multiplied tenfold. The men assigned to shadow Hyde had the most troublesome job of all, owing to his habit of automobiling, with his detectives—by whom he was constantly surrounded—trailing behind in another machine. The problem of "shadowing" and at the same time remaining invisible became, clearly enough, very perplexing.

Below is a single verbatim report of the detective agency employed to shadow Mr. Hyde and those with whom he conferred,

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chiefly his lawyers, Elihu Root, now Secretary of State, Samuel Untermyer, William G. Gulliver, and Charles B. Alexander. The report is for Saturday, April 1, 1905, ordinarily a half-holiday in the business district:

Referring to operatives' report for Saturday, on Mr. Hyde. The first seen of him on that day was at 10.05 A.M., when he left the house, accompanied by his secretary. They entered the cab and were driven down Fifth Avenue, reaching the Equitable Building at 10.30 o'clock.

Mr. Hyde left the Equitable Building at 10.55 A.M., and walked to 11 Broadway, in company with another man, and they went up in the elevator and entered room 1260.

Nothing more was seen of Mr. Hyde until 3.45 P.M., when he came out, accompanied by Mr. Gulliver and Mr. Root. They walked up Broadway to the Equitable Building, where Mr. Hyde's cab was waiting and had been for a long time.

Mr. Hyde, after leaving the Equitable Building, proceeded up Fifth Avenue and entered a house between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets, the number of which is 675 Fifth Avenue. The directory gives Samuel Untermyer, lawyer, as residing at this house. While Mr. Hyde was in here, his automobile was stationed in Fifty-fourth Street and some three or four detectives were covering this vicinity, but his hansom cab returned to Fortieth Street, where it remained in front of his door, occasionally driving away on some apparent errand, and then returning.

While operatives were still covering Mr. Hyde's house, Mr. C. B. Alexander entered, having arrived there in an automobile, and after this he drove away and went up-town and his automobile stopped in Fifty-third Street, when Mr. Alexander alighted from the automobile, but operatives did not see him enter Mr. Untermyer's house; but in all probability he did.

At 7.45 P.M. two young men entered Mr. Hyde's house. These men had the appearance of being society men, but our operatives were so far away they did not see them near enough to describe them.

At 8 P.M. the same auto that Mr. Alexander had driven away in arrived at the Fortieth Street house, and Mr. Hyde alighted and entered his house. Shortly after this his detective and then another automobile arrived.

At 8.02 P.M. two other men entered Hyde's house. They all remained here until after ten o'clock, when the men that had entered came out in pairs, and after entering either an automobile or a carriage, drove away. You will appreciate the fact that the house was closely covered by Mr. Hyde's men, and consequently our people could not get near enough to see who these people were, although, from appearance, we take them to be men who have been associated with Mr. Hyde all through this matter.

At Mr. Harriman's house, on Saturday morning (April 1st), shortly after nine o'clock, two elderly men entered from a carriage that drove to the door. One can be described as fifty-six years of age; 190 pounds; dark hair; smooth face; dressed in dark clothes. The other was a short and stout-built man, with gray hair and beard. They remained at the house until ten o'clock, when they left, driving down-town. Neither of these men have operatives ever seen in connection with this case, and they did not have the appearance of being insurance men.

At 10.55 A.M. Mr. Harriman left in his automobile and rode to the subway at Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, where he boarded an express; thence he was conveyed to John Street, and after this he proceeded to 11 Broadway, where he arrived at 11.20 A.M.

At 3.45 P.M. Mr. Harriman left the building very hurriedly by the Washington Street exit. One of ——'s men shadowed him. He proceeded to Battery Place "L" station and boarded an up-town train. The detective went on the same train with him, but our operative was just too late to catch the train, and by taking the one immediately following, it delayed him a few moments, but he rode directly to Fifty-eighth Street, and then proceeded to Harriman's house, and as there a man entered the house just as he arrived he is almost positive this was Mr. Harriman. But nothing was seen of Mr. Harriman after this and it is just possible operative might have been mistaken and that it was not he who entered the house.

Mr. "Q." did not leave 11 Broadway until after the others had. He then, after a little delay, proceeded up-town but did not connect with any of our parties.

All operatives who are on our matter report for Saturday that there were a great number of detectives shadowing 11 Broadway and on every occasion when Mr. "Q." came in, he was shadowed back again to the Equitable Building.

Mr. "Q.," so-called in this report, was the man most keenly watched at this particular time. The letter "Q" is not the initial of his name, but there is no reason why his identity should here be disclosed. At the outset he was one of the most vigorous members of the group opposed to Mr. Hyde and his associates. He is worth between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000; has given great sums to charity and costly collections of historic objects to museums; is one of the best known lay churchmen in the United States, and his private life has been above reproach. This man, who is past the threescore and ten milestone, and whose life has been upheld as a model of righteousness, was, in the vernacular of the detectives, "caught with the goods on."

A few days before the date of the above report, by luck one of the detectives shadowing Hyde had gone into the St. Regis Hotel on Fifth Avenue to call up his agency on the telephone and make a report. A man was just giving a number at the "central" desk when the detective walked up. He heard the order and recognized at once the home telephone number of E. H. Harriman, at that time the active leader of the Hyde forces. He also recognized the elderly man as one of the leaders of the anti-Hyde group.

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Unfortunately for the elderly man, he did not completely close the double sound-proof doors of the booth before beginning his telephone talk with Mr. Harriman. Lounging over to this booth, pretending to read a newspaper, the detective stood so that his best ear was fairly near the gap in the partly closed doors. He didn't hear all that was said, but he caught enough to warn him that a counterplot was brewing. The very nature of their business makes all real detectives cynical of human nature, and this man at once jumped to the conclusion that Mr. "Q." was dickering with the enemy. As soon as Mr. "Q." left the booth the detective telephoned his agency, and from that time on for weeks there was always a "shadow" trailing along at the heels of the elderly philanthropist. That was the reason why Mr. "Q." was mentioned in the report of April 1st.

The report for the preceding day showed the first definite confirmation of the detective's suspicion. It seems harmless enough, but to the men who got it a dynamite explosion could hardly have proved a severer shock. It convinced them that one of their own inner circle was faithless and was scheming to sell them out to the other side. Their distress was twofold, involving more than business or money matters. To some of the men in that inner circle Mr. "Q." had been a personal friend for a quarter of a century or more. He had been entertained at their homes, and they had been his guests. That he should turn against them after sharing in all their secrets and being trusted absolutely was a piece of duplicity of which none had ever thought him capable. The detective's report for March 31st was as follows:

As I informed you over the telephone yesterday, while operatives were watching the residence of E. H. Harriman, 1 East Fifty-fifth Street, they observed Mr. "Q.," at 10.20 A.M., alight from a private carriage, which was stopped in Fifty-fifth Street, between Madison and Fifth avenues. He then walked to and entered Mr. Harriman's house. He must have met Mr. Harriman in the doorway, for they came out almost immediately and entered into a very earnest conversation. They continued same until they reached the door of Mr. "Q.'s" carriage, when they both entered and were driven down Madison Avenue. As operatives had no conveyance there, and it would be impracticable to hire one of the St. Regis carriages to follow such noted men as either "Q." or Harriman, they allowed them to go, without making any attempt to hold them, and then called me up on the telephone. "Q." was heard to say to Mr. Harriman that everything could be made satisfactory, but what this referred to, of course, operatives can give no opinion.

Mr. E. H. Harriman was not seen to enter the Equitable Building and it is possible that he and "Q." drove to 11 Broadway, as we did not see "Q." enter his own office on Wall Street, which was being held by one of our men, as soon as I learned that the two had left Mr. Harriman's house. But later in the day Harriman, as well as "Q.," were both seen to enter 11 Broadway, so it must have been that they killed an hour riding around or in consultation in some office. At all events, they did not go to the Equitable Building.

After the meeting Mr. Harriman left and was seen to enter the Equitable Building, and he probably went to his office.

Later we saw Mr. Root in the building, and Mr. Hyde likewise; also Mr. Gulliver.

Mr. Harriman left the building about 4.30 P.M. and proceeded up-town.

We did not see Mr. "Q." after he left 11 Broadway.

Referring to Mr. Hyde's movements, his hansom cab drove up to the door of his residence about 9.30 A.M., and from same, Mr. Gulliver alighted, so it would appear as if the cab had been to Mr. Gulliver's house after him. Mr. "H." now left the house and, entering the cab, they were both driven very rapidly down Fifth Avenue.

At ten o'clock the pair arrived at the Equitable Building, where they alighted. Mr. "H." entered alone, while Mr. "G." walked down to Wall Street and Broadway, where he entered Wilson's drug store and had a drink at the soda counter. It was some kind of a mixed drink. He then left there and walked to and entered the Equitable Building, via the Pine Street entrance.

About twelve o'clock C. M. Depew entered the building, and at 2.50 P.M. he was seen to leave the building.

At 4.05 P.M. Mr. "H.'s" hansom cab drove up to the door, and shortly after this Mr. "H." entered the cab, accompanied by Mr. Deming, of the Mercantile Trust Company. They were driven up Broadway to Sherry's, Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the cab stopped at 4.45 P.M. Mr. "H." here alighted and, taking his overcoat off, he threw same back into the cab, and he then entered Sherry's, while the other gentleman was driven away, up Fifth Avenue.

At 5.40 P.M. "H." left Sherry's, entered his cab, which had returned, and was driven to his home, in Fortieth Street.

Shortly after six o'clock a man entered the house. This man we have none of us seen before. He is about five feet nine inches tall; thirty-eight years of age; 165 pounds weight; dark hair; and clean shaven.

At 6.20 P.M. Mr. Gulliver entered the house.

When it was nearly dark a man answering Depew's description entered the house, but operatives are not sure it was he.

At 8 P.M. Mr. Gulliver left the house, accompanied by the man formerly described with a clean-shaven face. They entered Mr. "H.'s" cab, which had been waiting, and were driven away.

A few minutes later the man that operatives think is Depew left in another carriage, which had been driven up in the meantime.

Mr. "H." is beginning to have his men about him again. The same man who used to follow him and

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was chauffeur for the auto is at work now on foot. Consequently, our people could not remain in so very near the house. He was assisted by a younger man.

Around April 1, 1905, the fight in the Equitable was so bitter that the opposing partizans held no intercourse that was not absolutely necessary. Even at forced assemblies, such as meetings of the directors of the society, when every man was doing his utmost to keep his emotions under control, the conventionalities were frequently violated. The state of mind of these men of millions, accustomed at all times to self-restraint and dispassionate behavior, can be imagined from a happening at one of the directors' meetings about April 1st. Jacob H. Schiff, after J. Pierpont Morgan the most powerful banker in the United States, a man close to seventy years, practically called Cornelius N. Bliss, former Secretary of the Treasury, a liar. Though seventy-three years old, Mr. Bliss doubled up his fists, rushed upon Mr. Schiff, and tried to strike him. It took the united strength of several men to keep the venerable, white-haired combatants apart.

By the middle of April cumulative evidence that left no doubt of Mr. "Q.'s" disloyalty had been obtained by the detectives. A meeting of the anti-Hyde leaders was held at which Mr. "Q." was present. He was told bluntly and plainly that he was a traitor, a spy, and a dishonest scoundrel who had forever forfeited his right to the respect of honest men. When, at the end of half an hour, he emerged from that room, he was a broken-hearted man. For a time he tried to present a brave front, but he found himself ostracized. At directors' meetings of other corporations in whose affairs he had always figured prominently, where his advice had been sought and listened to respectfully, he was shunned and ignored. Unable to endure the strain, he soon collapsed and became seriously ill. For more than a month his life was despaired of. Though now back in the financial district again, he is only an echo of his former self.

In their first outburst of rage, the men who denounced him planned to punish him additionally by giving the facts of his treachery to the newspapers, so that the public that had been taught to revere him might learn his real character. Later, this decision was reconsidered and eventually abandoned because of the unjust disgrace it would bring upon innocent persons, for Mr. "Q." has a large family of sons and daughters, several of whom are persons of prominence and have children of their own. There is even less reason now for revealing his identity.

The discovery of Mr. "Q.'s" disloyalty intensified the general distrust that was one of the peculiar features of the Equitable case. At one time it amounted almost to a mania. The suspicion that was prevalent among the lawyers of one side finally centered upon one man, a lawyer who had international repute and who was accepted as the chief authority in this country on a certain important branch of law. The origin of the suspicion lay in the fact that this lawyer had previously had intimate personal relations with two of the leaders of the opposite side. Detectives were assigned to "tail" him. They followed him everywhere down-town and uptown. He had a country home on Long Island, and his custom was to go there on Friday and remain until Monday. Two detectives always went with him on these "week-end" trips and by watching the arrival of trains at the little station and going about the grounds of his place, kept careful "tab" on his visitors. Two or three times he was reported as having conferred privately with leaders of the other side, when no conference had been arranged for. This, however, was not conclusive evidence of double-dealing, as this particular lawyer had a number of cases on his hands that involved financiers concerned in the Equitable fight. Eventually the lawyer learned in some way that he was being watched by his own associates, and at once retired from the Equitable case.

There is a branch of detective work in connection with high finance to which resort is very rarely made because of the danger. It involves the employment by detectives of a professional burglar to obtain possession of papers or records. One such case came to the attention of the writer soon after the burglary was committed.

Three years ago there was a lawsuit, very sensational in its developments because of the men involved, the devices disclosed, and the millions at stake. It was the first time that the public was given a peep at the hidden workings of high finance. One of the lawyers in the case, whose connection with the matter was never made public—he remained in the background where he could work most effectively—got possession of certain correspondence that exposed the whole gigan-

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tic swindle. It consisted of a long series of letters written by one financier to his partner, and disclosed step by step the creation of a huge financial bubble that subsequently fooled some of the shrewdest investors in the country, when the securities were marketed on the Stock Exchange. This correspondence was not only vital to the case, but its disclosure in a public court-room meant ruin to the reputations of the two financiers involved. Both of these men belong to families of great eminence and their wives and daughters are conspicuous in the most exclusive smart sets in New York, Newport, and London. There were these and many other reasons why this correspondence should never be permitted, from the viewpoint of the financier and his partner, to see the light of day.

The lawyer who got hold of it instantly realized the value of his prize, and being one of the most adroit and resourceful men in the Wall Street district, thoroughly familiar with all of its subterranean workings, he took prompt and extraordinary measures to safeguard his new possession. His first step was to have thirty-six typewritten copies made of the correspondence, each one certified by a notary in his office. He already had several boxes in various safe-deposit companies and at once proceeded to hire others from companies in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. In all he leased thirty-six safe-deposit boxes, one for each of the thirty-five copies and one for the original. One copy he kept in his office.

A few days after he obtained the correspondence, this lawyer, who lives outside of New York, telephoned one of his clients, who was anxious to know just how he intended to use it in the case, that he proposed to go over the letters carefully at his home that evening and would then decide when, where, and how they should be employed. He reached his home that evening soon after six, and sat down to dinner at seven. Half an hour later there was a disturbance up-stairs, and a frightened servant screamed at full-lung capacity that robbers were in the house. The lawyer, his butler, and other men servants ran out on the veranda. There was a long-barreled target-pistol on the hall-stand, which the lawyer caught up as he ran outside. He was just in time to see a man come sliding down a pillar from the roof of the veranda, drop to the ground, and run. The lawyer fired; the man swerved for an instant, but kept on running and escaped. There was snow on the ground and the next morning blood-stains were found, indicating that the bullet had hit, but probably had not inflicted a serious wound.

A search of the up-stairs rooms showed that the burglar had entered only the bedroom of the master of the house. Several pieces of jewelry belonging to the lawyer's wife were missing, pieces that could easily be slipped into the pocket. The only other thing stolen was the lawyer's small black bag containing the copy of the correspondence. This set the lawyer to thinking.

The newspapers printed much about the burglary for two or three days, describing it as a sensational jewel theft, for the value of the baubles was about $12,000 and the prominence of the man and his wife made the robbery interesting. The regular police hunted for a jewel thief and never found him. The lawyer said nothing to them about the theft of the bag, but he employed private detectives of his own and set them to work on that end of the mystery. He spent $25,000 before he called off the detectives, nearly six months later. The lawyer said to the writer:

"It is an absolute certainty that the burglar was hired to get into my house and steal that correspondence. His employers thought they would get the originals. The theft of the jewels was merely incidental. The thief was probably instructed to steal something on the side to divert attention from the real purpose of the burglary, or did so on his own account. My office telephone wire was tapped the day I told my client I was going to take the letters out home that evening and read them. The burglar or a confederate followed me out to my house, probably saw me through the lighted window in my bedroom, and the second-story man did the rest while we were at dinner. The bag was found by my detectives in a clump of woods half a mile from my house, a week after the theft. It was empty. They were never able to find the typewritten matter or a trace of it. The thief simply took it out of the bag, rolled it up, and stuffed it into his pocket. He undoubtedly had an outside assistant who kept watch and who helped him escape. While the evidence my detectives collected convinces me, it is not legal proof and would not stand the test in court. If it did, I would certainly prosecute the men who are the real culprits. Endangering the lives of my family by hav-

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ing a professional thief, who was probably armed, break into my house, is not fair play. I had heard of such tactics, but this is my first practical experience of the kind."

There are, however, branches of detective work in the financial district that are wholly beneficial in their nature. For instance, the president of a bank plans to promote a man, who has served the institution faithfully for years, to a position of trust, where the safety of great sums will depend largely upon his honesty. The president knows all about the man during business hours. He may know something about his home life, church connections, and the like. Nowadays, however, information of this kind is not depended upon by the head of a progressive financial institution. He wants cold-blooded facts, detailing the private life of the man: the character of his friends, his habits, his amusements, everything that throws into strong light the real man.

Detectives are put on his trail. They shadow him day and night for a week, a month, or until the president is satisfied. Every place he visits, whether theatre, church, saloon, or club, is noted. If he takes a drink, the kind of liquor he orders is noted and reported. Any scraps of conversation the detectives hear are remembered and reported. All the time the subject of this watchfulness is ignorant of the microscopic scrutiny to which his every act is being subjected.

There are men in every bank and trust company who rail at the "favoritism" shown Jim Brown, Dick Smith, or Tom Jones, who have been promoted over their heads and pushed along into executive positions of power. They cannot understand, except on the theory that they are not favorites of fortune, why they themselves have been ignored year after year when promotions were made and they were logically in line. Perhaps if they could see some of the secret reports of detectives who have followed them around at night, a new light would be thrown on the mystery of their "hard luck."

Thomas F. Ryan probably employs detectives more extensively in his financial operations than any other man in the Wall Street district. He is credited with having developed the use of them to a positive science. All of his lawyers—and he has an enormous staff of them—are experts in handling detectives and in finding ways of getting valuable information for their client.

Mr. Ryan is wonderfully cautious. It is said that whenever he plans to deal with a man whom he does not already know intimately, he invariably puts detectives on the heels of that man and finds out everything possible about him. The "shadowing" is begun long before actual negotiations are opened, and before the man has any knowledge of Mr. Ryan's plan to deal with him; and it is continued throughout the transaction.

The value of information of this kind can easily be imagined. To Mr. Ryan the man with whom he is dealing is as an open book. His weak spots, if he has any, Mr. Ryan can calmly point to at the moment when the situation demands such disclosure. If necessary, he can probably tell the man his exact cash balance in every bank and trust company in which he has an account; the amount of money he has borrowed on this block of stock and on that bundle of bonds; the amount of the mortgage on his house; his precise income, and can make a close estimate of his expenditures. Facts of the kind cost money, but they are immensely valuable at times in Wall Street deals.

The Standard Oil group of financiers do not depend upon outside agencies for their detective work. They have their own force, chosen for exceptional ability and highly paid. Frequently one of their men employs agency detectives to do certain kinds of work, but the chiefs of Standard Oil are never known in the transaction. An immense amount of valuable information is brought to the Standard Oil leaders gratuitously by bank directors, railroad officers, mining experts, and others who hope in that way to acquire the friendship of "26 Broadway." This gratuitous service reduces the amount of detective work to be done by the Rockefeller-Rogers crowd.

In one sense the wholesale employment of detectives by the modern kings of finance and by the great captains of industry, is a sad commentary upon existing business morality. It may be that these men are no less honest than they were years ago, before high finance was born, but certainly they are more suspicious of one another and such universal distrust is suggestive, in itself, of most cynical interpretations.

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The Needless Slaughter by Street-Cars

The Story of What Europe Has Done and What the Managers of the Street-Railways of the United States Have Not Done to Prevent the Frightful Killing and Maiming of Passengers and Pedestrians by Street-Cars

By JOHN P. FOX

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the story of what a young man, Mr. John P. Fox, of Boston, has done, single-handed and unaided, to induce street-railway managers to adopt, on American roads, life-saving devices of demonstrated effectiveness. He has pursued the subject for years; he has visited Europe, and seen with his own eyes the details of progress there; heard with his own ears the stories of the European managers. He is a practical man, and what he suggests are practical reforms. The article that he now publishes in this magazine is part of his effort to arouse the American public, grown callous, indifferent, or discouraged.

I. THE CRIME

IF along every mile of street-railway track in the United States a headstone were raised for every death by accident, the routes we daily travel would resemble one long drawn-out cemetery.

Within the limits of Greater New York the total number killed last year rose to 227. For every person killed a number are injured, some of them crippled for life. That this slaughter and maiming is criminally needless is sufficiently attested by a single fact:

In all London in the last year of record (1903) the total number killed was **ten.**

According to the Royal Traffic Commission, the tram-cars of London for 1903 carried 405,079,203 passengers. The total traffic of Greater New York last year was a little over 1,100,000,000 passengers carried. These figures, however, include subway and elevated traffic, while the records for London do not. But even on the basis of a comparison of traffic, the number killed in London is equivalent to about 27, against about 227 for Greater New York. And this is no exceptional instance.

What is true of New York is true of almost every other large city in America. What is true of London is true of almost every other large city in Europe.

The above are official statistics, but there is grave reason to believe that the figures, especially in America, are inadequate. Let us take a very striking instance. So frightful had street-car accidents become in Los Angeles that the people of that city recently rose up to demand reform. The various commercial sections joined together in appointing a commission of inquiry. This commission was composed of six of the most reputable citizens of the city.

In one entire year, ending September 30, 1906, the Los Angeles *Times* had reported 49 deaths from accidents. The Los Angeles *Examiner*, one of Mr. Hearst's chain of papers, which had been especially active in demanding reform, chronicled 64 deaths. The coroner's record showed 65. By name, date, and address, the commission found *seventy-five!* Even the records of a "yellow journal" were below the truth.

A generous estimate does not put the population of Los Angeles and its vicinity at much above 300,000. Its streets are broad, the city covers an enormous area, but the total traffic for the year amounted to only a little over 100,000,000 passengers carried.

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Traffic compared, the number killed in Los Angeles was equivalent to 300 as against London's **ten!** And lest any one should believe that the record for London is exceptional, let him compare the record of Los Angeles with that of Liverpool. The tram traffic of Liverpool is heavier than that of Los Angeles by nearly one-fifth, yet the number killed in Liverpool for 1905 was **four!**

In 1902 the Census Department of Washington made an investigation for the whole United States, and reported that the total number killed in this country by street-cars in that year was 1,218. That these figures are far below the reality I think is indicated by the facts that the Los Angeles commission brought out. A year or two before the commission's inquiry, the official report for Los Angeles was only eight!

The reason for this serious discrepancy between the facts and the figures was clearly disclosed by the Los Angeles commission. Practically the only deaths reported are those that occur immediately after the accident. Of the very considerable number that occur some days or even weeks later, it frequently happens that no report is made. In consequence, many fatalities are reported merely in the number of "injured." Probably, for example, the report of 109 killed in 1905 in Chicago is much below the reality. And you will note that the entire street-railway traffic of Chicago is only half again as great as that of London, with its record of ten deaths against 109 in Chicago.

These appalling statistics are backed by still more remarkable figures as to the amounts paid out for damages by American and by European companies. Thus, the various companies of Greater New York reported for 1905 a total of $2,098,009.59 paid out in damages. Two million dollars in a single year! But this was not all. The same companies reported "for legal expenses in connection with accidents" the further item of $1,005,892.81, making the total amount of damages $3,103,902.40.

This is equivalent to 60,000,000 fares a year!

The total amount paid out by all the tram

LIVERPOOL DOUBLE-DECK CAR WITH SIXTY-FOUR SEATS, SHOWING MR. BELLAMY AND HIS FENDER.

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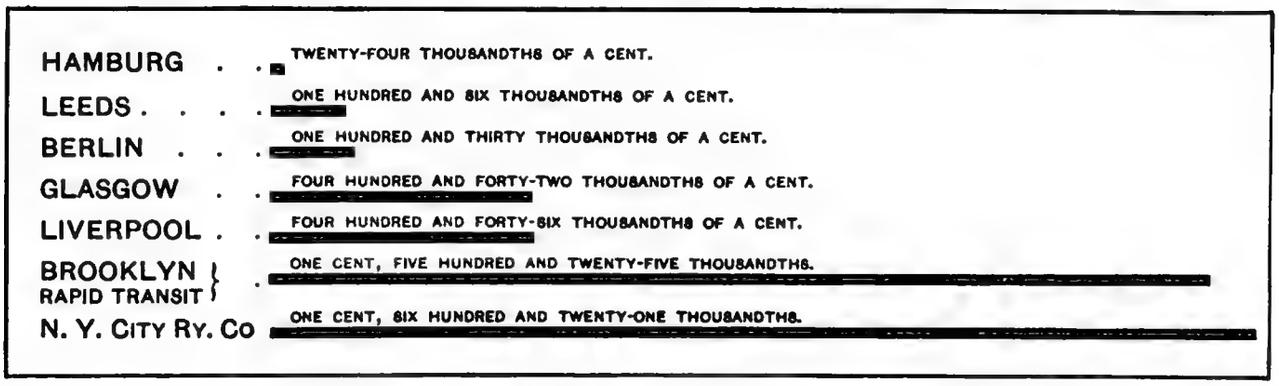
AVERAGE EXPENSE FOR DAMAGES INCURRED IN RUNNING ONE CAR ONE MILE.


HAMBURG
TWENTY-FOUR THOUSANDTHS OF A CENT.
LEEDS
ONE HUNDRED AND SIX THOUSANDTHS OF A CENT.
BERLIN
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSANDTHS OF A CENT.
GLASGOW
FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO THOUSANDTHS OF A CENT.
LIVERPOOL
FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX THOUSANDTHS OF A CENT.
BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT
ONE CENT, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSANDTHS.
N. Y. CITY RY. CO
ONE CENT, SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE THOUSANDTHS.

companies of the United Kingdom, including Great Britain and Ireland, for the year 1903–1904, was only $591,000!

Or take it by cities. The amount paid out by the municipal system of Liverpool for 1905 was $53,800. The amount paid out by the Boston Elevated, operating the surface systems of Boston, for 1906 was $603,576!

The traffic of the chief Berlin company is greater by a half than that of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. The amount paid out in 1905 by this Berlin company was $65,500. The amount paid out by the Brooklyn company in 1905 was $648,038.10!

So I might continue the list. This is what accidents mean to the companies themselves, in dollars and cents, in reduced dividends and reduced salaries. One would think that pure self-interest, if nothing else, would induce the companies to do something to stop this tremendous leak. I wish now to say a word upon what I think may justly be termed

II. THE CRIMINALS

My first interest in these matters grew from a desire to help the Boston Elevated management to find ways of cutting down their enormous accident expenses. It had seemed to me that if the company gave the public more seats and provided a better service generally, they would have a larger increase of business than otherwise.

Pursuing my investigation as to how the service could be improved, four years ago I went to Europe. My immediate object was to learn how the Germans could make their elevated roads practically noiseless as well as attractive to the eye, and why overcrowding was not common on foreign cars. Among the first managers that I met was Charles R. Bellamy, who was at the head of the tramway system of Liverpool, and who, before his sudden death a year ago, was the foremost tramway manager in England. I was attracted to Liverpool by the fact that they had shown there that it was possible to provide more seats than passengers *at every hour of the day.*

But my attention was very soon diverted to a curious device that boxed in the wheels in such a fashion that it was absolutely impossible for any person, or even for an arm, to get underneath. It was the workings of this device that turned me into an advocate of the well-known Liverpool fender.

This fender is simplicity itself. It looks like nothing so much as a kind of bottomless boat surrounding the entire truck. It consists of boards about ten inches high, coming close down to the ground, and shaped like a long snow-plow in front and behind. At the bottom of the boards are continuous strips of belting, which often brush the pavement. The points of the "plow" are rounded off, and covered with rubber hose to act like a cushion. The whole device is supported from the axle-boxes so as to keep it at a fixed height above the pavement, independent of any movement of the car.

I learned from Mr. Bellamy that up to the time of my first visit twenty-one persons had actually been in the way of cars equipped with this fender and *not one* of them had been killed! Not only had every man, woman, or child been pushed off the tracks, clear of the wheels, but in every case this had been done without anything approaching serious injury. From the official records of this fender one may learn that, within the last five years, out of **344 persons** who have fallen on the tracks of the cars *not one* has been run over and killed.

Full of enthusiasm over this wonderful record of success, I promptly sent accounts of this fender back to Boston and to New York,

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so that American managers *might lose no time* in learning of it. I smile now as I think of my innocent confidence. On returning from Europe, I went to the managers of the Boston Elevated and was talking with the secretary, when he called out to General Bancroft, the president:

"See here, General, just listen to what Mr. Fox says he has found in Liverpool. He has been telling me that they have a fender over there so perfect that three times it pushed off the track a man who was trying to commit suicide, and without even hurting him."

And this was General Bancroft's reply:

"You send that man over here and we'll kill him quick enough."

Doubtless it was a jest. For personally, General Bancroft is a humane and considerate man. But as a jest, it seemed to me rather grim. And so it proved, for nothing could better illustrate the whole attitude of American managers, I will not say toward anything in the way of life-saving devices, but toward anything that comes from Europe. They think, they *know*, that "we do things better over here." They are patriotic and they are proud of it. Since the day when I stood in his office, General Bancroft's road has killed upward of one hundred persons.

Discouraged with this reception, I still thought that other managers might be more receptive, that other companies might be more ready to take up improvements. So I wrote out a full account of the fender and its record, with drawings and photographs, for the *Street-Railway Journal*, a publication which goes to practically every street-railway manager in America. I urged the adoption of the fender in a report to the Merchants' Association of New York. I wrote other articles. But nothing was done, nothing adequate has yet been done.

Let me here note one emphatic point. On the Liverpool fender there is *no patent*; it is as free as air. Besides, as I said, it is simplicity itself; any company in the smallest city in America could equip its cars with this device. And it is cheap.

And if there be any question as to the reality of the success of the Liverpool fender, let me set forth the following comparison:

1898, 41,000,000 passengers carried, **seven persons killed.**
1905, 119,000,000 passengers carried, **four persons killed.**

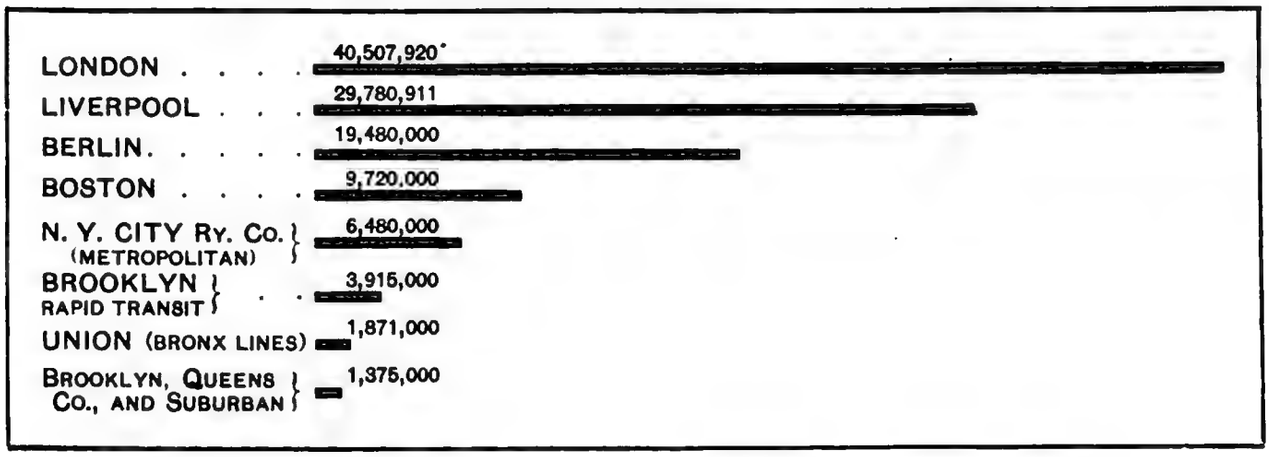
In other words, with nearly three times the traffic of 1898, in 1905 Liverpool killed a little over half as many people. But the American manager will pay no heed. There is no profit in the introduction of the Liverpool fender, and there are no interested inventors or promoters to urge its adoption.

It is a matter of still further regret that even the official bodies appointed by the people to look into such affairs and to protect the public—that is to say, the Railway Commissions—have been as indifferent as the railway owners and the managers. When I went to the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, I was referred to Mr. George W. Bishop as the practical member of the board on such subjects. I showed him drawings of the Liverpool fender, and urged an investigation of its value. His reply was:

"If any company wants to try a new fender I will look at it!"

Again: even after I had exploited the success of this device in every way that I knew how, the Massachusetts Commission was instructed to make a report upon this very

PASSENGERS CARRIED FOR ONE PERSON KILLED PER YEAR.


LONDON 40,507,920*
LIVERPOOL . . . 29,780,911
BERLIN. 19,480,000
BOSTON 9,720,000
N. Y. CITY Ry. Co. (METROPOLITAN) 6,480,000
BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT . . . 3,915,000
UNION (BRONX LINES) 1,871,000
BROOKLYN, QUEENS CO., AND SUBURBAN 1,375,000

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LITTLE LOST GIRL KILLED BY A CAR.

Gave Driver War

WOMAN BEHEADED BY 42D ST. CAR.

She Falls Directly in Front of It; Her Escort Vanis

RAN MOB GANTLET ON CAR THAT KILLED.

Driver Who Ran Down Chil Saved by Policeman After Fight of Six Blocks

CAR CRUSHES OUT TWO LITTLE LIVES

Infuriated Mob Attacks Mot man, and Pol

BOY DIES SAVING HIS TINY SISTER

Threw Her from Path of A pproaching Trolley, but Was Caught Under Wheels.

In saving his little five-year-old from death, under the wheels avenue car last even avenue ar 3rd street

RETIRED MERCHANT IS KILLED BY A TROLLEY CAR.

Leon Sing Auto a Do Leon Sing retired

HURLED BACK TO DEATH.

Conductor Knocked to Street and Women Hurt in Rear-End Car Crash.

Infuriated at the sight of the bleeding

subject. The chairman and the engineer of the board had been in Europe; the fender had then been in use for two years, but the commission absolutely ignored its existence. In their annual report of 1903 (p. 47) they actually had the audacity to say:

"As the result of information secured and *personal observation* made, the board must reaffirm its former opinion that *there is no fender* which it ought to commend before all others."

Even the small expense involved in adopting better fenders seemed to loom large in the eyes of some managers, for a successful fender manufacturer once told me of a street-railway president who, admitting that the fender which he had in use on his line was not the best, still said:

"Do you think I am going to pay $35 for your contraption when I can satisfy our railroad commission with one that costs only $10?"

The too frequent attitude of railway managers seems to be that a fender is a "bother"; and they will put up with any sort of makeshift. Of the prevailing American type of projecting fender, General Bancroft once declared:

"The fender is a great humbug. It might *under some conditions*, if a person were thoughtful enough to step between the rails and wait until the fender picked him up, be of some service. *But such conditions rarely happen.* Almost everybody is caught by the fender or side of the car, and is sucked in, so to speak, by the car and under the wheels."

A humbug!—remember, on the word of a street-railway president. Now note:

So terrible was the damage done in Boston by this type of fender that public feeling not long since grew to a white heat. Letters in the newspapers and editorial demands at last brought from the officials of the company of which General Bancroft was president, this remarkable statement:

The fender used on the surface cars of the Boston Elevated Railway Company is believed by the management to be as efficient as *any device of the kind that has yet been produced.* If there is a fender in existence which will save life under all circumstances, the company is eager to learn of it, and is willing to pay a large sum to procure it. *No fender*, as far as it knows, has ever been invented that will save life *under all circumstances.*

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It is interesting to note that, after a long delay, a few specimens of the Liverpool fender appeared in the streets of Boston, but the only one that I could examine was badly constructed, being too high above the track, and having its angle too blunt; it neglected the vital points that had made the Liverpool type so effective. This is about the extent, also, to which the Liverpool fender has been tried in New York and other cities.

Of course, the fender is not the whole of the problem of prevention of accidents. Buffers and other devices on the front of cars constitute another important consideration. Probably the matter of **power brakes** is more important still. But I cannot better describe the attitude of street-railway officials than by citing the proceedings of the conventions held in the fall of 1906 at Columbus, Ohio. Gathered there were the joint conventions of the American Street- and Interurban-Railway Association, the American Street- and Interurban-Railway Engineering Associations, the Claim Agents' Association, etc., etc. Note that American street-railways kill more people, five times over, than those of Europe; they pay in damages probably ten or twenty times over what the companies of Europe pay; but in all the several conventions there was not *one paper*, not one general discussion, not *one word* said, on ways and means of preventing accidents in America or of reducing the annual list of persons killed and injured by these railways.

I think the average man will look through the topics of discussion with a curious and perhaps mournful interest. I should like to quote a few:

"BALLAST."
"TIES, POLES, AND POSTS."
"RELATIVE ECONOMY OF TURBINES AND ENGINES AT VARIOUS PERCENTAGES OF RATING."
"ELECTRIC RAILWAY EMPLOYEES AND THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION."
"UNIFORMS AND BADGES."
"TICKETS AND RATES."
"HOW TO APPROACH THE PUBLIC IN THE SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS."

And so on. What a commentary! It becomes still more striking if you turn to the proceedings of the recent International Conference of Street-

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and Interurban-Railway Associations at Milan last summer. There the most important subject for discussion—and I want to spell it out large—was

BRAKES.

Brakes had likewise been a chief topic of discussion at a previous meeting in Vienna. It was a held-over subject. In the meantime an exhaustive investigation had been carried on by the German Street-Railway Association, and one of the reports presented bore on the result of that inquiry. It contained some interesting figures on the relative use of power brakes and hand brakes. Bear in mind for a moment that on nearly two thousand cars operating in New York City proper, there are two or three upon which power brakes are used—these *experimentally!* Then consider this:

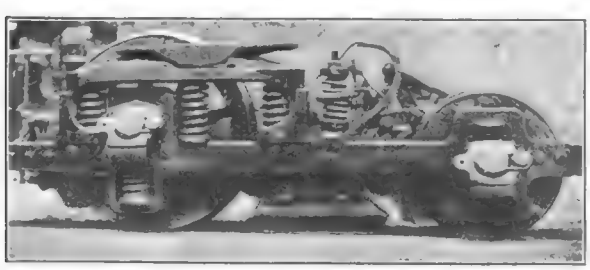
Some 142 German companies, operating 14,563 cars, were included in the report—note that this covers little companies, in little towns, where the traffic may be light and the business poor. For brakes, the totals were:

Electric brakes	7,266
Air brakes	2,285
Total power brakes	9,551
Hand brakes	5,012

There is not one great city in Europe on whose cars hand brakes only are employed.

In presenting the report of the German Association to the International Convention, Herr Scholtes made this casual but significant remark:

"*All railway companies recognize that the hand brake is* **not sufficient,** *and that the equipment of a tram-car should include with the hand brake a power brake—that is, an electric or an air brake—though opinions differ as to which of these two brakes is the more desirable.*"



MAGNETIC BRAKE, SHOWING ONE OF THE POWERFUL MAGNETS WHICH GRIP THE TRACK AND ALSO SET THE SHOES ON THE WHEELS.

But managers and commissions are not alone to blame. There is a public tolerance of their shortcomings, a callousness to the results of their mismanagement, which amounts to a tacit participation in the fact. I may cite an example:

Some years ago the number of accidents in Brooklyn had reached such a point that it was felt that something must be done. Hardly a day passed without an accident. It was decided that the trouble was too high speed; the speed was restricted, and the companies agreed to abide by the regulations. It may have been a few days—it may have been a few weeks—and then Brooklyn turned the other way. The cars were too slow! Hungry folk were late to dinner! Virtually, Brooklyn said to its companies:

"Kill as many as you please, but get us home for dinner." And this was the end of the agitation. It is a pleasure, however, to record that in Brooklyn there has recently been considerable improvement; the Brooklyn Rapid-Transit Company has shown a most commendable disposition to adopt the latest devices on its new equipment. I learn that the new manager of the Metropolitan Railway in New York has likewise been making investigations looking toward improvements on that line. But for the cars and protective devices now in use in Manhattan and the Bronx, no language of condemnation can be too strong. These cars deserve to be kept in a museum as relics, for future centuries, of the Barbaric Age of American Railways. Let us now consider

III. WHAT CAN BE DONE

Europe, I think, has practically solved the fender question and its allied problems. It is perfectly clear, it is childishly clear that there should be *no unguarded wheel.* And whatever be the device, it should protect the wheels of the front and the rear trucks equally.

It has been definitely demonstrated that the prevailing type of fender in America, the steel basket affair extending three or four feet in front of the car, is next to useless, if not actually dangerous. When these fenders are carried folded up in front of the dasher, they are to some extent a protection, since they offer something that a person may seize hold of to prevent himself from being carried under

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the car. But the European experience is that the American fenders are rather worse than nothing, and they have been all but universally abandoned.

Personally, I believe that the Liverpool type of fender has in actual use proved the most effective, and that the reasons advanced for its non-use in America are disingenuous in the extreme. Despite the frequent tearing up of American streets and the use of Belgian block instead of the concrete or the asphalt almost universal in Europe, the Liverpool fender can be carried close enough to the rails to make it practically impossible for any one to be dragged under the wheels. The automatic wheel-guard, which has been regarded by some as an improvement upon the Liverpool type, and which is a fender that drops down a protecting apron upon the track on contact with a fallen person, is not effective, because it does not invariably work. Often there is not time for it to work, and it has the greatest tendency to get out of order. It has been tried in Europe and has too often failed. In Berlin, in lieu of the Liverpool type, a flat wheel-guard is employed, two inches or less from the rails.

Berlin now clears everything away from under the front of the car, so that there are no projecting brake beams, nothing that can catch a victim's clothes and drag or tear him; also, this gains from five to ten feet in which to stop the car before it can hurt the fallen person. The dashers, moreover, are covered with flexible metal strips, a kind of screen, which serves as a cushion, to soften the blow in case a person is struck. Some of the cars used to have handles around the dasher, for people to catch hold of, if possible, but the latest idea is to use a network of metal which one's fingers can grasp anywhere. In Berlin too —and this I believe is most important—every car, no matter how small, carries *a full equipment of emergency tools:* a jack, crowbar, saw to cut the wheel-guard, blocks to hold up the car, so that in case of accident not a moment need be lost before extricating an injured person. There is therefore no horrible and heart-rending wait for the emergency wagon to arrive, while the victim is pinioned beneath the car. The Berlin device of a protected dasher and the Liverpool type of fender appear to form the most effective combination.

SMALLER TYPE OF BERLIN CAR, WITH CUSHIONED DASHER, AIR BRAKE, AND EXTREMELY LOW WHEEL-GUARD.

Probably more important than either fender or cushion devices is the use of the power brake. This is especially true of America, where so high a premium is set upon speed. From figures for Europe it appears that one-half of all the brakes in use, and more than four-fifths of the power brakes are electric. Many of these are magnetic brakes, which are rare in America. Over here the most popular power brake is the air brake, and this is now being widely adopted on American cars. However, it is a grave

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question whether air brakes are safe on cars that run on the streets, for the street tracks are apt to be slippery, and when they are, the car slides ahead with locked wheels—it "skids," unless sand be applied to the tracks in time. As a rule, accidents happen in a flash, and in the instant that is open to the motorman to prevent the accident, there is no time to open the sand-valve. Even the hand brake may set the wheels so tightly that they will not revolve. The obvious need is a brake that is independent of the weather, and so powerful that it can bring the car to an almost instant stop under any conditions.

The only brake that thus far has been shown to fill all the requirements is the magnetic brake. It is widely used in Europe, and it has been tried successfully in some American cities, notably Pittsburg. The latest London brakes of this type are about twice as powerful as the very best brakes in use in this country, and the humiliating fact is that they are made by the Westinghouse Company, but chiefly for foreign use. With this device, the motorman has merely to shut off the power with his left hand, and then push the controller-handle over a little farther. This has the effect of turning the motors into dynamos, and the electric current thus generated flows through the magnets suspended just over the tracks between the wheels. The magnets not only rub on the rails with great friction, but they practically clamp the cars down to the rails, at the same time automatically setting the brakeshoes on the wheels.

It is needless to point out that the most effective devices will be useless if they are not properly inspected, kept in perfect order, and properly used. Therefore there is need of a much higher grade of motormen than is general in America. Evils pointed out by the Los Angeles commission were the motormen's lack of practical mechanical knowledge, and the employment of green motormen with no previous experience on a car. The commission recommended that the motorman's wages be raised considerably over the conductor's, and that motormen be always chosen from among the conductors, pointing out that experience as a conductor necessarily gives a man a certain acquaintance with a car. This scheme of promotion is also an English idea.

Most serious accidents are due to negligence somewhere. Runaway cars, collisions, brake failures, derailments, car fires, are all preventable. A good employee is one of the most important preventives.

The condition in this country is clearly one that ought not to continue. But it is likely to continue unless the American people become acquainted with the facts, unless they learn that the shocking loss of life here is needless and criminal, and unless they are aroused to make public protest against the prevalent notion that dividends and speed are the only matters of consideration in street-railway management.

What hope is there of improvement? Some street-railway companies are themselves trying to provide for the safety of passengers, but are hindered by the necessity of earning dividends on an immensely over-watered stock. With others, little real improvement can be expected without some imprisonment of officials, and merciless compulsion. If American companies were as public spirited as are many in Europe, or could be as effectively regulated, more radical measures might not be needed. As it is, there seems no hope of a perfect street-railway service until the time comes for municipal ownership, under the stimulus of which the English cities are pushing so far ahead of us and upsetting all our notions of what municipalities can accomplish. The English municipal street-railways are the safest, the cheapest to ride on, the most economically managed, the most progressive, and furnish the most seats. In our fight to win back the control of our streets, with safety for all, we must go freely to Europe for counsel; and if our strenuous greed for wealth and power can be changed into the German greed for progress, we may yet atone for a past whose record has too often been written with blood and stained with tears.

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The Air Fight

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

Illustrations by Wordon Wood

WITH England involved in the Russo-Japanese war of 1905, and her big battle-ship Argyll actively engaged in the blockade of Port Albert, it was in the nature of things that Germany should, sooner or later, poise a chip on her shoulder to be knocked off by the allies. And, according to wireless news received by the Argyll from Weihaiwei, this chip was in the form of certain long, pointed gas-bags, with car and motor attachments, constructed on the latest German designs, and shipped to Port Albert from Berlin *via* the Siberian Railway. The Argyll, having sent the news up the long semicircle of ships to the flag-ship, prepared to do her part in knocking off the chip, and later received the signaled message that the Japanese, encamped on the hills back of the town, were doing still better—that they had acquired, and successfully tested two air-ships of different design—neither aerostat, nor gas-bag, like those of the Russians, but aeroplanes, machines heavier than air, that lifted themselves by the power of machinery. Things promised to be more interesting; the tedium of the long blockade might be enlivened by a battle in the air. But when a later message was wig-wagged down the line that a Russian aerostat had sallied out from Port Albert, settled within the imaginary inverted cone above the flag-ship's gun-elevation, and dropped several explosive bombs, none of which, however, had penetrated her protective deck, the incident was regarded as potential. A spectacular battle of air-ships—an innovation in modern war—was one thing, but bombs from above were another. Even though protective decks protected, one of these, dropped down a funnel, would reach the ship's vitals unimpeded; and if boilers could be punctured in this manner, battle-ships and blockades must go out of fashion.

The men of the Argyll grew serious-minded, and while the artisan class labored to elevate the trunnions of a six-inch gun-mount on the superstructure—the Argyll's preparation for the chip—the rest read old letters, wrote new ones, or entered up journals, and Old Man Finnegan, as was usual with him under conditions that would impel the average toper to heavier drinking, forswore his peculiar privilege and took the pledge. Up to a certain point there resulted the usual effect upon his nerves—followed afterward by a curious psychical state in which nervousness was replaced by a ready combativeness, and a large and demonstrative critical faculty. His ordinarily benign old countenance took on an expression of fierce displeasure, and his gentle voice a note of angry protest with a slight reversion to the brogue of his boyhood.

After two days of reform his shipmates begged him to backslide, and the chaplain, who had taken his pledge, came in for some pointed comment from the officers; for Finnegan, though guilty of no offense that would consign him to the brig, or ship's prison, yet had become one whose translation to a better clime would mean the abatement of a nuisance. But before anything was done about it, Finnegan, as a focus of interest, gave way to others—one the raised and freely swinging six-inch gun on the superstructure, the other a round, black spot in the south-western sky, which grew larger as the men on the Argyll studied it. From the ships up the line came puffs and sparks, and, presumably, shot and shell sang past the advancing object in the air. But it was not disturbed; it came steadily on toward the end of the line—toward the Argyll, the strongest ship on the blockade.

"Picked us out—of all this fleet," growled

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Mr. Clarkson, the first lieutenant. "And Finnegan dead sober," he added in a whisper.

"It's an aerostat," commented the captain, as he studied the spot, now about five miles away, and apparently half a mile high. "An elongated balloon with a car and a motor. Looks like a boat—that car. And Finnegan is sober, you say?"

"Beastly sober, sir," answered the executive, biting his lip at the response to his whisper.

The captain turned and looked squarely into the eyes of his executive officer, who, after returning his gaze for a moment, slowly nodded his head—once. But nothing more was said about Finnegan.

Finnegan sober was a mental, moral, and physical ruin—an affliction to his fellow-men; moderately stimulated, he was the most intelligent and efficient man of the ship's company; drunk, he was an oracle, an interpreter and exponent of occult facts and forces—one whose apparently irresponsible and fortuitous performances had saved the ship from disaster on many occasions. Hence his privilege of drinking: hence the hidden interest in his condition betrayed by the lords of the quarter-deck.

The men went to quarters, and the Argyll roared and thundered at the menace in the sky; but at extreme elevation gun-sights and range-finders were useless, and only from the one raised and quickly handled six-inch gun on the superstructure could results be hoped for. Soon the useless waste of ammunition ceased—only the six-inch gun, swinging freely in a vertical plane, and aimed by a gunner flat on his back beneath it, barked and spat at the aerostat, which, maintaining its original height, came swiftly along untouched by the solid shot sent upward. As it drew near, the men on the deck of the Argyll made out details of its construction—a car formed of a boat, that would float if the contrivance should fall; a large, screw-fan wheel whirling at the rear end of the long, pointed gas-bag; a vertical and horizontal rudder behind this screw; amidships on each side of the car two large aeroplanes, or wings, evidently to draw the machine downward while under motion; and to give individuality to the whole, the blue cross of Russia flying from a flag-staff at the stern of the boat.

Focused by a dozen glasses, and a target for a dozen shots a minute, it passed overhead, and some who had glasses shouted an involuntary warning. A stream of small, black objects was descending, and a sympathetic shudder went through the ship's company, while those who could see pulled their shoulders up, and together. This form of warfare was new.

The Argyll was steaming at full speed—her only possible defense; and when the first black object arrived it struck and exploded a hundred yards on the starboard quarter, the next nearer astern, the next nearer still; then the line of explosions traversed the wake, and ceased, while the air-ship went on. The Argyll had seventy feet beam; the bombs fell about a rod apart. Had that line of explosions crossed her hull, two at least would have struck her. Her protective deck was but two inches thick at its central and horizontal part. A solid piece of metal, falling half a mile, would go through it and her unarmored bottom; enough of them could puncture every compartment and sink her like a tin sieve. A five-million-dollar battle-ship, with every resource that modern science could put into her, would be helpless beneath a gas-bag and a cargo of scrap-iron. The Argyll, realizing this, charged and scurried about like a gallied whale. The aerostat above did not seem to realize the possibilities, or else its cargo was limited. It went on, turned, and came back on a descending plane, pulled down by the slanting wings.

A stream of descending bombs crossed the bow, nearer than before, with the Argyll panting and fuming under reversed engines, and the six-inch gun voicing the ship's rage and sending upward its stream of solid shot. Back came the aerostat, still descending, and men frantically disconnected one-pounders and machine-guns, holding them in their arms while others charged and fired them. Nearer and nearer came the enemy, and lower—too low. Something—no one knew what gun sent it—hit her before the next stream began. There were only a few small flying fragments to indicate the success of the shot; but it was soon plain that vital damage was done, for the aeroplanes were straightened, the course changed, and, rising for a time at an angle of fifty degrees, the aerostat, steering wild, headed for land under full speed. A hoarse, inarticulate cheer went up from the Argyll, while some officers and a score of men throughout the ship sat down or stretched out flat. Courage is cumulative; they would do better next time. As it was, only one in-

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NEARER AND NEARER CAME THE ENEMY, AND LOWER.

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trepid soul among those seven hundred men rose superior to this new horror of war. In the hush that followed the cheer, Finnegan's voice could be heard, disputatiously asserting that he had fired the lucky shot.

The aerostat was followed by glasses and was seen to alight in a clear spot about a mile inland, where the beach timber met the scattered bush of the foot-hills; and as the advantage gained was too important to be lost, a landing-party was ordered, and Mr. Clarkson, after another soul-laden look into the captain's eyes, decreed that Finnegan should go with it. As the cutlassed, white-clad men lined up at the gangway to be inspected, Finnegan, at the end of the line, protested his disgust by so ireful a face as to attract the first lieutenant's attention.

"What's wrong with you?" he inquired sharply, as he paused before the old fellow. "Look pleasant. Your face would sour a jug of vinegar."

"I'm cowld, sir," answered Finnegan, with as much of a snarl in his voice as the ship's etiquette would permit. "It's a cowld day to sind min out in white ducks, sir. And I'm an owld man, sir, to be sint retrievin' flyin'-machines."

"Cold, are you?" said the lieutenant with a smile, while his hand wandered to a projection in his pocket. "Well, I'll warm you up when I get you ashore. Over the side with you!"

Finnegan, grumbling to himself, descended after the rest, and Mr. Clarkson followed to command the party.

Long before the landing-party returned to the Argyll, the aerostat was seen slowly rising above the trees. Up it went, higher and higher, until, at about a mile's altitude, a current of air must have caught it—for the screw-fan, seen through glasses, was motionless—and wafted it seaward, but in a direction away from the Argyll. That ship's officers watched it closely, and when it was fairly clear of the land they saw a small cloud of smoke float away from the car; then they saw something leave it and descend—something white, that turned over and over and reached out as it turned, sprawling and clutching at emptiness. It struck the water; they saw the splash, but no more; and when they looked again at the aerostat it was a spot—high in air.

THE RUSSIANS IN CHARGE OF THE TWO GAS BAGS CHANGED TACTICS.

When the boat-party finally appeared, it brought three swarthy, scowling, blue-clad Russians, who the sober-faced first lieutenant announced were the crew of the aerostat. They were inspected, found ignorant of English, and confined below, while Mr. Clarkson made his report. The landing-party had

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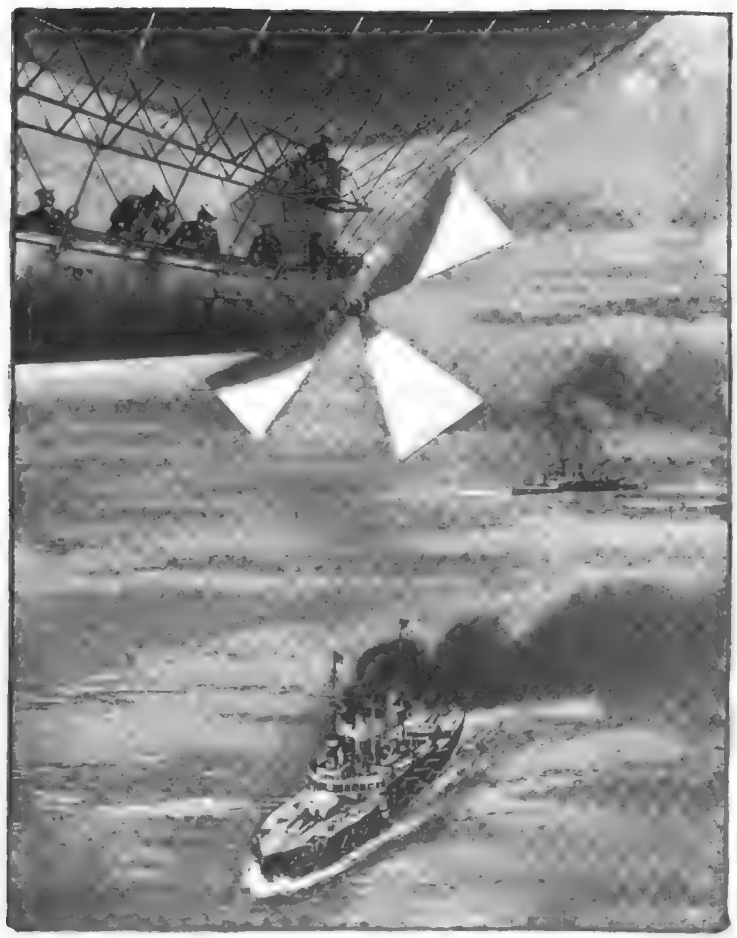

THEY COULD SEE THE HEADS OF MEN PEERING DOWN.

come upon the aerostat on the shore, he said; they had charged upon the crew, who were repairing damaged steering-gear, and who sprang out at their approach. The aerostat, relieved of their weight, had broken its moorings, rising with its commander and one of the attacking party who had sprung into the car. And this one was Finnegan, who, yelling like a lunatic, had led the charge ahead of them all.

"How was the Russian commander dressed?" asked the captain eagerly.

"In blue—coat and trousers," answered Mr. Clarkson sadly. "It was Finnegan who fell, sir. We saw him. He was in white ducks, like the rest. There was a fight up there, of course—and Finnegan is a feeble old man."

"Not necessarily feeble," said the captain. "He's an Irishman, and a trained British sailor. Did you give him—that—?" he added, ignoring the conventionalities of the service.

"Yes, sir, and he dashed it to the ground. He was more than insolent—but I am not criticising, understand, sir. He accused me of trying to break down his good resolutions. He complained of the cold, and railed at the uniform of the day. I could do nothing with him."

"Well," said the captain resignedly, "he's done for. He could hold his own with any Russian in an ordinary fight, but—there was gun-play up there—we saw the smoke—and he was very likely shot down. He had nothing but a cutlass, I suppose—like the rest. It was a mistake, Mr. Clarkson. Landing-parties should carry pistols."

But other matters soon claimed the attention of the captain and the executive. Distant gun-fire was heard, and the signal came

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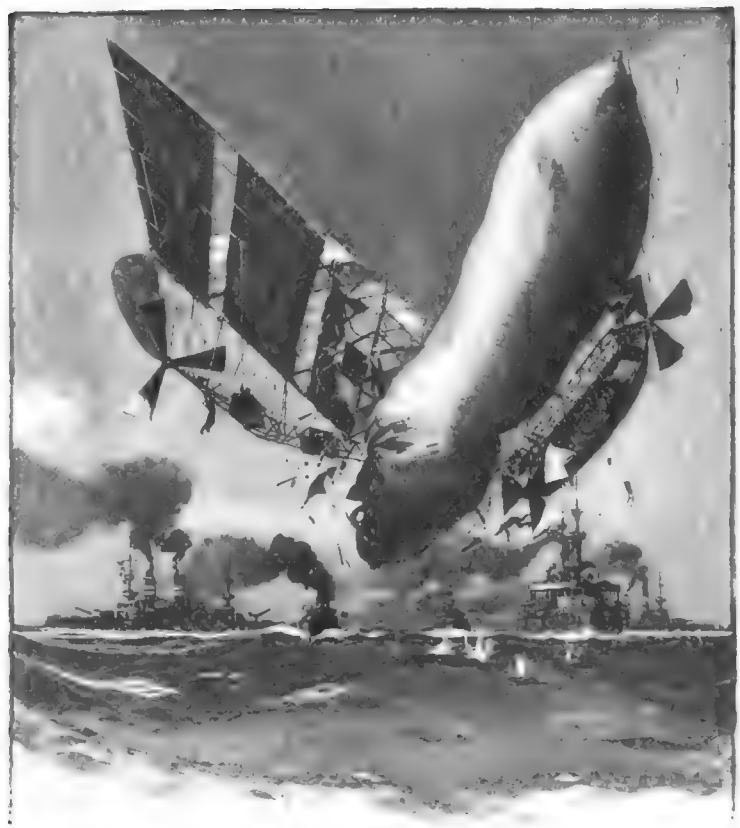

THE TERROR OF THE AIR BECAME A FLOATING RAG AND FELL TO THE SEA.

down for the Argyll to join the flagship Nagasaki, at the harbor-mouth. She gave steam to her engines, but there were neither gun-fire, flag-ship, nor fleet when she arrived at the harbor. There were the torpedo flotilla, and a few of the small, fast cruisers—all scurrying about at full speed; but the fleet, as a whole, had scattered to the horizon. The flag-ship, Nagasaki, a monster nearly as heavy as the Argyll, lay well within the circle, flying at one yard-arm the signal that had scattered them, from the other an appeal to the Argyll, whose victory of the morning was known and whose freely swinging six-inch gun was needed. Hovering above the scurrying torpedo flotilla were two immense gas-bags, seeking a perpendicular, and dropping occasional bombs, while over toward the harbor-mouth, higher in air and motionless, was a third—each flying the ensign of Russia from the flag-staff in the stern of the car.

"Finnegan's death is portentous," said the captain; "for his work is done. Those exploding bombs sound the doom of the battle-ship."

"Unless they're armored on deck, sir," assented the practical first lieutenant.

"At great expense of side-armor and armament. They will cease to be battle-ships."

"They can survive the submarine, sir. Why not the flying-machine?"

"Only by speed, at the same sacrifice. No, we shall not return to wooden walls—iron is cheaper. But we must return to personal prowess. The submarine, as a war-engine, will die out with the battle-ship; but for a time, battles may be fought in the air."

"Beginning to-day, perhaps," tersely answered the lieutenant. "Look there, sir."

With a sweeping gesture he pointed shoreward, and all glasses were focused on what he had seen—two black specks rising from the hills inland, where was encamped the Japanese army. They ceased to rise and

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grew larger, taking on form and identity; curious corners and protections appeared to view. One looked in perspective like a diamond-shaped kite sailing through the air, its car and attachments hidden within the outline, the other like nothing so much as a window-blind on end, with a fish-like hull balanced through the middle, and huge twin fans whirling in hollows in the row of slats, or planes, on each side of the hull. There was no wind, the calm sea was unruffled save by the wash from the moving war-ships, yet these machines came speedily on, supported by the cushioned air beneath, as a swift skater is supported by yielding ice. And as they cleared the land, the third Russian aerostat, near the harbor-mouth, that had been slowly settling, shot up to a higher and safer elevation, but took no lateral motion.

"Something seems to be wrong with that fellow," remarked the captain. "If I'm not mistaken, it's the one we fought this morning, and her steering-gear is still out of order."

"Very likely, sir," answered Mr. Clarkson. "I could see but one man in the car when I looked a moment ago; her commander, I suppose, working alone at the gear."

"Begin with that gun of ours, Mr. Clarkson."

At a half-mile's distance the six-inch gun commenced barking, and by this time the Japanese air-ships were over the water, the sea-fleet was a line of specks on the horizon, and the flag-ship, assured that the Argyll was at hand, was a lessening silhouette, following the fleet. But the swift and elusive torpedo contingent remained faithfully on the blockade, and their swiftness and elusiveness must have become apparent to the Russians in charge of the gas-bags coincidently with the singing around them of the Argyll's six-inch projectiles, for they changed tactics. One headed out to sea after the flag-ship, and the other came on to meet the Argyll, while the torpedo-craft slowed down and blew off steam. But the aerostat over near the harbor-mouth, though settling slowly as before, made no present effort to enter the fight.

At full speed went the Argyll, and at full speed came the big gas-bag to meet her; but faster still came the Japanese aeroplanes, the "window-blind" in the rear of the kite, as though retarded by the increased air-friction of its fish-like hull. The kite was flying higher, and at a speed that in a few moments brought it, the Russian gas-bag, and the English battle-ship in a vertical line, with an upward pelting of solid shot and a downward rain of bombs. None of these struck, above or below; and the kite, unable by the nature of its construction to slow down or turn quickly, went on out to sea after the Russian gas-bag that had headed for the Nagasaki, while the Argyll and the gas-bag both wheeled about to begin the dodging tactics demanded by this form of warfare. But they were hardly begun before ended. The window-blind was coming at a faster speed than the gas-bag could attain. They met a quarter of a mile away on the Argyll's beam, and about an eighth of a mile above the water. The gas-bag vainly strove to dodge, but failed; for the window-blind could do what the kite had not been able to do—slow down; and soon the collision occurred. The pointed nose of the fish-like hull of the Japanese craft impinged upon the huge envelope of the gas-bag, and it bent like a sausage; then it shrank, shriveled, and became a large rag in the air—a floating, falling rag, dragged down by its car and cargo. But an edge or shred of its cloth must have caught on some projection from the pointed nose of the window-blind, for the latter dipped and followed its victim, the shutter-like row of planes horizontal and useless, the twin fans reversed, but powerless to support the double load. Together they reached the sea, where, after the splash, the fish-like hull could be seen floating. And, however the combat may have been continued and determined in the water by possible survivors, it was certain that these two had ceased to be air-ships; and the lesson was conclusively borne home to the interested watchers that ramming is as suicidal in mid-air as upon the surface of the sea.

Leaving the survivors to the care of the converging torpedo-boats, the Argyll rushed seaward to where there promised to be another mix—where the fleeing Nagasaki was being pursued by the faster gas-bag, and both by the still faster Japanese kite. But this mix was over with before the Argyll had made half the distance. The watchers on her bridge saw the beginning—the wheeling about in air of the gas-bag, the lengthening and foreshortening of the silhouette on the horizon that told of the flag-ship's frantic dodging, and the descending swoop of the kite as it approached. Then they saw a dense and expanding white cloud burst out and hover above the flag-ship; and it was evident to all that it was steam—that it came from nothing less than exploded boilers; and before it

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had thinned there belched upward another cloud—yellow and shaded with darker hues of brown, the visible index of sudden and incomplete combustion, as of gun-cotton, smokeless powder, and such high explosives, detonated in a scant supply of oxygen. Suddenly the silhouette of the flag-ship changed form; the stumpy masts became shorter, and inclined at an angle; the broken line of the deck and superstructure became a convex, curving up from the sea, obliterating the shortening masts; then, in the space of five minutes' time, the convexed form had sunk like the upper limb of the setting sun, and all that remained of the Nagasaki was the lessening cloud in the air. But, high above the smoke, as though pushed up by the explosion, was the Russian gas-bag that had destroyed her, and, wheeling away to the right, the kite-shaped Japanese aeroplane, both apparently uninjured.

"A floating mine," gasped the captain, as he lowered his glass, "or a bomb down a funnel—which?" Then he turned the glass astern.

"The last, I think, captain," said the pale but ever practical Mr. Clarkson. "In either case, you're right, sir. Battle-ships must go."

"And this ship the next, no doubt. Look there." The captain pointed to where he had directed the glass.

Lower down, and but a few miles away, steering erratically, but making a fairly straight course through the air, was the aerostat they had left at the harbor-mouth—now following the Argyll.

"Turn that gun on her as soon as there is a chance of hitting her," said the captain.

This chance did not come right away. The pursuing aerostat seemed to have trouble other than that of defective steering-gear, or else it was less interested in the Argyll than in the two aerial gladiators ahead of her; for, having settled perilously close to the water, it suddenly shot upward, not only out of range, but to a point from which its onward flight, at its rate of settling, would be high overhead. Yet, as it passed over, it became a target for the six-inch gun.

As the Argyll stormed along, the movements of the two fighting air-ships became plainer. They were darting back and forth, passing each other, the Japanese aeroplane always above, but the Russian gas-bag seemingly not anxious to attain this point of vantage. Instead, it seemed satisfied with hovering long at the turn, only taking motion when the near approach of the huge kite rendered it wise to quickly pass the danger-point. Occasional eruptions of the sea beneath proved that bombs were dropping; and the logical inference was that they came from the Japanese. But, as the Argyll drew near, it was seen that the Russian crew of the gas-bag was depending upon other, more mundane, methods of warfare, which explained the long waits at the turning-points. Little white clouds left the boat-like car at these moments, when, with the kite in full view beneath the huge envelope of gas-bag, aim could be taken with rifles by the Russians.

And that rifle-balls went truer than falling bombs was demonstrated when the Argyll had approached to within a mile, for there was a puff and a flare from the car of the kite, then a flickering gleam of red which seemed to come from all parts of it, then a sudden blazing effulgence and a larger cloud of smoke. And when this had thinned, the great kite had disappeared from view—only a dark cluster of falling dots was left to indicate the combination of gasoline, rifle-ball, and single aeroplane. Then, before these dots had struck the water, and in the face of the six-inch gun-fire, the victorious Russian gas-bag turned back to meet the Argyll, while its distressed sister aerostat, that had in the meantime settled close to the sea, again rose in the air, a number of explosions beneath proving the nature of the ballast expended, while the suddenness of the ascent showed the lack of compensation in the gas-pressure. It paused at a half-mile elevation, and drifted slowly in an upper current. But, at a point directly in the rear of its oncoming sister ship, its troubles seemed to leave it. It took motion, swooped to the right and the left, and then settled down to a course that was straight in comparison with its previous flights.

By this time the Russian gas-bag had arrived, a very active and aggressive enemy, flushed with victory, and bent upon adding the Argyll to its list of lost and sunken ships; and it began operations at once. There ensued more undignified dodging, the air-ship chasing around and dropping bombs, the big battle-ship clumsily charging, backing, and turning to starboard and port while pelting the heavens with six-inch shot.

But with only eighteen-knot speed the Argyll could not long avoid a thirty-knot air-ship in a calm. The huge, dun-colored bag above her dipped lower with each returning flight. They could see the heads of men,

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peering down—could distinguish the interlacing network of cordage supporting the car, and, in the lull of stopped engines, and between the barks of the six-inch gun, could faintly hear the humming of the fan-wheel screw.

The falling bombs struck nearer with each passage overhead. One demolished a boat, another just missed the bridge, then one struck and exploded alongside of the six-inch gun, dismounting it and killing most of its crew; and, as though the big ship were not helpless enough with this gun out of action, a larger bomb exploded squarely on deck near the stern, shattered through it, punctured the protective deck below, and crippled the steering-gear. As the anxious contingent on the bridge received word of this through the pilot-house windows, they saw that the recently distressed aerostat, as big, as swift, as menacing as the first, was but a half-mile distant, rushing down to the conflict like a monster bird of prey—dropping, even as it came, a stream of dark objects.

But the victor did not wait for a helper to share the victory. Taking full speed and inclining its aeroplanes, or wings, it wheeled about in a descending spiral, the edge of which covered the center of the ship, where were three vulnerable funnels—three open, ten-foot holes that led to the vitals. Lower and lower it came with each circling flight, sending down that murderous hail, and reckless of the upward discharge of small projectiles sent from machine-guns in the arms of men. But while these men were falling in groups from the explosions on deck, and the deadly missiles were approaching perilously near to the funnels, the gas-bag above ceased to be a gas-bag. It shrank and shriveled, doubled and collapsed as had the first, and coincidently with the sound of smashing glass from the engine-room skylight, and the rushing by, just over the trucks, of the remaining terror of the air, it became a floating rag, and fell to the sea astern of the battle-ship. Then, shrill and penetrating over the dwindling cadence of the cheer that followed, came a cry from above:

"Help—hellup! Don't shoot!"

And the distracted men of the Argyll looked up and saw the rushing aerostat, from which occasional dark objects were still falling, dive downward until the car floated on the sea in the path of the ship; and the sustaining gas-bag, relieved of its weight, but collapsing, waved to and fro above it.

The ship continued along, past objects floating on the sea—small boxes, tin cans, pieces of broken board, and a couple of empty bottles—and stopped when the single occupant of the car was visible to her crew. From this person strident calls came faintly over the water to their ears: "Help—hellup! Take me out!" And at once a boat, manned by hilarious men, put out from the ship.

They rescued—Finnegan, drunk, dressed in the blue uniform of a Russian officer, and holding a newly opened bottle of vodka in his hand; and they brought him, bottle and all, into the presence of the captain and officers. Repressed by the presence of his superiors, Finnegan looked stupidly but smilingly around, and the officers, struggling to maintain their gravity, eyed him silently, waiting for the captain to speak. But the captain was serious in his manner, and his glance wandered from the face of the old man to that of the chief engineer, who seemed to have something on his mind.

"Captain," he said, stepping forward and holding up to view the broken neck of a bottle similar to that held by Finnegan, "I was on deck when this went through the skylight, and I found it later on the second grating of the port engine. It first went through that air-ship, sir, and it saved the Argyll; for those bombs would have gone down the funnels in a half-minute more. This bottle came from above."

The captain compared the fragment with the neck of Finnegan's bottle, then turned to the executive officer and said, with assumed sternness: "Mr. Clarkson, I must request that you will not in the future, directly or indirectly, supply Finnegan with liquor. Let him work out his—and our—salvation in his own way. Finnegan," he said, with a deeper assumption of sternness, "did you mend the steering-gear?"

"After a fashion, sir," answered Finnegan, who seemed to be sobering under the mental strain. "I cud steer, but I cudn't make the dom thing stay up widout tassing out hardware and—things."

"And the air-ship's commander—where is he?"

"I tassed him out, sir. He tuk me up in me white ducks, an' it was cowld, mighty cowld, up there; an' I axed him for his coat, an' he wudn't give up, so I shtripped him down to his white underclo's; then I axed him for somethin' to drink, an' he wudn't, but come for me wid a gun. Thin I tassed him."

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WE SHOT FROM CURB TO CURB AS THOUGH THE DRIVER'S EYES AND HANDS WERE INSPIRED.

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Friday, the 13th

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

Conclusion

CHAPTER VIII

A NUMBER of times during the following year, and finally on the anniversary of the Sands tragedy, Bob carried the Exchange to the verge of panic, only to turn the market and save "the Street" in the end. His profits were fabulous. Already his fortune was estimated at between two and three hundred millions, one of the largest in the world. His name had become a terror wherever stocks were dealt in. Wall Street had come to regard his every deal, from the moment that he began operations, as inevitably successful. Now and again he would jump into the market when some of the plunging cliques had a bear raid under way, and would put them to rout by buying everything in sight and bidding up prices until it looked as if he intended to do as extraordinary work on the up side as he was wont to do on the down. At such times he was the idol of the Exchange, which worships the man who puts prices up as it hates him who pulls them down. Once when war news flashed over the wires from Washington and rumor had the Cabinet members, Senators, and Congressmen selling the market short on advance information, when the "Standard Oil" banks had put up money rates to 150 per cent. and a crash seemed inevitable, Bob suddenly smashed the loan market by offering to lend one hundred millions at four per cent. And by buying and bidding up prices at the same time, he put the whole Washington crowd and its New York accomplices to disastrous rout and caused them to lose millions. He continued his operations with increasing violence and increasing profits up to the fourth anniversary of the tragedy. On the intervening anniversaries I had been compelled by self-interest and by fear that he would really pull down the entire Wall Street structure, to rush in and fairly drag him off. But with his growing madness my influence was waning. At each raid it was with greater difficulty that I got his ear.

Finally, on the fourth anniversary, in a panic that seemed to be running into something more terrible than any previous, he savagely refused to accede to my appeal, telling me that he would not stop, even if Randolph & Randolph were doomed to go down in the crash. It had become known on the floor that I was the only one who could do anything with him in his frenzies, and my pleading with him in the lobby was watched by the members of the Exchange with triple-eyed suspense. When it was clear from his emphatic gestures and raised voice—for he was in a reckless mood from drink and madness—that I could not prevail upon him, there was a frantic rush for the poles to throw over stocks in advance of him. Suddenly, after I had turned from him in despair, there flashed into my mind an idea. The situation was desperate. I was dealing with a madman, and I decided that I was justified in making this last try. I rushed back to him. "Bob, good-by," I whispered in his ear, "good-by. In ten minutes you will get word that Jim Randolph has cut his throat!" He stopped as though I had plunged a knife into him, struck his forehead a resounding blow, and into his wild brown eyes came a sickening look of fear.

"Stop, Jim; for God's sake, don't say that to me. My cup is full now. Don't tell me I am to have that crime on my soul." He thought a moment. "I don't know whether you mean it, Jim, but I can take no chances, not for all the money in the world, not even for revenge. Wait here." He yelled for his brokers, and several rushed to him from different parts of the room. He sent them back into the crowd, while he dashed for the Amalgamated pole. The day was saved.

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Presently he came back to me. "Jim, I must have a talk with you. Come over to my office." When we got there he turned the key and stood in front of me. His great eyes looked full into mine. In our college days whenever I gazed into their brown depths, by some magic I seemed to see the heroes of always happy-ending tales, as the child sees enchanted creatures far back in the burning Yule log flames. But there were no joyous beings in the haunted depths of Bob's eyes that day.

"Jim, you gave me an awful scare," he said brokenly. "Don't ever do it again. I have little left to live for. To be sure I have some feeling for mother, Fred, and sisters. But my love for you is second only to that which I should have felt for Beulah, had she been spared to me. The thought, Jim, that I had wrecked your life, with all there is for you to live for, would have been the last straw. My life is purgatory. Beulah is a source of ever-present anguish to me—a ghost that rends my heart and soul, one minute with a blind frenzy to revenge her wrongs, the next with an icy remorse that I have not already done so. If I did not have her, perhaps in time I could forget; perhaps I might lay out some scheme to help poor devils whose poverty makes life unendurable, and with the millions I have taken from that main shaft of hell I might do things that would at least bring quiet to my soul, but it is impossible, with the living corpse of Beulah before me every minute and the 'System's' machinery whirling in my brain all the time the song, 'Revenge her and her father, revenge yourself.' It is impossible to give it up, Jim. I must have revenge. I must stop this machinery that every year is mashing up more American hearts and souls than all the rest of earth's grinders combined. Every day I delay I become more fiendish in my desires. Jim, don't think I do not know that I have literally turned into a fiend. Whenever of late I see myself in the mirror, I shudder. When I think of what I was when your father stood us up in his office and started us in this heart-shriveling, soul-callousing business, and then realize what I am now, I cannot keep the madness down except with rum. You know what it means for me to say this, me who started with all the pride of a Brownley; but it is so, Jim. The other night I went home, with my soul, my brain, ablaze with thoughts of the past—and with rum—intending to end it all. I got out my revolver, and woke Beulah, but as I said, 'Bob is going to kill Beulah and himself,' she laughed that sweet childish laugh and clapping her hands said, 'Bob is so good to play with Beulah,' and then I thought of Reinheart and the other fiends of the 'System' being left to continue their work unhindered, and I could not do it. I must have revenge; I must smash that heart-crushing machinery. Then I can go, and take Beulah with me. Now, Jim, let us have this clearly understood once and for all."

Remorse and softness were past; he was the Indian again. "I am going to wreck the 'System' some day, and that some day will be the next time I start in. Don't argue with me, don't misunderstand me. To-day you stopped me. I don't know whether you meant what you threatened; I don't care now. It is just as well that I stopped, for the 'System's' machine will be there whenever I start in again. It loses none of its destructive powers by grinding, but, on the contrary, as you know, it increases its speed every day it runs. Now, Jim Randolph, I want to tell you that you must get yours and the house's affairs in such shape that you won't be hurt when I go into that human rat-pit the next time, for when I come from it the New York Stock Exchange and the 'System' will have had their spines unjointed. Yes, and I'll have their hearts out, too. Neither will ever again be able to take from the American people their savings and their manhood and womanhood, and give them in exchange unadulterated torment. I'm going to be fair with you, Jim; this is the last time I will discuss the subject. After this you must take your chance with the rest of those who have to do with the cursed business. When I strike again, none will be spared. I will wreck 'the Street,' and the innocent must go down with the guilty, if they have any stocks on hand at that time.

"My power, Jim, is unlimited; nothing can stay it. I am not going to explain any further. You have seen me work. You must know that my power is greater than the 'System's,' and you and I and 'the Street' have always known that the 'System' is more powerful than the Government, more powerful than the courts, legislatures, Congress, and the President of the United States combined; that it absolutely controls the foundation on which these rest—the money of the nation. But my power is greater, a thousand, yes, a million times greater than theirs. Jim, they say that I have made more money than any other man

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in the world. They say that I have five hundred millions of dollars, but the fools don't keep track of my movements. They only know that I have pulled five hundred millions from my open whirls, the ones they have had an opportunity to keep tab on. But I tell you that in my secret deals I have made even more than the amount they have seen me take. I have had my agents with my capital in every deal, every steal the 'System' has rigged up. The world has been throwing up its hands in horror because Carnegie, the blacksmith of Pittsburg, pulled off three hundred millions of swag in the Steel hold-up—yes, swag, Jim. Don't scowl as though you wanted to read me a lecture on the coarseness of my language. I have learned to call this game of ours by its right name. It is not business enterprise and earned profits, but pulled-off tricks and bags of loot—black-jack swag.

"I got away with three hundred millions when Steel slumped from 105 to 48 and from 50 to 8, and no one knew I'd made a dollar. You and 'the Street' read every morning last year the 'guesses' as to who could be rounding up the hundreds of millions on the slump. The papers and the market letters one morning said it was 'Standard Oil'; the next, that it was Morgan; then it was Frick, Schwab, Gates, and so on down through the list. Of course, none of them denied; it is capital to all these knights of the road to be making millions in the minds of the world, even though they never get any of the money. Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild never were fonder of having laid to their doors the daring hold-ups that other highwaymen perpetrated than are these modern bandits of being credited with ruthless deeds that they did not commit. But Jim, 'twas I, 'twas I who sold Pennsylvania every morning for a year, while the selling was explained by the press as 'Cassatt cutting down Gould's telegraph poles. Gould and old man Rockefeller selling Pennsylvania to get even.' Jim Randolph, I have to-day a billion dollars, not the Rockefeller or Carnegie kind, but a real billion. If I had no other power than the power to call to-morrow for that billion in cash, it would be sufficient to lay in waste the financial world before to-morrow night. You are welcome, Jim, to any part of that billion, and the more you take the happier you will make me, but when I strike in again, don't attempt to stay me, for it will do no good."

Shortly after this talk Bob left for Europe with Beulah. A great German expert on brain disorders had held out hope that a six months' treatment at his sanitarium in Berlin might aid in restoring her mind.

At Bob's departure "the Street" breathed more freely, and as time went by and there was no sign of his confidence-disturbing influence in the market, the "System" began to bring out its deferred deals. Times were ripe for setting up the most wildly inflated lamb-shearing traps. It had been advertised throughout the world that Tom Reinheart, now a two-hundred-time millionaire, was to consolidate his and many other enterprises into one gigantic trust with twelve billions of capital. His Consolidated and Southwestern Pacific Railroads, his coal and Southern lines, together with his steamship company and lead, iron, and copper mines, were to be merged with the steel, traction, gas, and other enterprises that he owned jointly with "Standard Oil." Some of the railroads owned by Rockefeller and his pals, in which Reinheart had no part, were to go in too, and with these was to unite that mother hog of them all, "Standard Oil" itself. The trust was to be an enormous holding company, the like of which until then had not been even dreamed of by the most daring stock manipulators. The "System's" banks, as well as trust and insurance companies throughout the country, had been for a long time getting into shape by concentrating the money of the country for this monster trust. It was newspaper and news-bureau gossip that Reinheart and his crowd had bought millions of shares of the different stocks involved in the deal, and it was common knowledge that upon its successful completion Reinheart's fortune would be in the neighborhood of a billion. On October 1st the certificates of the Anti-People's Trust, $12,000,000,000 capital, 120,000,000 shares, were listed upon the New York, London, and Boston Stock Exchanges, and the German and French Bourses, and trading in them started off fast and furious at 106. The claim that one billion of the twelve billions capital had been set aside to be used in protecting and manipulating the stock in the market, had been so widely advertised that even the most daring plunger did not think of selling it short.

It was evident to all in the stock-gambling world that this was to be the "System's" grand coup, that at its completion the masses would be rudely awakened to a realization that their savings were invested in the combined Amer-

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ican industries at vastly inflated values, that the few had all the real money, and that any attempt upon the people's part to regulate and control the new system of robbery would be fraught with unparalleled disaster—not to the "System," but to the people.

In August Bob brought Beulah home. The trip had been fruitless. It was plain to me that Bob was the same hopelessly desperate man as when he left, more hopeless, more desperate—if anything—than when he warned me of his determination. I saw him but seldom, however. Up to October 1st he had not been near the Stock Exchange or "the Street." Shortly after the listing of the "People Be Damned," as "the Street" had dubbed the new trust, he began to show up at his office regularly. This was the condition of affairs when Fred Brownley called me up on the telephone, as I related at the beginning of my story—which I did not realize I had been so long in telling.

My thoughts had been chasing each other with lightning-like rapidity back over the past five years and the fifteen before them, and each thought deepened the black mist over my present mental vision. In the midst of my reflections my telephone rang again.

"Mr. Randolph, for Heaven's sake have you done nothing yet?" It was Fred Brownley's voice. "Things are frightful here. Bob's brokers are selling stocks at five- and ten-thousand-lot clips. Barry Conant is leading Reinheart's forces. It is said he has the pool's protection order in Anti-People's and that it is unlimited, but Bob has the Reinheart crowd pretty badly scared. Swan has just finished giving Conant a hundred thousand off the reel in 10,000 lots, and he told me a moment ago that he was going over to get Bob himself to face Barry Conant. They're down twenty points on the average, although they haven't let Anti-People's break an eighth yet. They have it pegged at 106, but there is an ugly rumor just in that Bob, under cover of a general attack, is unloading Anti-People's on to the Reinheart wing for Rogers and Rockefeller, and the rumor is getting in its work. Even Barry Conant is growing a bit anxious. The latest talk is that Reinheart is borrowing hundreds of millions on Anti-People's, and that his loans are being called in from all directions. Did you know Reinheart is at his place in Virginia and cannot get here before to-morrow night? If Bob breaks through Anti-People's peg, it will be the worst crash yet."

"All right, Fred," I answered. "I'll go over to Bob's right now. I hate to do it, but there is no other hope."

I dropped the receiver and started for Bob's office. As I went through his counting-room, one of the clerks said: "They have just broken Anti-People's to 90 on a bulletin that Tom Reinheart's wife and only daughter have been killed in an automobile accident at their place in Virginia. They first had it that Reinheart himself was killed. That has been corrected, although the latest word is that he is prostrated."

I rapped on Bob's private-office door. His hoarse bellow, "Come in!" warned me of a struggle. He stood at the ticker, with the tape in one hand, while with the other he held the telephone-receiver to his ear. My God, what a picture for the stage! His magnificent form was erect, his feet were as firmly planted as if he were made of bronze, his shoulders thrown back as if he were withstanding the rush of the Stock Exchange hordes; his eyes afire with a sullen, smoldering light; his jaw was set in a way that brought into terrible relief the new, hard lines of desperation that had recently come into his face. His great chest was rising and falling as though he were engaged in a physical struggle; his perfectly fitting, heavy, black Melton cutaway coat, thrown back from the chest, and a low, turned-down, white collar, formed the setting for a throat and head that reminded one of a forest monarch awaiting the beginning of the battle with his rival on the mountain crag.

I hesitated at the threshold to catch my breath, as I took in the terrific figure. Had Bob Brownley been an enemy of mine I should have backed out in fear, and I do not confess to more than my fair share of cowardice. Inwardly I thanked God that Bob was in his office instead of on the floor of the Exchange. His whole appearance was frightful. He showed in every line and lineament that he was a man who would hesitate at nothing, not even at killing, if he should find a human obstacle in his way and his mind should suggest murder. He was the personification of the most awful madness. Even when he caught sight of me he hardly moved, although my coming must have been a surprise.

"So it is you, Jim Randolph, is it? What brings *you* here?" His voice was hoarse, but it had a metallic ring that went to my marrow. In all the years of our friendship Bob

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THE HELL-HOUNDS OF THE "SYSTEM" HAD OVERTAKEN THEIR MAIMED AND HUNTED VICTIM.

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Brownley had never spoken to me unkindly. I looked at him, stunned. I must have shown how hurt I was. But if he saw it, he gave no sign. His eyes, looking straight into mine, changed no more than if he had been addressing his deadliest enemy.

Again his voice rang out: "What brings you here? Do you come to plead again for that dastard Reinheart after the warning I gave you?"

I clenched both hands until I felt the nails cut the flesh of my palms. I loved Bob Brownley. I would have done anything to make him happy, would willingly have sacrificed my own life to protect his from himself or others, but this madman, this wild brute, was no more Bob Brownley as I had known him than the howling northeast gale of December is the gentle, welcome zephyr of August; and I felt a resentment at his brutal speech that I could hardly suppress. With a mighty effort I crushed it back, trying to think of nothing but his awful misery and my love for the Bob of our college days.

I said in a firm voice, "Bob, is this the way to talk to me in your own office?" At any time before, my words and tone would have touched his all-generous Southern chivalry, but now he said harshly: "To hell with sentiment! What—" He did not take his eyes from mine, but they told me that he was listening to a voice in the receiver. Only for a second; then he laughed—a wild laugh, which must have penetrated to the outer office.

"Eighty and coming like a spring freshet," he said into the mouthpiece, "and the boys want to know if I won't let up now that Reinheart is down. Go back and smother them with all they will take down to 60. That's my answer. Tell them that if Reinheart had ten more wives and daughters and they were all killed, I'd rend his bastard trust to help him dull his sorrow. Give the word at every pole that I will have Reinheart where he will curse his luck that he was not in the automobile with the rest of his tribe——

"To hell with sentiment!" He was speaking to me again. "What do you want? If you are here to beg for Reinheart and his pack of yellow curs, you've got your answer. I wouldn't let up on that fiendish hyena, not if his wife and daughter and all the dead wives and daughters of every 'System' man came back in their grave-clothes and begged. I wouldn't let up a share." I gasped in horror.

"When did those robbers of men and despoilers of women and children ever let up because of death? When were they ever known to wait even till the corpse stiffened to pluck out the hearts of their victims? It is my turn now, and if I let up a hair may I, yes, and Beulah, too, be damned, eternally damned!"

I could not stand it. If I stayed, I too should become mad. I reached for the door-knob, but before I could swing the door open Bob was upon me like a wolf. He grasped me by the shoulders and with the strength of a madman hurled me half across the room. I sank into a chair.

"No, you don't, Jim Randolph; no, you don't. You came here for something, and, by Heaven, you shall tell me what it is. You know me; you are the only human being who does. You know what I was, you see what I am. You know what they did to me to make me what I am. You know, Jim Randolph, you know whether I deserved it. You know whether in all my life up to the day those dollar-frenzied hounds tore my soul, I had done any man, woman, or child a wrong. You know whether I had, and now you are going to sneak off and leave me as though I were a cur dog of the Reinheart-'Standard Oil' breed gone mad!"

He was standing over me, a terrible yet a magnificent figure. As he hurled these words at me, I was sure he had really lost his mind; that I was in the presence of a man truly mad. But only for an instant; then my horror, my anger turned to a great, crushing, all-consuming agony of pity for Bob, and I dropped my head on my hands and wept. It is hard to admit it, but it is true—I wept uncontrollably. In an instant the room was quiet except for the sound of my own awful grief. I heard it, was ashamed of it, but I could not stop. The telephone rang again and again, wildly, shrilly, but there was no answer. The stillness became so oppressive that even my own sobs quieted. I gasped as the lump in my throat choked me, then I slowly raised my eyes.

Bob's towering figure was in front of me. His head had fallen forward, and his arms were folded across his breast. But that he stood erect I should have thought him dead, so still was he. I jumped to my feet and looked into his face, down which great tears were dropping silently. I touched him on the shoulder.

"Bob, my dear old chum, Bob, forgive me.

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For God's sake, forgive me for intruding on your misery."

I looked at him. I shall never forget his face. No heartbroken woman's could have been sadder. He slowly raised his head, then staggered and grasped the ticker-stand for support:

"Don't, Jim, don't—don't ask me to forgive you. O Jim, Jim, my old friend, forgive me for my madness; forget what I said to you, forget the brute you just saw, and think of me as of old, when I would have plucked out my tongue if I had caught it saying a harsh word to the best and truest friend man ever had. Jim, forget it all. I was mad, I am mad, I have been mad for a long time, but it cannot last much longer. I know it can't, and, Jim, by all our past love, by the memories of the dear old days at St. Paul's and at Harvard, the dear old days of hope and happiness, when we planned for the future, try to think of me only as you knew me then, as you know that I should now be, but for the 'System's' curse."

The clerks were pounding on the door; through the glass showed many forms. They had been gathering for minutes while Bob talked in his low, sad tone, a tone that no one could believe came from the same mouth that a few moments before had poured forth a flood of brutal heartlessness.

Bob went to the door. The office was in an uproar. Twenty or thirty of Bob's brokers were there, aghast at not getting a reply to their calls. Many more were pouring in through the outer office. Bob looked at them coldly. "Well, what is the trouble? Is it possible that we are down to a point where the Stock Exchange rushes over to a man's office when his wire happens to break down?"

They saw his bluff. You cannot deceive Stock Exchange men, at least not the kind that Bob Brownley employed on panic days, but his coolness reassured them, and when they saw me it was odds-on that they guessed to a man why Bob had ignored his wires—guessed that I had been pleading for the life of "the Street."

"Well, where do you stand?"

Frank Swan answered for the crowd: "The panic is in full swing. She's a cellar to ridge-pole ripper. They're down 40 or over on an average. Anti-People's is down to 35, and still coming like sawdust over a broken dam. Barry Conant's house and a dozen other of Reinheart's have gone under. His banks and trust companies are going every minute. The whole Street will be overboard before the close. The Governing Committee has just called a meeting to see whether it will not be best to adjourn the Exchange over to-day and to-morrow."

Bob listened as if he had been a master at the wheel in a gale, receiving reports from his mates.

There was no trace now of the scene he had just been through. He was cool, masterful, like the seasoned sea-dog who knows that, in spite of the ocean's rage and the wind's howl, the wheel will answer his hand and the craft its rudder. "Jim, come over to the Exchange," he bade. The crowd followed along. "We have but a minute and I want to have you say you forgive me," he said to me. "I know, Jim, you understand it all, but I must tell you how sorrowful I am that in my madness I should have so forgotten my admiration, respect, and love for you, yes, and my gratitude to you, as to say what I did. I'll do the only thing I can to atone. I will stop this panic and undo as much as possible of my work; and now that I have wrecked Reinheart I am through with this game forever, yes, through forever."

He pressed my hand in his strong, honest one and strode into the Exchange ahead of the crowd. All was chaos, although the trading had toned down to a sullen desperation. So many houses, banks, and trust companies had failed that no man knew whether the member he had traded with early in the day would be solvent enough, on the morrow, to carry out his trades. The man who had been "long" in the morning, and had sold out before the crash, and who thought he now had no interest in the panic, found himself with his stock again on hand, the price cut in two, because of the failure of the one to whom he had sold. The man who was "short" and who a few minutes before had been eagerly counting his profits from the drop, now knew that they had been turned to loss, because the man from whom he had borrowed his short stocks for delivery would now be in no condition to pay for them, the next day, when they should be returned to him. The "short" man was himself, therefore, "long" on stocks he had bought to cover his "short" sale. In depressing the price he had been working against his own pocket instead of against the bulls he had thought he was opposing. All was confusion and blackness. There is, indeed, no blacker place than the

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floor of the Stock Exchange after a panic cyclone has swept it, and is yet lingering in its corners, while the survivors of its fury do not know whether or not it will again gather force.

CHAPTER IX

THE Governing Committee was holding a meeting in its room. Bob rushed in unceremoniously:

"One word, gentlemen," he called. "I have more trades outstanding, both buys and sells, than any other member or house. Before deciding whether to adjourn in an attempt to save 'the Street,' I ask your consideration of this proposition: If you will suspend operations for thirty minutes, and will allow me to address the members on the floor, I will agree to buy stocks all around the room, until they have regained at least half their drop —all of it, if possible. I will buy until I have exhausted to the last hundred my fortune of a billion dollars. This should make an adjournment unnecessary. I know that this is a most extraordinary request, but you are confronted with a most extraordinary situation, the most remarkable in the history of the Stock Exchange. Already, if what they say on the floor is correct, over two hundred banks and trust companies throughout the country have gone under, and new failures are being announced every minute. Half the members of this and the Boston and Philadelphia Exchanges are insolvent and have closed their doors, or will close them before three o'clock, and the shrinkage in value so far reported runs over fifteen billions. Unless something is done before the close, there will be a similar panic in every Exchange and Bourse in Europe."

The Committee instantly voted to lay the proposition before the full board. In another minute the president's gavel sounded, and the floor was still as a tomb. All eyes were fixed on the president. Every man in that great throng knew that upon the announcement about to be made might depend, at least temporarily, the welfare, not only of Wall Street, but of the nation perhaps even of the civilized world. The president spoke:

"Members of the New York Stock Exchange:

"The Governing Committee instructs me to say that Mr. Robert Brownley has asked that operations be suspended for thirty minutes, in order that he be allowed to address you. Mr. Brownley has agreed that, if this request be granted, he will, upon resumption of operations, purchase a sufficient amount of stock to raise the average price of all active shares at least one-half their total drop—all of it, if possible. He agrees to buy to the limit of his fortune of a billion dollars. I now put Mr. Brownley's request to a vote. All those in favor of granting it will signify the same by saying 'Yes.'"

A mighty roof-lifting "Yes" sounded through the room.

"All those opposed, 'No.'"

There was a deathly hush.

"Mr. Brownley will please speak from this platform, and remember, in thirty minutes to the second, I will sound the gavel for the resumption of business."

Bob Brownley strode to the place just vacated by the president. The crowd was growing larger every minute. The ticker was already hissing a tape biograph of this extraordinary situation in brokerage shops, hotels, and banks throughout the country, and in a few minutes the news of it would be in the capitals of Europe. Never before in history did man have such an audience—the entire civilized world. Already from Wall, Broad, and New streets, which surround the Exchange, arose the hoarse bellow of the gathering hordes. Before the ticker should announce the resumption of business these would number hundreds of thousands of men, for the financial district more than an hour before had become filled with a surging mob.

For once at least the much-abused phrase, "He looked the part," could be used in all truthfulness. As Robert Brownley threw back his head and shoulders and faced that crowd of men, many of whom he had beggared, and all of whom he had tortured, he presented a picture such as a royal lion recently from the jungles and just freed from his cage might have made. Defiance, deference, contempt, and pity all blended in his mien, but over all was an atmosphere of confidence and power that turned my spinal column into a mercury tube. He began to speak:

"Men of Wall Street:

"You have just witnessed a record-breaking slaughter. I have asked permission to talk to you for the purpose of showing you how any member of a great Stock Exchange may at any time do what I have done to-day. Weigh well what I am about to say. During the past quarter of a century there has grown up in this free land of ours a system by which

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the few take from the many the results of their labors. The men who take have no more license, from God or man, to take, than have those from whom they filch. They are not endowed by God with superior wisdom, nor have they performed for their fellow men any labor or given to them anything of value that entitles them to what they take. Their only license to plunder is their knowledge of the system of trickery and fraud that they themselves have created. No man can gainsay this, for on every side is the evidence. Men come into Wall Street at sunrise without dollars; they depart before that same sun sets, with millions. So powerful has grown the system of oppression that men can take in a single lifetime all the savings of a million of their fellows. To-day the people, eighty millions strong, are slaving for the few, and their pay is their board and keep.

"I saw this robbery. I felt the robbers' scourge. I sought the secret. I found it here, here in this gambling-hell. I found that the stocks we bought and sold were mere gambling chips; that the man who had the biggest stack could beat his opponent off the board; that his opponent was the world, because all men directly or indirectly played the stock-gambling game. To win, it was but necessary to have unlimited chips. If chips were bought and sold, on equal terms, by all, no one could buy more than he could pay for, and the game, although still a gambling one, would be fair. A few master tricksters, dollar magicians, long ago understanding this condition, invented the system by which the people are as ruthlessly plundered as though by blackjacks and knife thrusts—and more surely.

"The system they invented was so simple that for a quarter of a century it has remained undiscovered by the world at large, and even by you, who profess to be experts. No man thought that a free people, who had intended to grant to all the equal use of every avenue for the attainment of wealth, and who intended to provide for the safeguarding of wealth after it was secured, could be such dolts as to allow themselves to be robbed of all their accumulated wealth by a device as simple as that by which children play at blind man's buff. The process was no more complex than that employed by the robber of old, who took the pebbles from the beach, marked them money, and with the money bought the labor of his fellows, until all in the land were slaves to the money-maker. These few tricksters said: 'We will arbitrarily manufacture these chips (stocks). After we have manufactured them, we will sell to the world what the world can pay for, and then by the use of the unlimited supply we still have, we will win away from the world what it has bought, and repeat the operation until we have all the wealth, and the people are enslaved.' To do this there was one thing besides the manufacturing of the chips (stocks) that was absolutely necessary—a gambling-hell, the working of whose machinery would place a selling value upon such chips; a hell where, after the sale of the chips, they could be won back. I saw that if these tricksters were to be routed and their 'System' destroyed, it must be through the machinery of this Stock Exchange. I studied the machinery, and presently I marveled that men could for so long have been so easily deceived.

"From the very nature of stock-gambling it is absolutely necessary that it be conducted under certain rules, unchangeable, unbreakable rules, to attempt to change or break which would destroy stock-gambling. The foundation rule, the rule absolutely necessary for the existence of stock-gambling is: Between the opening and the closing of the Exchange any member may buy or sell as many shares of stock as he cares to. With this rule in force, his buying and selling cannot be restricted to the amount he can take and pay for, or deliver and receive payment for, because there is not money enough in the world to pay for what, under this same rule, can be bought and sold in a single session. This is because there have been arbitrarily created by these few tricksters many times more stocks than there is money in existence. The amount of stock that any man can sell in one session of the Exchange is limited only by the amount that he can offer for sale, and he can offer any amount that his tongue can utter; and he is not compelled and cannot be compelled to show his ability to deliver what he has offered for sale until after he has sold, that is, until the following day. You will ask, as I did, Can this be possible? You will find the answer that I found. It is so, and must continue to be so, or there would be no stock-gambling. Mark me, for this statement is weighted with the greatest import to you all: A member of this Exchange can sell as many shares of stock at one session as he cares to offer. If any attempt is made at the session at which he sells to compel him, either before or after he

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offers to sell, to show his ability to deliver, away goes the stock-gambling structure, because from its very nature the same shares are sold and resold many times in each session, and the seller cannot know, much less show, that he can deliver until he first adjusts with the buyer, and the buyer cannot adjust until after he has bought. If a rule were made compelling a seller to show his responsibility before selling, every member would have every other member at his mercy and there could be no stock-gambling. When I had worked this out, I saw that while a few tricksters of the 'System' had a perfect device for taking from the people their wealth, I had discovered as perfect a means of taking away from the few the wealth they had secured from the many. With this knowledge came a conviction that my way was more honest than the 'System's.' For they took from the innocent; I took from the guilty what had already been dishonestly secured. I determined to put my device into practise.

"I might never have done so but for that Sugar panic in which I was robbed of millions by the 'System' through Barry Conant. In that panic the 'System,' with its unlimited resources, did to me what I afterward discovered that I could do to them, without any other resources than my right to do business on the floor of this Exchange. In the second Sugar panic you saw the outcome of my first experiment. In a few minutes I cleared a profit of ten million dollars. I could have made it fifty millions, or one hundred millions, but I was not then on familiar terms with my new robber-robbing device, and I had yet a heart. To make this ten millions of money, all that was necessary for me to do was to sell more Sugar than Barry Conant could buy. This was easy, because Barry Conant, not knowing of my newly invented trick, could buy only what he could pay for on the morrow, or, at least, what he thought his clients could pay for; while I, not intending to deliver what I sold, unless by smashing the price to a point where I could compel those who had bought to resell to me at millions less than I sold at, could sell unlimited amounts—literally unlimited amounts. When Barry Conant had bought all that he thought he could pay for, he was obliged to beat a retreat in front of my offerings, and I was able to smash, and smash, until the price was so low that he could not even by the use of what he had bought, as collateral, borrow sufficient to pay me for what I had sold him. Then he was compelled to turn about and sell what he had bought from me, and when I had rebought it, for ten millions less than I had sold it for, the trick had been turned. I had sold him 100,000 shares at 220. He had sold them back to me at 120, and he stood where he had stood at the beginning. He had none of the 100,000 shares. Both of us stood, so far as stock was concerned, where we had stood at first, but as to profits and losses there was this difference: I had ten millions of dollars profits, while Barry Conant's clients, the 'System,' had lost ten millions—and all by a trick.

"This trick did not differ in principle from the one in constant practise by the 'System.' When the 'System,' after manufacturing Sugar stock, sells 100,000 shares to the people for $10,000,000, it so manipulates the market by the use of the $10,000,000 that it has taken from the people as to scare them into selling the 100,000 shares back to it—the 'System'—for $5,000,000. After it has bought, it again manipulates the market until the people buy back for $10,000,000 what they sold for $5,000,000. The 'System' commits no legal crime. I committed no legal crime. I had not even infringed any rule of the Exchange, any more than had the 'System' when it performed its trick. Since my experimental panic I have repeatedly put the trick in operation, and each time I have taken millions, until to-day I have in my control, as absolutely as though I had honestly earned them, as the laborer earns his week's wages, or the farmer the price of his crops, over $1,000,000,000, or sufficient to keep enslaved for the rest of their lives a million people.

"What do you intelligent men think of this situation? You know, because you know the stock-gambling game, that the American people, with their boasted brains and courage, come year after year with their bags of gold, the result of their prosperous labors, and dump them, hundreds of millions, into this gambling-inferno of yours. You know that they are fools, these silly millions of people whom you term lambs and suckers. You chuckle as year after year, having been sent away shorn, they return for new shearing. You marvel that the merchants, manufacturers, miners, lawyers, farmers, who have sufficient intelligence to gather such surplus legitimately, should bring it to the Exchange, where upon all sides is plain proof that we who conduct the gambling and who pro-

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duce nothing, are obliged to take from those who do produce, hundreds of millions each year for expenses, and hundreds of millions each year for profits—for you know that we have nothing to give the people in return for what they bring to us. You know that every dollar of the billions lost in Wall Street means higher prices for steel rails, for lumber and cars, and that this means higher passenger and freight rates to the people. You know that when the manufacturer brings his wealth to Wall Street and is robbed of it, he will add something to the price of boots and shoes, cotton and woolen clothes, and other necessities that he makes and that he sells to the people. You know that when the copper, lead, tin, and iron miners part with their surplus to the 'System,' it means higher prices to the people for their copper pots and gutters, for the water that comes through lead pipes, for their tin dippers and wash-boilers, and for their rents, and for all those necessities into which machinery, lumber, and other raw and finished material enters. You know that every hundred million dollars dropped by producers to the brigands of our world means lower wages or less of the necessities and luxuries for all the people, and especially for the farmer. You know that it is habit with us of Wall Street to gloat over the doctrine of the 'System,' which the people parrot among themselves, the doctrine that the people at large are not affected by our gambling, because, having no surplus to gamble with, they never come into Wall Street. And yet, knowing all this, you never thought, with all your shrewdness, that right here in this institution, which you own and control, was the open sesame, for each of you, to those great chests of gold that your clients, the 'System,' have filled to bursting from the stores of the people. What, I ask, do you wise men think of the situation as you now see it?"

There was an oppressive stillness on the floor. The great crowd, which now contained nearly all the members of the Exchange, listened with bulging eyes and open mouths to the revelations of their fellow member. From time to time, as Bob Brownley poured forth his shot and shell of deadly logic, the voice of the vast mob that now surrounded the Exchange rose in a hoarse bellow of impatience, for few in that dense throng outside could understand the silence of the gigantic human crusher, which between the hours of ten and three was never before known to miss a revolution except while its victims' hearts and souls were being removed from the gears and wheels.

Bob Brownley paused and looked down into the faces of the breathless gamblers with a contempt that was superb. He went on:

"Men of Wall Street, it is writ in the books of the ancients that for every evil there is a cure or a destroyer. I do not pretend that what I am revealing to you is a cure for this hideous evil, but I do say that it is a destroyer for it, and that while it will be to the world a cure, it may leave you in a more fiery hell than the one of which you now feel the flames. I do not care if it does. When I am through, any member of the New York Stock Exchange who feels the iron in his soul can get instant revenge and unlimited wealth. You who are turning over in your minds the consideration that your great body can make new rules to render my invention inoperative, are dealing with a shadow. There is no rule or device that can prevent its working. There are one thousand seats in the New York Stock Exchange. They are worth to-day $95,000 apiece, or $95,000,000 in all. Their value is due to the fact that this Exchange deals in between one and three million shares a day. Were any attempt made to prevent the operation of my invention, transactions would, in consequence, drop to five or ten thousand shares per day, or to such transactions as represent stock that will be actually delivered and actually paid for. To make my invention useless it must be made impossible to buy or sell the same share of stock more than once at one session; and short selling, which is now, as you know, the foundation of the modern stock-gambling structure, must likewise be made impossible. If this should happen, the $95,000,000 worth of seats in the Exchange would be worth less than five millions, and the financial world would be revolutionized. Men of Wall Street, do not fool yourselves. My invention is a sure destroyer of the greatest curse in the world, stock-gambling."

A sullen growl rose from the gamblers. Robert Brownley glared down his defiance.

"Let me show you the impossibility of preventing in the future any one's doing what I have done to you so many times during the past five years. All the capital required to work my invention is nerve and desperation, or nerve without desperation. It is well known to you that there are at all times Exchange members who will commit any crime, perhaps barring murder, to gain millions.

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Your members have from time to time shown nerve or desperation enough to embezzle, raise certificates, give bogus checks, counterfeit stocks and bonds, and this for gain of less than millions, and when detection was probable. All these are criminal offenses, and their detection is sure to bring disgrace and State prison. Yet, when confronted with loss of fortune and with open bankruptcy, members of this Exchange have always been found desperate enough to attempt the crimes. I repeat that there are at all times Exchange members who will commit any crime, perhaps barring murder, to gain millions. That you may see that I shall have successors among you from time to time during the future existence of the Exchange, I will enumerate the different classes of members who will follow in my footsteps:

"First, the 'In-Gold-We-Trust' schemer who is of the 'System' type, but who is outside the magic circle. A man of this class will reason: 'I know scores of men, who stand high on "the Street" and in the social world, who have tens of millions that they have filched by "System" tricks, if not by legal crimes. If I perform this trick of Brownley's —the trick of selling short until a panic is produced, I shall make millions and none will be the wiser. For all I know, many of the multimillionaires whom I have seen produce panics and who were applauded by "the Street" and the press for their ability and daring, and whose standing is now the highest, were only doing this same thing, and having been successful, they have never been detected or suspected. But even suppose I fail, which can only be through some extraordinary accident happening while I am engaged in selling, I shall have committed no crime, and, in fact, shall have done no one any great moral wrong, for if I fail to carry out my contract to deliver the stock I have sold in trying to produce a panic, the men to whom I have sold will be no worse off for not receiving what they bought; in fact they will stand just where they stood before I attempted to bring on a panic.'

"Second, if a member for any reason should find himself overboard and should realize that he must publicly become bankrupt and lose all, he surely would be a fool not to attempt to produce a panic, when a panic would enable him to recoup his losses and prevent his failure, and when if by accident he should fail in his attempt the penalty would be simply his bankruptcy, which would have taken place in any event.

"The third class is that large one that always will exist while there is stock-gambling, a class of honest, square-dealing men who will take no unfair advantage of their fellow members until they become awakened to the knowledge that they are about to be ruined by their fellow members' trickery.

"Next, let us consider further whether it is possible for our Exchange to prevent my device from being worked, now that it is known to all. Suppose the Governing Committee was informed in advance that the attempt to work the trick was to be made. If, after the gong strikes, the Governing Committee, or any Exchange authority, could compel a member to come from the crowd, even for the purpose of asking him to show that his transactions were to be genuine, the entire structure of stock-gambling would fall. Think it through: Suppose a man like Barry Conant or myself, or any active commission broker, begins the execution of a large order for a client, one, say, who has advance information of a receivership, a fire at a mine, the death of a President, the declaration of war, or any of the hundred and one items of information that must be acted upon instantly, where a delay of a minute would ruin the broker, or his house or its clients. Now, if the Governing Committee could thus call the broker to account, the professional bear or the schemer who desired to prevent him from selling would have but to pass the word to the president of the Exchange that the broker in question was about to work Brownley's device, and he could be taken from the crowd, his place filled by others and, before he returned, he might be ruined.

"Men of Wall Street, it is impossible to prevent the repetition of those acts by which I have in five years accumulated a billion of dollars, impossible so long as a short sale, or a repurchase and resale, is allowed. When short sales, and repurchases and resales, are made impossible, stock speculation will be dead. When stock speculation is dead, the people can no longer be robbed by the 'System.' In leaving you, the Exchange, and stock-gambling forever, as I shall when I leave this platform, I want to say from the depth of a heart that has been broken, from the profundity of a soul that has been withered by the 'System's' poison, with a full sense of my responsibility to my fellow man and to my God, that I advise every one of you to do what I have done and to do it quickly, before the doing of it by others shall have made it impossible, before

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the doing of it by others shall have blown up the whole stock-gambling structure. In accepting my advice you can quiet your conscience, those of you who have any, with this argument: 'If I start, I am sure of success. If I succeed, no one will be the wiser. The millions I secure I will take from men who took them from others, and who would take mine. The more I and others take, the sooner will come the day when the stock-gambling structure will fall.'

"The day when the stock-gambling structure shall fall is the day for which all honest men and women should pray to God."

Bob Brownley paused and let his eyes sweep his dumfounded audience. There was not a murmur. The crowd was speechless.

Again his eyes swept the room. Then he slowly raised his right hand with its fist clenched, as though about to deal a blow.

"Men of Wall Street"—his voice was now deep and solemn—"to show that Robert Brownley knew what was fitting for the last day of his career, he has revealed to you the trick—and he will do more.

"Many of you are desperate. Many of you by to-morrow will be ruined. The time of all times for such to put my trick in practise is now. The victim of victims is ready for the experiment. I am he. I have a billion dollars. With this billion dollars I am able to buy ten million shares of the leading stocks and to pay for them, even though after I have bought they fall a hundred dollars a share. Here is your chance to prevent your ruin, your chance to retrieve your fortune, your chance to secure revenge upon me, the one who has robbed you."

He paused only long enough for his astounding advice to connect with his listener's now keenly sensitive nerve-centers; then deep and clear rang out, "Barry Conant." The wiry form of Bob's old antagonist leaped to the rostrum.

"I authorize you to buy any part of ten million shares of the leading stocks at any price up to fifty points above the present market. There is my check-book signed in blank, and I authorize you to use it up to a billion dollars, and I agree to have in bank to-morrow sufficient funds to meet any checks you may draw. You have failed to-day for seven millions, and, therefore, cannot trade, but I herewith announce"—addressing the Exchange—"that I will pay all the indebtedness of Barry Conant and his house. Therefore he is now in good standing." Bob had kept his eye on the great clock; as the last word passed his lips, the President's gavel descended.

With a mighty rush the gamblers leaped for the different poles. Barry Conant gave orders with lightning rapidity to twenty of his assistants, who, when Bob Brownley called for Conant, had gathered around their chief. In less than a minute the dollar-battle of the age was on, a battle such as no man had ever seen before. It required no supernatural wisdom for any man on the floor to see that Bob Brownley's seed had fallen in superheated soil, that his until now secret "hellite" was about to be tested. It needed no expert in the mystic art of deciphering the wall hieroglyphics of Old Hag Fate to see that the hands on the clock of the "System" were approaching twelve. It needed no ear trained to catch human heart and soul beats to detect the sound of onrushing doom to the stock-gambling structure. The deafening roar of the brokers, that had shattered the stillness following Robert Brownley's fateful speech, awakened echoes that threatened to shake down the Exchange walls. The surging mob on the outside was roaring like a herd of hungry lions in an Arbestan run at slaughter time.

CHAPTER X

THE instant after the gong sounded Bob Brownley was alone on the floor at the foot of the president's desk. His form was swaying like a reed on the edge of the cyclone's path. I jumped to his side. His brother, who had been vainly endeavoring, during Bob's harangue, to beat his way through the crowd, reached him first. "For God's sake, Bob, hear me. Word came from your house half an hour ago of the miracle: Beulah has awakened to her past. Her mind is clear; the nurses are frantic for you to come to her."

He got no further. With a mad bellow and a bound, like a tortured bull that sees the arena walls go down, Bob rushed out through the nearest door, which, I thanked God, was a side door leading to the street where the crowd was thinnest. He cast a wild look around. His eyes lighted on an empty automobile whose chauffeur had deserted to the crowd. It was the work of a second to crank it; of another to jump into the front seat. Quick as had been his movement, I was behind him in the rear seat. With a

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bound the great machine leaped through the crowd.

"In the name of Christ, Bob, be careful," I yelled, as he hurled the iron monster through the throng, scattering it to the right and the left as the mower scatters the sheaves in the wheat fields. Some were crushed beneath its wheels. Bob Brownley heard not their screams, heard not the curses of those who escaped. He was on his feet, his body crouched low over the steering-wheel, which he grasped in his vise-like hands. His hatless head was thrust far out, as though it strove to get to Beulah ahead of his body. His teeth were set, and as I jumped into the machine I had noted that his eyes were those of a maniac, who saw sanity just ahead if he could but get to it in time. His ears were deaf not only to the howl of the terrified throng and the curses of the teamsters who frantically pulled their horses to the curb, but to my warnings as well. He swung the machine around the corner at New Street and into Wall as though it had been the broadest boulevard in the park. He took Wall Street at a bound I was sure would land us through the fence into Trinity's churchyard. But no. Again he turned the corner, throwing the Juggernaut on its outside wheels from Wall Street into Broadway as the crowds on the sidewalk held their breath in horror. I too was on my feet, but crouching as I hung to the sides. Thank God that usually crowded thoroughfare was free from vehicles as far up as I could see, on beyond the Astor House. What could it mean? Was that divinity that 'tis said protects the drunkard and the idiot about to aid the mad rush of this love-frenzied creature to his long-lost dear one? I heard the frantic clang of gongs, and as we shot by the World Building, I saw ahead of us a plunging automobile. 'Twas from it the gong clamor sounded. As we drew nearer I saw that this was the car of the fire chief answering a call. I thanked God again and again as I yelled into Bob's ear: "For Beulah's sake, Bob, don't pass; if you do, we'll run into a blockade. If we keep in the rear they'll clear our way, and we may get to her alive." I do not know whether he heard, but he held the machine in the rear of the other car and did not try to pass. Away we went on our mad rush through crowded Broadway. At Union Square we lost our way-clearer. As our automobile jumped across Fourteenth Street into Fourth Avenue, Bob must have opened her up to the last notch, for she seemed to leap through the air. We sent two wagons crashing across the sidewalks into the buildings. Cries of rage arose above the din of the machine, and seemed to follow in our wake. Bob was dead to all we passed. His entire being seemed set on what was ahead. I knew that he was an expert in the handling of the automobile, for since his misfortune, motoring with Beulah had been his favorite pastime, but who could expect to carry that plunging, swaying car to Forty-second Street! Bob seemed to be performing the wondrous feat. We shot from curb to curb and around and in front of vehicles and foot passengers as though the driver's eyes and hands were inspired.

Across the square at last and on up Fourth Avenue to Twenty-sixth Street. Then a dizzying whirl into Madison Avenue, out of the way of street-cars. Was he going to keep to it until he got to Forty-second Street and try to make Fifth Avenue along that congested block, with its crush of Grand Central passengers and lines upon lines of hacks and teams? No. His head must be clear. Again he threw the great machine around the corner and into Fortieth Street. For a part of the block our wheels rode the sidewalk, and I awaited the crash. It did not come. Surely the new world Bob was speeding to must be a kind one, else why should Hag Fate, who had been at the steering-wheel of his life-car during the past five years, carry him safely through what looked a dozen sure deaths? Without slacking speed a jot we swung around the corner of Fortieth into Fifth Avenue. The road was clear to Forty-second; there a dense jam of cars, teams, and carriages blocked the crossing. Bob must have seen the solid wall, for I heard his low muttered curse. Nothing else to indicate that we were blocked with his goal in sight. He did not touch the speed controller, but took the two blocks as though shot from a catapult. The two? No—one and three-quarters of the next, for when within a score of yards of the black wall of traffic he jammed down the brakes, and the iron mass ground and shook as though it would rend itself to atoms, but it stopped with its dasher and front wheels wedged in between a car and a dray. It had not stopped when Bob was off and up the avenue like a hound on the end-in-sight trail. I was after him while the astonished bystanders stared in wonder. As we neared Bob's house I could see people on the stoop. I heard Bob's secretary shout, "Thank God, Mr. Brownley, you have come! She is in the

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office. I found her there, quiet and recovered. She did not ask a question. She said, 'Tell Mr. Brownley when he comes, that I should like to see him.' Then she ordered me to get the afternoon paper. I handed it to her an hour ago. I think she believes herself in her old office. I shut off the floor as you instructed. I did not dare go to her for fear she would ask questions. I have"—but Bob was up the stairs two and three at a time.

My breath was almost gone and it took me minutes to get to the second floor. My feet touched the top stair, when, oh, God! that sound! For five long years I had been trying to get it out of my ears, but now more guttural, more agonized than before, it broke upon my tortured senses. I did not need to seek its direction. With a bound I was at the threshold of Beulah Sands-Brownley's office. In that brief time the groans had stilled. For one instant I closed my eyes, for the very atmosphere of that hall moaned and groaned death. I opened them. Yes, I knew it. There at the desk was the beautiful gray-clad figure of five years ago, her two arms resting on the desk. There were the two beautiful hands, holding the open paper, but the eyes, those marvelous gray-blue doors to an immortal soul—they were closed forever. The exquisitely beautiful face was cold and white and peaceful. Beulah was dead. The hell-hounds of the "System" had overtaken their maimed and hunted victim; it had added her heart to the bags and barrels and hogsheads stored away in its big "business-is-business" safe-deposit vaults. My eyes in sick pity sought the form of my old schoolmate, my college chum, my partner, my friend, the man I loved. He was on his knees. His agonized face was turned to his wife. His clasped hands had been raised in an awful, heart-rending prayer as his Maker touched the bell. Bob Brownley's great brown eyes were closed, his clasped hands had dropped against his wife's head, and in dropping had unloosed the glorious golden brown waves until in fond abandon they had coiled around his arms and brow as though she for whom he had sacrificed all was shielding his beloved head from the chills and dark mists of the black river that laps the brink of the eternal rest. The "System" had skewered Robert Brownley's heart too. I staggered to his side. As I touched his dead brow my eyes fell upon the great black head-lines spread across the top of the paper that Beulah Sands had been reading when the all-kind God had cut her bonds:

FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

And beneath in one column:

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE STATE, THOMAS REINHEART, MULTIMILLIONAIRE, WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE FROM THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE AND HIS DAUGHTER, AND OF HIS ENORMOUS FORTUNE, WHICH WAS SHATTERED IN TO-DAY'S AWFUL PANIC, CUTS HIS THROAT. HIS DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS.

In another column:

ROBERT BROWNLEY CREATES THE MOST AWFUL PANIC IN HISTORY, AND SPREADS WRECK AND RUIN THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

THE END

Calumny

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

COLUMN and column, lifted high,
Raised my temple into the sky;
Column and column, shaken low,
Lie where charnel grasses blow;
Column and column shattered lie,
And between the stones the vipers go.

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"'HUSH, NORA GRADY, LEST I FORGIT MESELF AN' BREAK YOUR JAW.'"

The Marriage Charm

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

'TWAS av a last Wednesday avening that Mary Mahaney, her that is cook to Mrs. R. G. Fletcher, y' know, asked siveral av her lady friends to come in and have a cup av tea with her, as she had something very private and confidential to tell us an' considered that it might lake out to the gineral public unless enthrusted to four or five av her best friends.

Y' see, there's five or six av us gurrls that's in service on Petunia Place. 'Tis a grand part av town; an' from livin' each wan a stone's throw from the other, we grew to be very intimate.

Av course there was a great deal of discussion and wonderment amongst us, over what news Mary would be after tellin' us, an' 'twas many a bit av talk on the subject that we had over the side finces. But whin Wednesday avening come, we were all as much in the dark as iver, and as excited as aven Mary would be wishin' us.

There was four av us whin we got there bright and airly, five countin' Mary. There was Bridget Winn, an' Sheila Mooney, an' Rosie Keenan, an' me; and scarce had we stamped the snow off our feet an' entered the kitchen whin Mary offered us each a cup av steaming tea.

'Twas a pleasant scene: the kittle hissin' on the front av the stove an' the teapot simmerin' on the back; a fine spread set out on a table against the wall, and four or five rockin' chairs drawed up around the stove. Oh, 'twas grand! Ye may be talking all ye plaze about your fine, handsome dhrawing-rooms,

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an' dining-halls, an' libraries; but for rale comfort an' cheeriness, aise and informality, give me the kitchen ivery time.

"'Tis a nice bit av supper ye have, I see," says Sheila Mooney, her eyes glistenin'. She shlipped off her cloak an' stood by the table taking note av the vittles. Some thinks her pritty. 'Tis very pale she is, with kind av dreamin' eyes, and thin as a lath, like all thim that eats like wolves.

"Oh, yes, 'tis fair," rayplies Mary careless-like.

Ye see, we kept on talkin' about this an' that fer our manners' sake; but it was Bridget Winn, being the oldest, who first bruk the ice. "Well Mary," she says, "what is it ye got to tell? Out wid it."

Bridget is a very stout, rayspectable woman, one av your upright, downright kind.

Rosie Keenan leaned forward to hear until I thought she would fall from her chair; and Mary was actin' so quare and conscious that 'twas a wonder to me how her big, black cat, Paddy, that sat in her lap, could kape the straight face on him. She was very fine, was Mary. Mind ye, 'twas in a brand-new dress she was, wan av her lady's ould wans, with lace in the sleeves; and her feet stuck out in slippers with bows on the toes. From her unnatural behayvior I suspicioned that it might be that she was after deludin' herself with the hopes av a man. But I was not prepared for what followed.

"'Tis a long story," says Mary, simperin' fierce, "but first, I must tell ye all in sthrict saycrecy that I am engaged to marry Terence Mulhaly and the banns will be published first av a Sunday."

Ye might have thought she was a quane from the way she said it, an' comin' sudden, it proved too much fer me. Me nervous system is very delicate an' fer a moment I thought I should faint away. Finally, whin I come to meself, so's I could take notice again, Bridget and Sheila was expressin' their congratulations and suppressin' their surprise; fer Terence was a fine fellow, the coachman fer Mary's misthress an' handsome as a picture. But Rosie is a young thing, a child who knows little av the soshal amenities, an' she stared at Mary with her mouth open an' her two eyes the size av two blue saucers.

"However did it happen that ye tuk up wid wan another?" she asked, like she couldn't help it. "Did ye pray fer him, Mary, or did ye get him without the offices of the howly saints?"

An', indeed, 'twas past explainin', fer a sthrong man with nerves of steel could not have met Mary sudden an' forbore to cross hisself. She'd a jaw that stuck out a fut before her face, an' two dark cross-eyes set deep in her head. 'Twas a miracle past even Fayther Murray's understandin' that she iver caught a man.

But whin Rosie said that, Mary got as mad as a wet hin, an' little wonder!

"Sure," she answers, tossing her head with the new airs she got, "I'm tellin' ye thrue, that the saints niver stirred a finger in me behalf. 'Tis not a 'thank you' wan av them will get from me. 'Twas other powers that done the work," dropping her voice maysterious and nodding her head until the shivers run up an' down our backs. An' the big, black cat in her lap, he nodded an' winked his stharin' yellow eyes until we felt somethin' very quare in the air; so that it was necessary for us all to have a cup av tea before we was quite ourselves again.

"Now get on with your story, Mary," says Sheila, grown bould with the warmth av the tea.

"Well, it was a rale romance," affirms Mary, as complacent as ye plaze. "It should be between the covers av a book; an' Nora Grady's raysponsible fer it!"

"Me!" I cries, so astonished that I almost dropped me cup on the flure. "What do ye mane? I'll not be arrested on any such chairge as that, for if it's thrue, 'tis no more than right that I serve me six months on the Island."

"'Tis thrue the same," she answers as cool as a cucumber, "an' I'll tell ye how. Do ye mind the day, Nora Grady, that you and me turned from the hairmless pastime av discussin' our friends an' neighbors and tuk to passin' personal raymarks?"

"'Tis well I remember, Mary Mahaney," I rayplied, quick as a flash. "Ye was in a timper as black as your cat and sat passin' compliments which was unprovoked upon me faytures."

"An' fer why?" She threw Paddy out av her lap an' stood up in her excitement, her eyes flashin' like fire in a cellar. "Because, Nora Grady, ye was disparagin' me looks so fast that I couldn't slip a word in edgeways. 'Hush,' I says, whin I could stand no more. 'Hush, Nora Grady, lest I forgit meself an' break your jaw.' If I was low and mean enough to do so, I could tell ye av the raymarks a mutual gintleman friend, and the

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same was Billy Cronin, passed on ye private whin him an' me was walkin' out av church together last Sunday. 'Your faytures may be slightly irregular, Mary Mahaney,' he says to me, 'but 'tis full av expression they are; whilst Miss Grady's face is lacking in sowl entirely. It says no more to me than a white dinner plate before 'tis distinguished be vittles.'"

I was on me feet before she had finished the last word, the ould raycollections surgin' over me. (The Gradys, ye must know, have never been able to take an insult calmly. 'Tis a thradition in me family fer thousands av years.) Thin there was sides tuk an' a certain amount av discussion and insinuation followed, an' some way or other a cup or two got broke.

"THIN HER FACE GREW BLACK AS TUNDER AN' SHE SWORE A TERRIBLE OATH."

For a minute the argyment was a hot wan; but gradually we straightened out our sleeves, which had been rolled up hasty, picked the hairpins off the flure, and thin raysumed our seats.

"Now, Mary, get on," says Biddy Winn, cross-like. "Give us the romance. I didn't come here to listen to the daytails av an ould scrap betwixt you an' Nora Grady."

"Would ye listen to that!" cries Mary.

"Whether ye want to hear the daytails av the scrap or not," says Mary, lookin' very haird at Biddy Winn, "it was the scrap that caused it, for whin Nora an' me parted we swore a terrible oath niver to speak to wan another again; an' the next mornin' ye came around bright and airly, didn't ye, now, Nora, and ye said——"

"Yes," I bruk in, "I said, 'I'm sorry ye was so ugly with me, Mary Mahaney, and I brought ye a present to show there's no haird feelings.' I mind it well, that present. It was a small, brass chairm with characters on it, an' if ye carried it a twelvemonth in your pocket it would fetch ye a husband sure. It had worked well fer me and I had no further use fer it. 'Twas the summer I was promised to Phelim Donovan, who died av the tyfroid the winter after the big fire on Dempsey Street. 'Twas give me by an ould, wise woman in County Galway."

"'Tis the same," nods Mary Mahaney. "And I said, ye mind, 'I thank ye kindly an' fer your sake I'll carry it, Nora, though I don't be holdin' with chairms.' In the first place 'tis against me rayligion to do so, fer chairms is of the haythen. And in the second place, me experience av thim is unfortunit. Wan was give me wance before an' by a wise ould witch too. 'Twas this way—I had the fever an' the ague so bad that me front teeth was most shook out; so I followed the advice av me friends and wint to this ould woman fer a chairm. It was a little, small thing which she said some words over and thin tied about me neck on a string; but it worked me no good an' after a time I wint back to her. She lived in a little hut on the edge of a wood, f'r all the world like a witch, ye know; and whin I knocked at the dure, I heard her mutterin' and mutterin' to herself. 'Come in!' she

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screams at last, and I pushed open the dure and there through the peat smoke I cud see her bendin' over the fire and stirrin' something in a great, black pot. But whin she raised herself up and glared at me with the owl's eyes av her, an' the gray locks fallin' about her face, I do be tellin' ye that the hairt died within me.

"'"'Tis no good at all your chairm has worked me,' I says in a small, wake voice.

"'"Have ye wore it steady, an' told no wan av it?' she demands.

"'"I have.'

"Well, she studied a minute, with her eyes burnin' through me. 'An' what medicine have ye tuk?' she says very shairp.

"'"None,' I answers; 'what fer should I take medicine whin I got a chairm?'

"Thin her face grew black as t'under an' she swore a terrible oath. 'I tuk ye fer a fool the first minute I clapped eyes on ye,' she cries. 'Why, the peculiarity av that chairm an' what makes it so powerful, is that it works with the phaysicians an' not ag'in thim.'

"Well, ye see, all these years I had that in mind, an' so I was takin' no chances. 'Gawd helps those that helps theirselves,' I said to meself, an' so I began to look around—but always with Nora's chairm in me pocket to give me courage; and strange enough, the first thing I knew, Patrick Doherty's wife up and died, leavin' him, poor man, with four small children. Well, as thrue as I'm sittin' here, the night av the wake that chairm began to jump in me pocket like it was thryin' to speak; an' it come to me like a flash what it meant. Patrick was earnin' good wages an' had a nice bit av a home all paid fer, so I offered that very night to come and kape house fer him an' look after the children; an' he tuk me right up. 'Praise the Saints, Mary Mahaney!' he cried, 'fer 'tis said ye're a master hand at cookin'. Will ye come tomorrow morning an' get me me breakfast?—fer I've not had a full meal since me wife was first tuk sick.'

"Gurrls, 'tis no lie that from that time on I put in the hairdest three months av me life, studyin' things to timpt his appytite; kapin' his house tidy; an' prayin' fer grace not to murther thim four bould gurrls av his. Oh, they was the divils, though! I would niver sit me down fer a bit av a rest, but they was in mischief.

"But time wint on, if slowly, an' Patrick praisin' me food to the skies until I thought things was settled betwixt us; whin, wan day,

"I THREW OPEN THE DURE AN' STOOD THERE."

his wife's mother come to the house with a face as long as a yardstick an' she walked right through the kitchen without as much as passin' me the time av day, into the front room where Patrick set readin' his paper.

"Odd enough, I had occasion to be passin' the dure almost immaydiate, an' fer the life av me I couldn't help hearin' their raymarks.

"'"Patrick,' the ould woman says in a buryin' voice, 'what's this lie I hear, that ye do be after marryin' Nellie Quinn?'

"'"'Tis thrue,' he says, sullen.

"Thin she began to scream and cry. 'An' me daughter, the mother av me four beautiful grandchildren, not cold in her grave!'

"'"Whisht now,' he says, takin' his feet from the top bar av the grate and his pipe from his mouth, 'be sinsible. F'r a man who has been married, the single life is a lonely wan; an' it also is not good fer the childer to have a different person set over thim ivery month or two. I have thought serious av Mary Mahaney,' he says; 'she's a master hand at cookin'; but a man cannot eat ivery minute he's in the house, which gives him the excuse av lookin' at his plate. Nayther,' he says, 'can he set with his eyes fixed constant on the flure; an' whiniver I look up and see thim cross-eyes av Mary's, the hairt gets like water in me, an' more than wance, let me be

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tellin' ye, I've dripped with the cold sweat from me head to me heels.'

"I waited fer no more, ye can be sure; but threw open the dure an' stood there with me chin stuck out like this and me arms folded. I can be very proud and elegant, ye know, whin I'm minded to, an' I says: 'I'm lavin' now, Mister Doherty; I have just overheard, by the mayrest accident, your insultin' raymarks concernin' me. An' why Mister Doherty, a bandy-legged spalpeen with a face like a carved cocoanut in a tobacco-shop window, should presume to criticize my appearance, I do not understand. So learn now that I rayfuse to stay a day longer under a roof that will shelter that misbegotten Nellie Quinn, whose faythers and mother niver had a pair av shoes to their name, an' whose grandpayrents was too poor to kape a pig.' Thin—'tis Mary's truth!—I fell right over and began to scream an' to laugh at the same time, from the shock like, ye know; and whin I come to meself, wud ye belave it, I found the ould lady had thrown me clothes helter-skelter into me trunk an' drug the same down to the street dure.

"I FOUND ME A LIKELY PLACE WITH AN OULD MAN ALL CRIPPLED UP WITH THE RHEUMATISM."

"'Here's your month's wages, Mary,' said Patrick, standin' over me an' givin' me me money whilst his mother-in-law handed me me hat at the same moment. 'Ye're a master hand at cookin' and if it was not fer your eyes—' He bruk off and walked away; but I will say fer him that he spoke very wistful.

"Thin I wint right to Nora Grady, didn't I, Nora? An' I explained to her what had happened an' told her I was minded to give her back her chairm."

"Yes," I bruk in again, "and it was a haird time I had hairtenin' ye up. 'Do not be so aisily discouraged,' I argyed, ''tis a great chairm and will yet work ye wonders; but it has been give a terrible task, an' that is the overcomin' av a pair av cross-eyes, against which in manny minds there exists a prejudice. You kape it a little longer, Mary Mahaney.'"

"Well," says Mary, takin' up the thread av her story again, "I consinted to do so and I looked about me until I found me a likely place with an ould man all crippled up with the rheumatism. A widower he was an' very rich, him livin' in a palace just. So I tuk fresh hairt an' wint to work with a will; and iverything wint well, I do be tellin' ye, till wan day I made a slight misthake. Well, such a fuss, an' a gruntin' an' a groanin', ye niver haird in all yer life. 'Twas scandalous! The next day he called me to him, an' he says, 'Mary, I have forgive yer face fer the sake av yer cookin', but since ye mistook the carbolic-acid bottle fer the linimint yisterday, an' rubbed me jints with the same, I have daycided that I need more scientific attention. A new cook and a trained nurse will be here at noon to-day. Ye may lave thin, with a week's wages in advance.' The ould divil!

"Ag'in I wint to Nora Grady, minded to throw the chairm in her face; but again she inflooenced me to kape it. 'I see something very hopeful in this,' she said. 'The ould leprechan ye just left said nothing at all about yer eyes. That manes that the chairm is gettin' aven wid thim sure. 'Twill soon be at the point av overcomin' thim.'

"Well, thin, as ye all know, I tuk service here, an' the first minute I set eyes on Terence the chairm jumped in me pocket an' me hairt jumped in me throat, an' I says to meself, 'That's the man I'm a-goin' to marry!'

"But I'd set meself a harder task than I knew. Terence was very shy and dayscreet. I cud hairdly ever get him to spake, and whiniver he did, he'd give wan quick glance at me, and look away again, crossin' his

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fingers an' mutterin' to himself. But I do be tellin' ye he was always very polite to Paddy, bringin' him bits av meat an' speakin' very soft to him. 'For why are ye so courtyous to me cat?' I asked him wance.

"'A big, bould, black cat like that,' he answers, 'is always a witch, and if you do not speak to thim polite and dayferential 'tis tin to wan they will work ye a mischief.'

"Oh, he was a terrible superstitious man! He wouldn't walk under a ladder, nor pass you on the stairs, nor forbear to pick up a pin with the p'int toward him, not fer a million dollars. It kept him so busy watchin' his signs and observances that he had little time fer annything else.

"Well, time wint by; the twelvemonth was almost up and I had made no headway at all, an' very discouragin' I found it; but I kept right on tryin' to believe that the chairm would still bring things around all right. But time was very short now, an' sure, I did me best to make the most av it. Oftener an' oftener, I'd lean from the kitchen window whin I see Terence comin' and hand him out a saucer pie that I'd baked special, or a turnover and a glass of wine; but even thin, although he'd take them eager and grateful, 'twas but rarely he'd stop fer a bit av talk.

"I'm a-tellin' ye this to show ye that up to the very last, I did what I could; an' yet 'tis but little that a woman can do whin all's told. A man can pick an' choose, an' coort where he will; but a woman must sit back quiet as a gravestone an' niver lift a finger to win the love an' affection av the man av her ch'ice.

"An' I do be tellin' ye thrue, that on the mornin' av the day roundin' the twelvemonth, not wan sign av life had that chairm gave. I was feelin' very low in me mind all morning, an' time an' ag'in the big tears splashed right down into the soup or the pudding or anny little thing I did be stirring up; but 'twas about noon that the last straw fell an' knocked me flat. 'Twas thin that the second chambermaid come santerin' into the kitchen. 'Tis leading apes through hell for a thousand years she'll be; an' braidin' St. Catherine's tresses fer the next million years; an' good enough fer her! 'Oh, Mary,' she says very cool, 'did ye know that Terence had begun to kape steady company with the parlor maid next dure?'

"Och, but her garjeen angel got busy mighty sudden! I had a saucepan av boiling wather in me hand at the minute; an' but fer some power holdin' me, I'd have flung it in her face, fer the shock was terrible.

"I suppose that she seen that I cared nothin' fer her low gossip an' would not hesitate to scald the lies out av her, fer she wint right out and shut the dure behind her hasty.

"Fer sure, I stood there like I was struck with t'under and lightning an' thin I jerked that chairm from me pocket an' cursed it loud an' long, an' before ye cud stop me I'd throwed it as haird as I cud through the window.

"An' thin I knew 'twas all over, an' with me hairt like lead in me breast, I sat meself down by the table, an' tuk Paddy on me lap an' started to have a good cry.

"Next thing, I heard some wan a-runnin' down the passage, and thin the dure burst open and there stood Terence with his face as white as the plaster on the walls.

"'Mary Mahaney,' he demands, 'who threw this chairm out av the window?'

"''Twas me,' I answered, 'an' ye can kape it an' welcome. 'Tis a chairm that will surely bring a gurrl a husband if she carries it in her pocket a twelvemonth; but 'tis no good.'

"'Niver say that!' he answers very slow an'

"THERE STOOD TERENCE WITH HIS FACE AS WHITE AS THE PLASTER ON THE WALLS."

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airnest, 'niver say that! Well, 'tis settled.' He drew a long breath an' came nearer. 'Mary Mahaney,' he says, 'I tuk to ye from the first, an' niver have I tasted such vittles as ye can stir up; but I dared not seek ye because av yer two cross-eyes. But I have been studyin' on the subject av late, an' I learn that whin ye are born on St. John's eve, as I was, an' the sun an' moon are, so to speak, in juxtyposition, like this,' layin' a fork crossways acrost a knife on the table, 'an' the planets, stairs, ye know, Vaynus, Merkery, Hershel, an' Mars is in fantastic attitudes about thim like this,' laying round some cookies from a plate, 'a cross-eyed person can bring luck to you that thim with straight eyes can niver superinjuce. An' while I was walkin' outside thinkin' av this an' somewhat misdoubtin' it in me hairt, and wonderin' if I had not better consult some more authorities, I felt somethin' small and haird sthrike me in the temple; an' stoopin' down, I picked up this chairm, an' knew it was an answer. 'Tis Fate! We may not escape it!' he continues very deep an' solemn. 'And now, Mary Mahaney, will ye marry me?'

"An' that, gurrls," concludes Mary, as proud as Punch, "is the romance."

'Course we all bruk out at wance, congratulatin' her very warm an' polite; but though I do be sayin' it, 'twas meself that got the first word.

"Well, Mary," I says, whilst we was choosin' our rayfreshments from the side table an' enjoyin' the same, "well, Mary, I suppose ye will now be handin' me back me own chairm. Av course I shall niver forget Phelim Donovan, him that I was promised to an' who died av the tyfroid the winter after the big fire on Dempsey Street. Nothing could injuce me to marry another, for I shall mourn him to the day av me death an' raymain single feriver for his sake; but right's right, an' 'tis but fair that I should have back me own chairm in me kaping."

"'Twas no longer yours after ye give it to Mary outright," says Biddy Winn, very cross an' ugly, "so don't be thryin' to get it that way." Thin she folded her arms on her chist and looked about her dayfiant. "I tell ye now, an' me words will be the same in fifty years, I wud not marry the best man that iver lived. I wud not"—shakin' her head very obstinate—"not if he was made av gold an' wud hang me all over with rubies an' diamonds, an' wud walk on his knees from here to County Kerry to get me. I'm so made up that I don't give the snap av me fingers fer anny man. 'Tis more worry than comfort they iver are, an' a care from the cradle to the grave; but nivertheless, I'm the oldest, an' 'tis but right that I should have the timptation to change me mind first. So hand me the chairm, Mary Mahaney."

"Oh, fiddle!" cries Sheila, yawning ostentatious, "I've niver yet seen the gossoon that I'd go without me breakfast to see, or walk across the road to kiss. 'Tis nothin' but throuble makers they are and disturbers av the peace av a woman's hairt. An' they niver are just right. If wan av thim has the soft tongue to while the birds off the trees, he'll sure bate the life out av ye whin in liquor. If another has a bit av money laid by, 'tis so close he'll be that ye'll niver get the makin' av an apron out av him; and if a third has thim eyes that make love to ye without him speakin' a word, look to his feet an' ye'll see the shplit hoofs av him stickin' out. Och, 'tis good things they are to be let alone! But fer ould friendship's sake an' because ye have always borryed me clothes an' me money free, Mary Mahaney, 'tis but fair that I carry the chairm next."

But before Mary cud answer, there was Rosie Keenan, kneelin' on the flure beside her. An' Rosie's curly, brown hair was a tumblin' down on her white neck, an' her cheeks were red as red, an' her eyes was pleadin'. "Oh, Mary," she says, twitchin' Mary's sleeve, "oh, Mary, give it to me. Ye've heard the other gurrls. They say they wud not look at a b'y; but Mary, I have prayed to Saint Anthony fer a month past fer a fine, handsome lad, that can dance all night an' laugh all day. Do you give me the chairm, Mary, to help good Saint Anthony along."

Ye should have heard the coaxin' av her. Sure 'twas scandalous! An' Mary looked first at her an' thin at us an' burst out laughin'.

"Blessed be thim that knows what they wants and spakes out," she says. "I wud not dare to give it to anny av these other ladies, Rosie; 'twould bring thim a man sure, an' thin 'twould be on me conscience that I'd made thim miserable fer life. Here, ye pretty baby, take the chairm. 'Tis yours."

An' as thrue as yer eyes are blue, she give it to Rosie Keenan over our heads.

Would ye like to know what I think av Mary Mahaney? But no, to apply the proper an' fitting epithets to her wud soil me lips. Let me not forget that I am a Grady, the proud dayscindint av a line av kings.

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THE PLAYERS

WITH plays revolving about the problems of the centralization of wealth, the divorce question, political corruption, labor and capital, and other subjects much in the public mind, it would seem that in this year of grace the stage of New York is bent upon becoming a reformatory institution. Of course the real purpose of these plays is to make money, and not all of them solve even that important problem. As for the other problems — they get nowhere at all. They may start out with a fine show of earnest intention to achieve something, but they end up either by merely affording a pleasant evening's entertainment or by boring audiences extremely. So they accomplish exactly the same result as other plays that make no pretensions of purpose, whether ethical, economic, or sociological.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

ROBERT MANTELL AS *IAGO.*

There are those who really believe, in a simple, honest way, that the latter-day drama is serious and to some degree uplifting. They do not realize that the first business of a dramatist is to produce a good play; that if he doesn't do that, he fails, no matter how profound are his ideas or how high his ideals. If, in addition to writing a really good play, he can offer a solution of a problem that is of real concern to society, or even present a problem in a new light, then his play has that much additional value. But the play, not the problem, is of first importance.

"The New York Idea," written for Mrs. Fiske, satirizes, or rather travesties, divorce. It is called a play, which it is not. There is a series of farce situations, glossed over to disguise their real character and to make them seem important rather than funny, strung loosely together and illumined by the wittiest, most brilliant, and most pertinent dialogue that has come from a native playwright. And it is this dialogue—which is not merely a display of verbal pyrotechnics, but an expression of real ideas—coupled with

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FRANCES STARR AS *JUANITA* IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO."

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JULIA MARLOWE AS *SALOME.*

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JAMES T. POWERS AS *PRIVATE JENKINS* IN "THE BLUE MOON."

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LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "THE BUTTERFLY."

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JOHN WESTLEY AS *CLEM MACCHESNEY*, CARLOTTA NILLSON AS *RHY MACCHESNEY*, MASTER GEORGE CLARKE AS "*SONNY*" *MACCHESNEY*, IN "THE THREE OF US."

marvelously fine acting, that makes "The New York Idea" a success. The keen, biting satire of the lines would give any play distinction. The chief evidence of Langdon Mitchell's skill as a playwright is his ability to present these lines in an easy, colloquial manner that never gives the impression that he is straining for effect. He has crowded his comedy with epigrams, and yet they have not the artificial quality that usually makes such stinging phrases seem rather cheap.

"What kind of a young woman is she?" asks one of the characters.

"Men admire her," is the crisp response.

The obnoxious clergyman in the play says:

> I said in my sermon that as the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, there is nothing final in nature, not even death. So, then, if death is not final, why should marriage be final? And so the necessity for divorce. You see? It was an exquisite sermon. All New York was there and all New York went away happy.

Here are some of the other striking observations:

> Modern marriage is like a wire fence; woman is the wire, and the posts are the husbands. One, two, three—if you cast your eye over the future you can count them, post after post, up hill and down dale, all the way to Dakota.
>
> You can drink to the relation I am to you. . . . I'm your first wife once removed.
>
> Marry for whim and leave the rest to the divorce court—that is the New York idea correctly stated.
>
> It's a very dangerous symptom, too, that passionate desire to make one's former husband unhappy.

It takes an alert brain and a deal of credulity to get out of the comedy all there is in it. The episodes are absolutely beyond the pale of probability, and one wonders at the audacity of the author in using them.

Mrs. Fiske, who, by the way, has grown slender and youthful in appearance, plays the impossible heroine in a way that makes her real. She devotes all her skill to presenting a type of character that she cordially dislikes. She is at her best in the last act, where she is called upon to suppress real feeling. Though she is deliciously funny, the undercurrent of pathos takes hold of audiences as does nothing else in the comedy.

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LILLIAN BLAUVELT AS *ELSA* AND MAURICE FARKOA AS *LOHENGRIN* IN "THE MAGIC KNIGHT."

John Mason, probably the best "straight actor" on the American stage, never did anything better than *Karslake;* the rôle fits him like a glove. That marvelous character player, George Arliss, has a much more difficult task with *Sir Wilfred Cates-Darby.* In fact, I cannot imagine a less finished and adroit actor making audiences accept *Cates-Darby* at all. There have been strange and fearsome caricatures of Englishmen in American plays, as British tourists are careful to point out in earnest protests to their newspapers, but never was there a more hopelessly impossible one than Mr. Mitchell's.

One of the best characterizations in the play is that of *Mrs. Vida Phillimore,* played by Marion Lea, who is the wife of the author and who returned to the stage after an absence of eight years. She handles the part with exquisite skill.

Those who read George Bernard Shaw's plays and consider them in relation to the stage have wondered why "Cæsar and Cleopatra" was not produced earlier in this country. When I saw Forbes Robertson present it, I was glad no other had made the attempt, for I doubt if another actor on the stage could so perfectly illumine the idea one gets from reading Shaw's "history," as he calls it. The dignity, the force, the masterfulness, the sagacity and humor of the text are blended perfectly, with a skill to be expected of the most intellectual of stars, who is also the best actor on the English stage. And Gertrude Elliott's *Cleopatra* is the best thing she has ever done. The play is magnificently mounted, and altogether it is one of the finest performances of a notable season. Mr. Shaw says his "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is a better play than Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," and for my part I would rather see it acted than the Shakespeare poem.

David Belasco has scored his annual success, this time with a made-over play written by Richard Walton Tully and originally produced by a stock company in California under the name of "Juanita." Mr. Belasco evidently sympathizes with the editors of cer-

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tain periodicals who rail against "the curse of timeliness." For "The Rose of the Rancho," as he renamed the play—Mr. Belasco is strong on his conception of the poetic—turns upon the American occupation of California after the Mexican War. Whatever it may have been originally, it is not a strong play since it has been Belascoed. The situations, which are really dramatic, though conventionally so, are softened by the glamour of sensuous beauty that the thaumaturgist has cast over the entire production. Never has this wonder-worker given to a play more of what is called "atmosphere." In the first act he fairly drugs one's senses with the loveliness of the setting, the perfume of flowers, and a sense of the soft enjoyments of carefree people. He employs old tricks and artifices which, if used by others, would provoke ironical laughter—only to have them applauded.

The second act shows a fiesta which for brilliancy of coloring, kaleidoscopic activity, and splendor of costuming has never been excelled. Mr. Belasco piles on effects with a prodigality that is overwhelming and yet keeps within the bounds of good taste, which has not been the case in most of his productions.

An exquisitely lovely little girl, Frances Starr, made the big hit. I fancy she is somewhat older than the twenty-three years with which Mr. Belasco credits her, but she is a little girl for all that, and her youth is her greatest charm. Withal, she is really a fine actress—she had years of training in stock work—and she presents a rather complex character with the most delicate shadings. Her coquetry, her buoyancy, her naive enthusiasm, her ignorance and her shrewdness, her whole-souled loyalty—*Juanita* had an American father—make her *Juanita* one of the most lovable and delightful of stage creations.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

FIVE CHERUBIC FACES FROM "THE LITTLE CHERUB." WILL WEST, JAMES BLAKELEY, HATTIE WILLIAMS, TOM WISE, AND ANDREW HIGGINSON.

Charles Richman plays the good American in a manly, pleasantly heavy fashion, and John W. Cope the bad American with a staginess that one does not expect from so good an actor. Hamilton Ravelle, as the Spanish dandy, is one of the most magnificent things that ever strutted before the footlights. Then there is J. Harry Benrimo, who made a hit as the fool in "Adrea" and as the Indian in "The Girl of the Golden West," and who plays a muleteer with energetic malevolency.

"The Man of the Hour" is a political play, and a particularly good play. In one sense it is very modern, in that everybody identifies the chief characters with Mayor McClellan, of New York, and Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall. But in its construction it is very old-fashioned, following good, safe lines. There is plenty of action, lively situations, and a wealth of crisp, clever comedy. Barring the hero, who is

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one of the tiresome goody-goody stage types, and the lady with whom he is in love, the characters are brilliantly drawn; and all of them are splendidly acted.

George Fawcett, who has made many hits in his long career, never did anything better than *Phelan*, the district leader who is fighting the big boss. The humor, the shrewdness, the knowledge of human nature that *Phelan* displays make the character a joy to those who know the type. *Phelan* "turkeys his people in winter and picnics them in summer." He fell in love once and he says: "I lived in heaven until she turned me down; then my address was 23 Lemon Street." When the big boss is beaten but not crushed, *Phelan* says of him: "He's a game bird but he flies funny."

Frank MacVicars, who is a remarkably fine actor, with real intelligence and force, and who is widely known on the Pacific coast, plays Horrigan, the big boss, with a breadth and conviction that make the rôle something of a revelation. From time to time he gives voice to words of wisdom like these:

> They vote but we count.
>
> The air is full of investigations, subpœnas, and indictments, but I notice there are —— few rich men in jail to-day.
>
> I've found by experience that it makes a heap of difference whether you go to see the other fellow or whether he comes to you.
>
> People don't ask where you got the money but "Have you got it?"

Also there is Douglas Fairbanks, one of the cleverest of light comedians, in a joyous rôle out of which he extracts every possibility. He has frequently attracted attention because of his lightness of touch and his certainty in making points, but he never made such a hit as he scores in "The Man of the Hour," as *Perry Carter Wainwright*.

The stage version of "Brewster's Millions," made by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley, is even more entertaining than George Barr McCutcheon's story; and Edward Abeles, as the star, proves himself as effective and finished in straight comedy as in character work. Long ago he was recognized as one of the cleverest young men on the stage. Yet, from the chauffeur in "Man and Superman" of last season to stardom is rather a long leap.

"Brewster's Millions" goes with a rush from start to finish and it keeps people laughing most of the time, which proves it an unequivocal success. By way of variety, Frederic Thompson, the genius who made Luna Park and the Hippodrome, presents a stage picture of a yacht helpless in a gale at sea, which is as effective as it is daring. Really, it makes some people seasick to watch it. There is youth in the play, and enthusiasm, and good, honest, harmless fun—and this is mighty high praise.

It was predicted that Charles Klein's "Daughters of Men" would prove as popular as "The Lion and the Mouse," which is now well along in its second solid year and is still playing to crowded houses. Klein's later play tackles the labor problem but it doesn't get very far, either as a solution or as a play. The dramatist advocates brotherly love and does a vast deal of preaching that bores people. Also he displays a painful lack of knowledge about conditions that he attempts to present on the stage. The whole play is theatric without realism; there is but one flesh-and-blood character, *Louise Stolbeck*, a daughter of the people, wonderfully well played by Dorothy Donnelly. The others are mere manikins, and although Orrin Johnson, Herbert Kelcey, Ralph Delmore, Effie Shannon, and Grace Filkins brought all their fine skill and experience to bear, they could not make the characters whom they portrayed live.

Eleanor Robson shifted from Zangwill to Fitch, appearing as "The Girl Who Has Everything"—though one thing the girl hasn't had this season is a good play. The Clyde Fitch comedy has no qualities especially deserving either of condemnation or of approbation. It is simply a pleasantly innocuous entertainment in which Miss Robson is charming, as she always is, while H. B. Warner again demonstrates that he is one of the best leading men among the younger players.

"Caught in the Rain" is a typical William Collier farce, giving the star ample opportunity for a display of his suave, easy, natural, narrow humor. It makes people laugh and leaves a pleasant memory, and that is exactly what it was constructed to do. It has bright, pithy lines, and a few real characters admirably played: the excellent George Nash as a vulgar Westerner; charming Nanette Comstock; Wallace Eddinger, who has gradually developed from a child prodigy into a finished light comedian; Louise Drew, who is the daughter of John Drew, and who continues to show promise; and the delightful Helena Collier Garrick.

Wilton Lackaye has carried out his great ambition of making a play of "Les Miser-

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ables" and playing *Jean Valjean*. The former was a titanic undertaking, one no experienced dramatist dared attempt, and the wonder is that the actor succeeded so well. For, in the main, this disjointed stage version is faithful to the book; it is interesting, and it has several powerful scenes. Off the stage Mr. Lackaye is a humorist, and one of his best jokes was leveled at the play. When asked if he could get a manager to produce his "Les Miserables" he replied that he couldn't even find one who could pronounce it. So he changed the title to "The Law and the Man."

While there may be adverse criticism for Mr. Lackaye's work as a playwright, there is none for his portrayal of the principal character. He proved again that he is one of the most intelligent, thoughtful, and finished character-actors on the stage, and that he possesses great power.

Musical shows this season show a very marked improvement in quality. The greatest change of all has come over Weber's, which was formerly given to the broadest kind of horseplay and acrobatic humor. This season the show has an entirely different quality. It is as funny as ever, even more picturesque, and richer in feminine beauty, but all suggestion of coarseness has been eliminated, without losing any of the humor. The music is the very best in the history of the music-hall—it is called a theatre now—because Victor Herbert wrote it. The first part, called "Dream City," has a real story, and the newcomers, Otis Harlan, Will T. Hodge, Maurice Farkoa, and the only Cecilia Loftus assist the very much augmented Joe Weber in manufacturing real humor as well as lively fun.

The second part, called "The Magic Knight, a Dash at Grand Opera," is an innovation, inasmuch as it burlesques "Lohengrin" with a real grand opera singer, Lillian Blauvelt, as the star. Edgar Smith's libretto is almost as funny as the grand opera books, and much more easily understood. Maurice Farkoa plays *Lohengrin* and sings charmingly with no voice at all to speak of, while Otis Harlan fairly revels in the burlesque. Mr. Herbert has entered into the spirit of the show, and the manner in which he juggles with themes is delicious.

"The Belle of Mayfair," in which Edna May starred in London, also depends upon its music for its chief charm—music written by Leslie Stuart, the composer of "Florodora." It has one song, "Come to St. George's," that is the best thing that has been heard on Broadway since the famous "Tell me, pretty maiden." There isn't an overburdening amount of humor, but everything is in excellent taste and the play makes an excellent evening's entertainment. Chrystie MacDonald is charming in Edna May's rôle, while Irene Bentley has the part that, with the aid of a lovesick nobleman, made Camille Clifford rather notorious. Then there are Van Rensselaer Wheeler, who has the best voice among the men on the light-opera stage, Richard F. Carroll, Jack Gardner, and Ignacio Martinetti to make merry.

Like all comedians, James T. Powers has followers who think he is funny in anything, and others who think he is funny sometimes. There are a few who don't think he is funny in anything. But these are likely to change their minds when they see him as *Private Jenkins* in "The Blue Moon," an English musical comedy that has not been vulgarized in the transplanting from the London to the New York stage. The star has never had a rôle that gave him such opportunity nor one of which he has made so much. There are many pretty songs. "Burmah Girl," sung by Edward M. Favor, is exquisite, while Mr. Powers has a song, "The Crocodile," that is excruciatingly funny.

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ALL THE FAMILIAR DETAILS OF THE STREET.

The Rag Doll

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke Eaters," "Don-a-Dreams," etc.

Illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan

THERE is a modern cast of mind for which no idealized beauty of features—of whatever classical regularity and calm—has half the charm that there is in a distressed and imperfect human face, crudely molded by life and suffering. There is a despised "cult of the ugly" which compares the French wax doll of love-in-idleness with any bedraggled rag puppet that has been nursed and fondled by a passionate little make-believer in a gutter—and prefers the latter. And perhaps to such as these, even Judson Street, with its stories of the lives that were lived there, would not be merely low and meaningless.

Certainly Judson Street, at any hour, in any season, was not beautiful. It was given over to butchers' stalls and stale bakery windows, shoddy dry-goods "emporiums," and small grocery stores, ittle tobacco shops, and corner saloons—and to the tenement-house poor who crowded the human burrows above the shops. On such a night as this, two days after a heavy snowfall, it was as untidy as a back lane, clogged with a churned mass of mud and frozen slush as coarse as butcher's salt. And yet little Nellie Moore had come back from her convent boarding-school, to spend her Christmas holidays in Judson Street, as glad as any other exile to be home. It may have been the home-loving Irish in her, her dead father's blood. (It was certainly no strain inherited from her American mother, who hated Judson Street as she hated poverty.) But the girl fairly tingled with affectionate emotion at sight of the remembered sign-boards over the shops, the rusty lamp-posts and the broken hydrants, the window-sills aslant, and the friendly door-posts worn greasy with the rub of the unwashed lounger. All the familiar details of the street were to her as good to see as the wrinkles on her mother's face or the lines of Johnny Curry's shy grin; and there were as many smiling memories for her around the old base-burner in her mother's little grocery shop as there are about the children's apple-tree in a family orchard.

She had drawn up a stool beside the fire, and she was leaning forward, round-backed, her hands clasped between her knees, smiling at a crack in the browned mica of the stove door. Johnny Curry was scooping "coffee" sugar out of an open barrel beside

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and a family servant, a playmate and a bodyguard.

But the girl's manner of recalling the past, as a thing to her distantly over and done, did not bring her any nearer to him, to whom this past was a continuous part of the life he was still living; and he worked in an embarrassed silence.

They were saved from an awkward situation by the entrance of a shivering boy who wanted "ten cents' worth" of butter; and while Johnny was digging it out of a firkin, she went back to the living-rooms behind the shop to see how her mother was resting.

The boy was no more than out on the street again before she came running excitedly in to Johnny, crying under her voice: "There's something the matter! She's getting up! She's dressing!"

He dropped his sugar scoop. "She's——"

"There's something the matter with her. She won't listen to me. She—she's talking to herself. What is it?"

SHE CAME FORWARD, HER FACE SWOLLEN AND FLUSHED WITH FEVER.

"I don' know," he said, alarmed by her manner. "Wait here. I'll get the doctor."

She caught him by the straw cuff that he wore to protect his shirt-sleeve. "No! Don't leave me. I'm afraid! What's the matter with her?"

"She's sick, I guess," he said. "Yuh better le' me go. Unless *you*'ll——"

She raised the shawl from her shoulders and dropped it over her head with the deft movement of a daughter of the tenements. She muffled her arms in it across her breast. "Who'll I get?"

"Ol' Cassidy. Corner o' Glover."

She hurried out, closing the door softly behind her, but with a hastily sharp click of the latch. He retreated behind the counter, and stood gazing, wide-eyed, at the stool on which she had been sitting. He allowed himself a momentary expression of fond and smiling pity as he looked. Then he frowned at himself and went back to his work.

II

Mrs. Moore had been ill, to his knowledge, for two weeks; and for a long time previous she had seemed weak and irritable. But she had refused to allow him to call in a doctor; and when he had brought his mother to see her, Mrs. Moore had almost driven the woman from the shop. "You *want* me to be sick," Mrs. Moore had accused him, afterward. "You're all trying to make me think I'm sick. The next one that says I'm sick, I'll run him out of here, hotfoot. Now then!" She had glared at him in a wild way that was not like her usual cold steeliness of eye; he had reported the situation to his mother. "Never mind," she said cheerfully. "If she's got what I think she's got, she'll be on her back an' talkin' small quick enough."

On the unexpected arrival of the daughter Mrs. Moore had taken to her bed in the little dark room behind the shop, but she still insisted that there was nothing wrong with her; and though she ate little, slept in fitful dozes, and talked much in her sleep, she would have no one to nurse her, and

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would not even let Nellie bring a lamp into the room to see her by—complaining that the light hurt her eyes. She had no relatives known to the quarter, and no friends among her neighbors. It was understood by the gossips of Judson Street that she had run away with "Tim" Moore from a comfortable home uptown; and certainly there were in her manner, in her speech, in the determined vigor of her mind traces of a better origin than her husband's. She was alone, even in the crowded life of Judson Street; and she lay alone in her room, at bay, fighting the malady that was sapping the strength of her body but still failing to weaken her will.

"What for is it all, at all?" Mrs. Curry had chafed. "Why don't she give up to it? Does she want to die in her boots?" And Johnny had explained: "It's on account o' Nellie, o' course. Can't yuh see? She didn't want her to come home this Christmas. An' now 'at she's here, she's tryin' to let on she ain't sick, so she won't stay."

"Then she's a fool about the girl entirely," Mrs. Curry had concluded. "She's always been that—sendin' her off to a ladies' school 'stead o' learnin' her somethin' or other to be earnin' a livin' with." And Johnny had replied: "Aw, leave her alone, can't yuh?"

He had a respect for Mrs. Moore that was not unmixed with fear. She had never confided in him, never unbent to him. She had always kept her own accounts and done her own managing. She had been strictly just with him, but she had never given him a penny that he had not earned; and, of late, when he had been going to night school and getting his brother Larry to fill his place behind the counter, she had reduced his wages a dollar a week because, as she said, Larry was worth less than he.

He waited now for the return of the doctor in a nervous apprehension that Mrs. Moore would turn on him for having allowed Nellie to go for help; and he glanced, every now and then, at the door of her bedroom as he tied the bags mechanically and snapped the string.

He was folding the top of the last bag when he looked up and saw her in the doorway.

"AW, DON'T," HE PLEADED. "DON'T, NELLIE!"

She came forward, her face flushed and swollen with fever, her eyes sunken and wild—a tall, gaunt woman, gray as a witch. She had wrapped herself in a long street cloak, which she held about her in a sort of drunken dignity; her bare ankles showed above a pair of crocheted bed slippers that Nellie had once made for her; her hair, which she wore cut short, was in a matted disorder on her head. "Now then!" she said strongly. "Yes. Yes. . . . Now then!"

She did not look at him. She did not seem to see him there at all. She walked, stiffly uncertain, to the stool that the girl had left, and she sat down, crouching, before the stove. She put back the hair from her eyes. She said, in a low voice, as if from the middle of a long conversation: "Of course, I'm better. Who's to plan for Nellie if I don't get better? . . . Doctors! Hah, doctors! What'd the doctors do for *you?* Buried you—yes, buried you! And left me to fight it out alone—me and Nellie!"

He recognized the bellicose tone of a woman talking to her husband, and it frightened him as if she were speaking to a ghost. He turned a greasy white, staring like a man hypnotized.

"Well," she said, "we've fought it. She's up and out of it. Read her letters. Read where she's going to spend her summer holidays. Yes. . . . Yes." There were wandering pauses between her sentences, but the words came out with a febrile decisiveness in a full voice. "Where do you think? With her friend—with her friend Mabel—Mabel Perrin, in Rochester. That's where! Instead of coming back to this hole. What's

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for her here? There she'll meet some one—some one decent—and marry." She straightened up resolutely. "No more of it. I'll end here myself—but no more of it for Nellie. . . . Poor, poor . . . No more of it."

She had gathered the folds of her cloak about her as if she were about to rise to her feet again, and Johnny began to tiptoe down the sawdust of the floor in the rear of the counter, intending to screen himself behind a pile of biscuit boxes there. At the sound of his own name—"Johnny Curry!"—he clutched the side of a basket of eggs and turned fearfully. She was wagging her forefinger at the barrel of sugar. "I tell *you* I see through *you*. I've watched you. Oh, yes—yes. . . . She's not for *you*, let me tell you. Not for you, nor the likes of you—no! She'll never live to blame the mother that didn't keep her from marrying poverty." She dropped her voice. "Oh, you're a good boy. I don't deny it—no! But you're not working for *me*. *I* know it. I see through *you*." She chuckled, with a malicious and contemptuous mirth. "Work for her then. That's the way. Work for her! That's the boy. She'll not be back this Christmas. No, nor next, maybe. But she'll come back —some day—to say good-by to Judson Street. She'll be back with her young man. . . . That's the boy, Johnny. You're a good boy, Johnny." She laughed—an insane, cracked cackle. "So! . . . Well, now!"

He stared and swallowed with the face of a detected thief.

"You and your night-school!" she broke out, with a fierce, inconsequent anger. "You think you'll keep pace with her, will you? Will you study French, Johnny? Will you play the piano? You young street arab! Wait! Wait, my boy, now. . . . Huh!"

The blood burned over his face so hot that the tears came. He made no allowance for the fact that the woman was delirious. He heard in her voice only the contempt that for all these years had been hidden behind her silence; and it outraged every loyal sentiment of respect and devotion that he had felt for her. He began to untie his apron, his lips trembling, his eyes fixed on her in a speechless reproach, like an old servant who takes his discharge in silence because his devotion has been silent and only silence can express the unspeakable injustice of ingratitude.

She muttered: "You and your rag doll! Where's the one I bought you, girl? Why don't you play with the one *I* bought you? Lugging that pauper's thing around! What ragamuffin's trick will you be picking up next?" She threw out her hand, raising her voice. "That settles it. You go away to school out of this. Him and his rag doll! No girl of mine . . ." She sighed and grumbled indistinctly. Johnny laid his apron on the counter and put his straw cuffs beside it. And his face was tragical.

When she raised her voice again it was to complain. "Ah, well, you needn't be afraid of me, child. What'm I working here at all for, if it's not for you? God knows it's all that keeps me going. . . . Stop that crying. I didn't mean to frighten you. You're as soft as your father."

She looked around her sightlessly, her head thrown back like the blind. "You're a hard one," she muttered to herself in hoarse undertones. "A hard old woman, and a lonely one—to send your daughter off and never let her come home. . . . Who's to put her arms around you and go to sleep on your shoulder? There's nothing but the pain now to sleep with." She rocked herself from side to side, hugging herself in her bony arms. "Hish, hish! Will you never stop tearing at me?"

She rose from her stool and began to pace up and down the little shop, swaying drunkenly and crooning a delirious lullaby to herself, her face distorted, her eyes glassed. Johnny, weak from nervous shock, in a cold fear of remaining shut in alone with a woman of such an aspect, wiped the perspiration from his face with his forearm and the back of his hand.

She saw the movement and stopped. She fixed on him her hot and inflamed eyes. "Ah, there you are," she said, almost in a whisper, with a fierce tenderness. "I've been lonely. Why do you go away and leave me? —leave me so long?" she cried. "Why? You brought me here! You couldn't live without me! You ruined me and you brought me here. Why do you leave me now? Why?" Her anger rose with his silence. She leaned across the counter at him, with the face of a fury. "What? You *are!* You *are!* Now then! Now then!" She struck the counter with her fist. "If you ever come home again like that, I'll kill you! I will!" She reached for him. "I'll——"

He gasped "Don't!" shrinking back from her in a fascinated terror.

There was an awful menace in her face.

He turned and ran toward the front door,

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in a panic, catching his coat and hat down from the peg beside the window as he went. He jerked the door open, looking back over his shoulder to see that she had fallen across the counter, face down, clutching at nothing with fingers that were stiffened like hooks. He slammed the door behind him and held it, panting, until the cold—pouring over him like the douse of an icy bath—brought him to his senses. He put on his hat and coat, his teeth chattering; and he stood huddled in the doorway, afraid to leave her, staring at the single jet of gas in the window that showed through the frost on the glass, red-ringed, like the moon through a mist.

There was no sound from within. The cold had cleared the street of all but a few late shoppers who stumbled by, without glancing aside at him, their ears in their collars. He buttoned up his coat and stood guard there until he saw Dr. Cassidy turn the corner, with Mrs. Cassidy and Nellie following. Then he slunk off in the shadows of the wooden awnings of the neighboring shops and went away toward his home.

III

He was nineteen years old and his growing acquaintance with the world had already made him conscious of the stain of poverty and low breeding that marked him out to men whom he passed on the sidewalk and met in the street-cars. Of late, in an attempt to educate himself, he had attended night classes and studied during his otherwise idle moments behind Mrs. Moore's counter. He had become something of a dreamer, and a boy with ambitions for bettering himself in the world. His affection for Nellie had glowed vaguely in the background of those dreams; it was a sentiment that he had never examined, and it involved a hope that he had never consciously formulated; and yet it had been a light and guide to him in all his plans.

Now, as he turned away from Mrs. Moore's shop-door, he knew that this light was out. The girl was above him, and the mother despised him, and his service with them was done. He could never go back there, even though they might wish him to; he hated, with all an Irish boy's intensity, the place where he had suffered such an agony of humiliation. He did not know what calamity had befallen them, because he was not thinking of them, but of himself. He knew only that he would not return in the morning to sweep up the dirtied sawdust and sprinkle the floor with fresh; that he would not roll out the barrel of herrings, and set the baskets of vegetables on the benches outside the window, and fill the twine boxes, and hang the paper bags on their hooks under the shelves. And he had so long looked out on the world from Mrs. Moore's doorway—the routine of his work there had been, for so long, the routine of life itself—that he felt himself lost, unsettled, miserably outcast. He was like a boy who has run away from a home in which he has been unbearably ill-treated—and who, in the midst of his desperate indignation, has to fight back the tears of homesickness.

He went through the dark streets slowly, insensible to the cold. He mounted heavily the four flights of stairs that led to the rooms into which the Currys crowded themselves. He found his mother waiting him in the kitchen—where the younger children slept, for warmth—darning a boy's long stocking that had been torn at the knee. He said in an undertone: "I guess yuh better go over there. They've sent fer the doctor."

She dropped her knitting. "Whur's me shawl? What is it? What's she got?"

"I don' know." He sat down beside the stove with his chin in his hands. "She's gone batty."

"What's wrong with yeh?" She had caught the offended bitterness in his voice. "Yeh've not been quarrelin' with a sick woman, have yeh?"

He did not answer. She wrapped herself in her shawl. "Come along now."

He did not move.

"What ails yeh? Ain't yeh goin' back thin? Have yeh shut up the stoor?"

He muttered indistinctly. She took him by the shoulder and shook him. "Get up out o' that," she ordered. "Have yeh lost yer wits? They'll be needin' yeh—as much as me." And when he rose sulkily she cried: "Faith, yeh've not got the spirit of a sick cat to be leavin' Nellie alone, so, in her trouble. Come along with yeh."

He followed her unwillingly, hanging back.

"Button yer coat now," she said when they came out on the street. "Who sent fer the doctor? What happened, annyway?"

"She got up an' got dressed. She was talkin' crazy talk. Nellie went."

"Ah!" She shook her head wisely.

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"That's it! It's got to her head. That's the blood fever fer yeh! That's what I thought 't'ud be. I knew 't the minute I seen the two eyes of her. She'll not fool with that anny longer, poor woman." She walked so fast that he could hardly keep pace with her, and he did not try to listen to what she was saying. "She'll go the way of Mrs. Tomlinson that hadn't a drop o' blood into her body when it was done—they do say. She was as dry as a cork with the heat of it. Well, well! Poor Nellie! I hope 'tis not too late, poor gurrl. They'll have a bit o' money put by—if her mother hasn't squandered it all on her schoolin'. An' her without a relative in the wide worrld! 'Tis hard, sure enough. We'll have to coax her back with us to-night, thin. We'll put a bed in the front room for her. They'll be takin' her mother to the hospital, no doubt. There's no way to be mindin' her in that shebang 'f a place!"

To all of this—and to much more in the same vein—Johnny made no reply. And when they came to the shop, he followed his mother in, silently.

Nellie was sitting beside the stove, weeping with a hushed and heart-broken convulsiveness. Mrs. Curry, swallowing an exclamation of alarm, hurried into the living-rooms. Johnny stood a moment looking at the girl, and listened blankly to the sobs that she was trying to stifle. Then he hung up his hat and coat, put on his apron, and returned to his work of weighing out the sugar.

She asked at last, in a choked voice: "Wh-why didn't *you* tell me?"

"Tell yuh what?"

She tried to answer, but she could not make the words. He waited, his hands in the sugar, blinking as the possibilities of her situation dawned on him. He began huskily: "Isn't she——?"

She sobbed: "They—they've sent for Father O'Brien——"

"Isn't she goin' to get better?"

She shook her head in a passionate outburst of tears; and suddenly she raised her voice in a despairing wail of "Mummy—mummy—mummy!" that quivered like the shrieks of one in torture. He ran to her and put his hand on her mouth, and she clung to him, biting his fingers, appealing to him with the terror-stricken eyes of a child in pain, at once fighting him and holding to him. He dropped on a knee beside her. "Aw, don't," he pleaded. "Don't, Nellie! . . . Aw, don't, don't! . . . Aw, don't."

He pressed her head against his shoulder, smothering her sobs; for her cries had roused her mother from her stupor, and he heard the wild voice from the inner room calling: "It's the rag one! It's the *rag* one! Nellie, girl!" He muffled her ears in the shawl, and with a big boy's tears trickling down his contorted face, he turned defiantly to the sound of the voice.

It *was* the rag one, but it was the only one left to the girl now, and Johnny knew it. She was to play her little make-believe of life with the rag puppet of his affection instead of with the wax doll that her mother had struggled to give her. And with that thought he looked down at her in his arms, as a grown man, helpless in the stress of grief and misfortune, will look at the wife whom he has vowed to protect.

One Room in My Heart Shall be Closed

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ONE room in my heart shall be closed, I said;
One chamber at least in my soul shall be secret and locked!
I shall hold it my holy of holies, and no one shall know it!
But you, calm woman predestined, with casual hands,
You came with this trivial key,
And ward by obdurate ward the surrendering lock fell back,
And disdainfully now you wander and brood and wait
In this room that I thought was my own!

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THE UNDOING OF MAN

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustrations by Gordon Mallet McCouch

WHEN Felicia came to me with sad eyes and an open letter I felt something like tragedy in the air.

"I won't go," she said.

"Don't, then," I replied with sympathy. I had lately learned to be sympathetic whether I knew what about or not, and felt quite proud of my accomplishment. You've taken a great step in advance when you can shed a sympathetic tear without stopping to ask, "What's the matter?"

"It's just one of Aunt Agnes's ideas," Felicia went on, "and I simply won't go!"

Now just here many men might have asked, "Won't go where?" but *I* waited.

"I suppose I shall have to go, though, whether I want to or not."

I still waited. A few months before this I might have replied, "I thought that you said just now you wouldn't go." But by this time I was several moves along in the game called marriage and I held my peace, serene in the knowledge that all in good time I should learn both where Felicia was going, and whether she were going at all. (I should now be certain from her first word that she was going.)

"Oh, Bobby," Felicia cried, "I don't *want* to go home. But Aunt Agnes says they need me."

"Home?" I asked.

"Home to visit, home for two weeks," Felicia explained sadly.

"Why, Felicia," I cried in dismay, "what shall I do without you?" Now, while I voiced dismay, what was the stirring of joy within me? No, not joy; it was something more subtle than that. What emotion do you feel when you smell the sea after months of lifeless inland air? Does your heart beat fast when you see home approaching after you have journeyed long in a foreign land? Do your feet walk gaily when they find themselves on the open road after they have toiled from business to sleep and back to business for many months? But while my blood stirred like that of a boy, I was shocked, horrified at myself. "What!" I said sternly, "are you *glad* that your Felicia is going?" "Glad!" I answered indignantly. "*Glad?* Of course not. What shall I do without her?"

Of course I wasn't glad Felicia was going. Felicia and I had been married nearly a year, and not one day of that time had we spent away from each other. My own father and mother in all their long married life had never once been separated, and one of my dearest thoughts had been that we too, Felicia and I, should spend together every one of the days we were to live. Other men might have absentee wives, but not I; other husbands might themselves go off, leaving their wives behind—I would not. We were comrades and friends as well as husband and wife, so you can imagine how annoyed I was with myself at my inexplicable emotion. Of course I didn't want Felicia to go away, but oh, I couldn't help feeling that the air of heaven was blowing through an open window into a room long closed.

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I felt, too, like a sneak and a hypocrite when Felicia ducked her dear head down on my shoulder, sighing:

"Oh, I can't go away. I simply can't."

I felt all the meaner when I replied as if from abysmal gloom:

"When are you going?" Poor deluded Felicia had every reason to think that the citadel of my heart was draped in black, while I was guiltily aware that there were flags flying from every battlement, and at that very moment I could hear a brass band playing inspiring music in the open square.

"I may as well go to-morrow and get it over with," replied the poor child, and a pity arose in me for poor, tender, little Felicia, who couldn't bear to leave me.

"Of course I shall love to see papa and Aunt Agnes," she went on, "but I should so much rather see them here."

I was sinking every minute in morasses of meanness. *I* shouldn't rather see them here. And before you blame me too much, find me the man who enjoys showing his wife's relations the sights of New York, be he never so fond of them. If you do find him, however, keep him for yourself. *I* don't want to see him.

Now while I was inwardly rejoicing that Aunt Agnes and her brother were to remain at home, my lips, obedient to some obscure impulse, said mournfully:

"I don't see why you go."

"Oh, I must," wailed Felicia.

"Remember, Felicia," I went on reproachfully, "that our first separation is made by you, not by me. *I* am not leaving you," I went on virtuously. "*I* put *you* ahead of *my* family. I suppose it's different with girls, and I won't keep you back; but don't expect me to pretend I like it." Thus I played the part of an abused and neglected husband. Hang it all! I *was* abused and neglected, just as abused and neglected as if there hadn't been that pulsation of the joy of freedom within me. (Have you ever watched a ship under sail impatient to be gone?) And anyway, all men, to be successful husbands, must be sentimental Tommies now and again. I call a successful husband a man who makes his wife happy, and you can't do that without sometimes pretending things you don't feel. Don't women pretend for our happiness all sorts of things, and shall we be less generous?

During the evening I watched Felicia covertly. Watched to see an order given for a trunk to be brought down; waited, heaven help me, for some sign of my beloved Felicia's departure. I shouldn't have believed it of myself. During the evening Felicia made no reference to her impending visit. I grew uneasy, and as I grew uneasy I grew more ashamed; but the voice of freedom sang such alluring tunes. At last I asked:

"Won't you have too much to do to get ready to go to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" said Felicia vaguely; "why I can't possibly go *to-morrow*." It was my guilty conscience, I suppose, that made me catch a note of reproach in her voice. "I don't know what Aunt Agnes can be thinking of," she went

"I WON'T GO,' SHE SAID.

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BUREAU DRAWERS THAT I HAVE SEARCHED THOROUGHLY MYSELF.

on. "She forgets that a married woman has duties and can't leave her home at a moment's notice."

There is never a time when I love Felicia more than when she puts on airs because she is what she so proudly calls "a married woman." I have found Felicia out: she is proud of being married—in the abstract; not at all proud because she has married me. She loves to refer to me ostentatiously as "my husband," and I have even heard her talk about a "wife's duties." At these times she grows visibly taller and statelier—in fact, she might be said to strut—and she shows the same naive dignity that she wore at her first appearance in company, with her hair definitely up on the top of her head; or, indeed, the self-conscious pride of a small boy in his first trousers.

Although I am kept from conceit by the knowledge that any husband would have made her as proud, none the less I can't help feeling that I had something to do with it, and taking a little credit for being the humble cause of Felicia's vainglory.

That evening, however, I only felt uncomfortable, though she never was sweeter.

"I can't," she went on, "possibly leave before Saturday"—and to-day was Wednesday! The brass band that had bee playing its revolutionary airs at that quiet'y put up its instruments and sneaked away into the

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gloom—Felicia was not going until Saturday.

I woke up next morning with a guilty feeling of joyful anticipation. Then I remembered the cause of it. All day I felt apologetic, and showed it by being unusually attentive to Felicia, buying her flowers, which she accepted with the most charming grace in the world, being too innocent to know them for blood-money. All day things happened to me that made me know myself for the worm I was: I met a man openly and disgustingly glad at his wife's absence. I pitied the poor woman. I bought an evening paper and on its back page discovered a loathsome comic picture. There, brought down to its vulgarest terms, I found my own soul story depicted: A man was shown seeing off his wife; weeping crocodile tears on the faithful creature's neck, and leaving her full of joy, to turn to his disgusting and noisy revels. Who was this vulgar creature but Robert Curtis? Was I a bit better than the man who had buttonholed me to tell me that he was glad his wife was away? I had to confess I wasn't, except in my observance of the outward decencies.

"Well," I said, "man at best is a half-tamed creature unfitted for the domestic hearth. He needs to roam at large now and then for the good of his soul. He cannot find his all in a woman as a woman can in a man," and I ended up with the excuse as old as man: "I never pretended," I told myself, "to be better than other fellows." None the less it was humiliating, you will agree, to find that the comic paper knew all about me. But, having buried conscience, I now watched with some anxiety Felicia's preparations for departure. They had consisted so far in looking my clothes over. Felicia has a theory that she keeps my clothes in order. I do not see why it shouldn't be done by hirelings as it was before I was married, but in the eyes of woman there seems to be something peculiarly sacred in the clothes of her lord. Even women of the type of Felicia—who never to my knowledge took a stitch if she could help it—once married, must make a show of sewing on buttons and darning socks, must mix themselves up in the matter of neckties and collars. Generally, their supervision is a matter of theory, however. With Felicia, taking care of my clothes consists mainly in believing that she does it and in permitting no one else to do what she hasn't done. The other part consists in craftily hiding them where I cannot find them. When I ask her where they are, she produces them at once, apparently from up her sleeve, saying that they were right before my eyes. All women, I understand, have a mania for secreting their husbands' clothes; it is a characteristic of the sex and, though a little thing, it is among those that break up homes.

Naturally enough, before Felicia started for her father's house she hid all my clothes where no mortal man could ever find them. This done, she bought a new traveling hat. Aside from these symptoms of departure, she seemed to me as stationary as the Flatiron Building. However, when the Jamesons came to call, she told them that she was leaving on Saturday, although, she added, it would be very inconvenient to go then.

"Why don't you wait over?" Jameson asked.

"Oh, I couldn't," Felicia exclaimed; "I've *planned* to go Saturday."

"That's the strange thing about women," said Jameson as Felicia turned to Mrs. Jameson; "they set a day for going, and though the heavens fall—they go. My wife would rise from her death-bed—yes, by Jove, or make me rise from mine—to go to the country the day she had set; and mind you, Curtis, it is your wife who sets the day for your flittings, not you. Some mysterious, invisible clock strikes and they go. Some secret voice has whispered Saturday in Felicia's ear and she will go Saturday. Why Saturday? Why not Sunday or Monday? Either day would be more convenient for her, but she has planned to go Saturday and go Saturday she will. Why? She doesn't know. You don't know. It's as mysterious as the tides. They obey some command that we can't hear; they set their comings and goings by some immutable and invisible time-table. That strange inflexibility of woman is one of the irritating and baffling things about her; it is both her weakness and her strength. Watch, and you will see Felicia toil like a slave to keep her appointment with herself!" And Jameson proceeded in his graphic way to describe their last flitting to the country, when they all nearly had nervous prostration trying to get off, although but for this mysterious summons he talked about, they might have gone comfortable, cool, and rested, two days later.

I let him go on, for it was comforting to hear him assure me that Felicia was really

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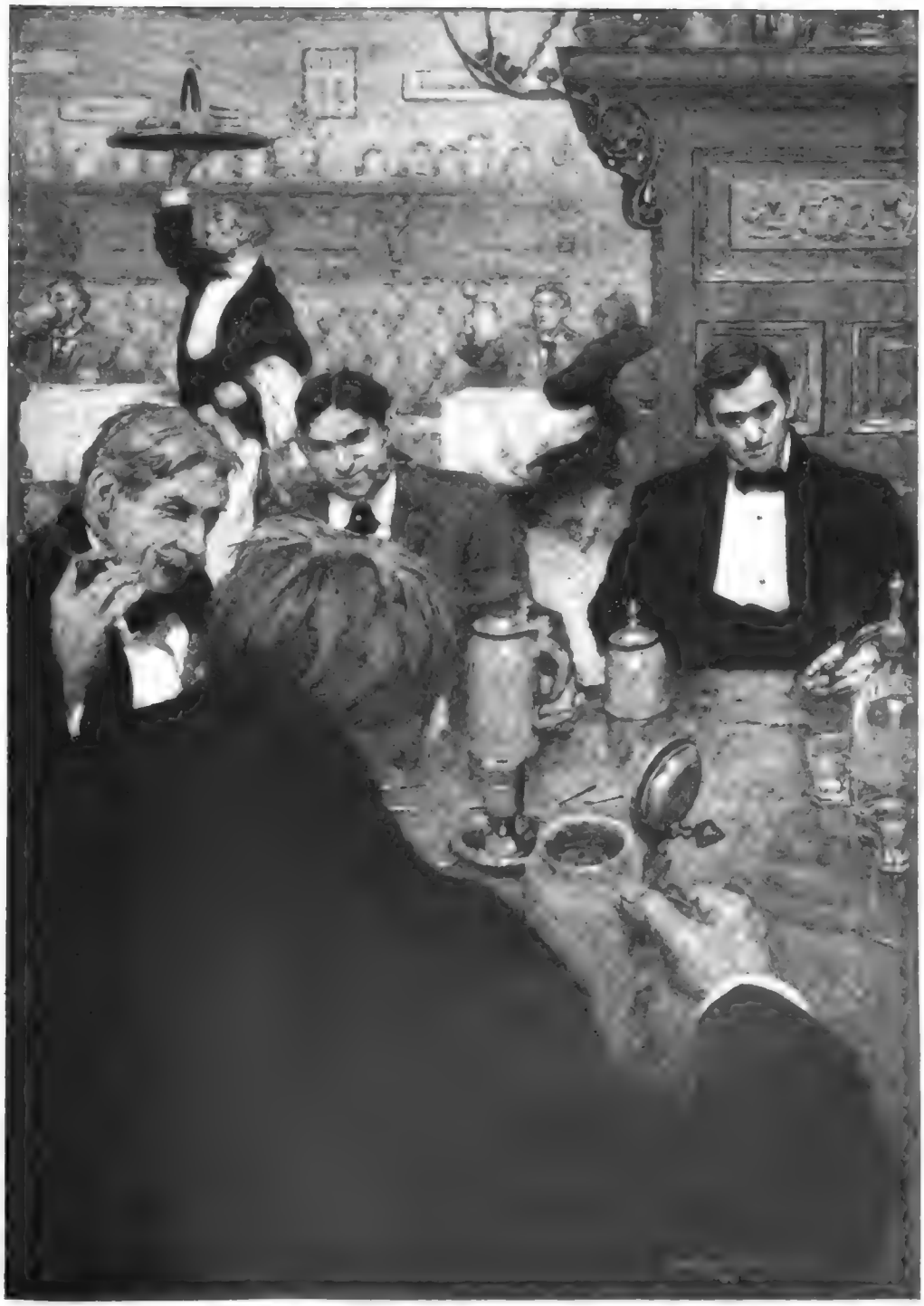

I FOUND THEM A SET OF UNINTERESTING BARN OWLS.

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going. By this time I triumphed in my iniquity and openly rejoiced that I was not a milksop, and that youth was not dead within me.

But Felicia didn't go on Saturday, and that out of sheer wantonness. I have always thought she heard part of Jameson's talk and made up her mind to "show me." Friday night she began packing like mad. She packed until late. I watched her and thought about the invisible hand clutching at Felicia, making her go Saturday whether she wanted to or not; as I watched her packing I respected Jameson.

Next morning I found him out. Felicia arose, beaming, a new light in her eye. Even though I was not unwilling to part with her for a few days, I hid my willingness under a decorous cloud of gloom, and so:

"You seem glad enough to go," I grumbled. Felicia's eyes sparkled.

"I'm—not—going," she said, all abeam. I shall always feel grateful to myself that I had the presence of mind to gasp out a delighted:

"Oh, Felicia!"

"Not until Monday," she said. "I've rung for a messenger boy already." Yes, there she stood in the face of her packed trunk and proclaimed that she wasn't going. "I know I oughtn't to wait and that's why I'm staying," she explained. "I shall feel as if I had stolen two days with you. It's such fun to do things one oughtn't to do, and there are so few one oughtn't to that one can," she ended plaintively.

And a doubt slipped into my mind whether perhaps Felicia might not also be tugging at her anchor, whether like me she might not be desiring freedom to—well, when it came to that, I couldn't exactly tell what I did want freedom for. I didn't like the idea of Felicia's having such feelings. It didn't seem womanly to me.

When she finally did go, I stretched my wings like a bird. Now where should I fly? I dined downtown in a restaurant that I like, and found a man whom I used to know. He was dull and stupid, and I escaped from him with relief. I went to the club in the evening and had a good enough time talking, though I rather resented the manner of my reception. I don't know how many men asked me knowingly:

"Wife away?" The room echoed with it. "Wife away?" seemed to be the password [illegible] a certain circle that I had not known of before. Well, what if she was away? What of it? It is true that I had seldom been to the club since my marriage. We had been away six weeks on our wedding tour, and then the club simply hadn't occurred to me. Later, we had gone to the country. To my disgust I found myself thus explaining my absence to a man who had thrown an especially irritating "Wife away?" at me. Yes, explaining it to him just as if he had accused me of being so under my wife's thumb that I didn't dare come to the club, or else such an uxorious fellow that I couldn't for a moment leave her. However, I went home at two or three o'clock that morning as if on air. I *had* had a good time. There was a certain joy in feeling that Felicia wasn't waiting for me or hadn't spent a dull evening without me. I could enjoy myself without hurting her—glorious! I was young again. Life was before me. I hadn't, it is true, enjoyed the evening as much as I had expected. What I had enjoyed was my feeling of freedom. However, I decided not to go to the club again—I could do that any time whether Felicia were home or not—but to look up other old-time friends of mine, fine talented fellows, interesting and genial, whom I had neglected since my marriage. They hadn't seemed to me exactly the sort of company for Felicia, some for one reason, some for another. That Felicia is very pretty is one, that a man likes to feel sure of his guests arriving sober is another; for, however broad-minded she may be, there are some things you can't expect a woman to understand, nor do you wish her to, for that matter. I recalled the jolly evenings I used to spend with these friends. Dear me, it seemed only yesterday! I looked forward to night when I could revisit what they would, I suppose, have called "the glimpses of the moon."

That morning I went off to business very cross. I had known, of course, that Felicia took care to have my things put where I couldn't by any chance find them, but when she is there I never mind much, for I think, "Since she has lost them let her find them." So I sing out, "Felicia, what's become of my gray necktie?" or "The devil! no buttons have been put in my waistcoat," or "I have no shirts!" or "Have my blue trousers been pressed?" To all of which Felicia replies, though not often satisfactorily. Still between us, I doing the heavy work of dressing and Felicia the legerdemain of producing

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the things that I am looking for (from bureau drawers that I have previously searched thoroughly myself), we manage to get me off in pretty good shape to the office. But this morning it was different. A dozen times I started to ask Felicia where this or that was; she had done her work thoroughly, so of course I couldn't find things for myself, though I was most systematic in my search. In despair I roared for Maria, our excellent maid, and between us we managed to find enough to cover me decently, though not without some ill feeling on both sides. It was then that I began to find out what had happened to me, but I did not realize its full importance until later. I met two or three men I knew and asked them up to dinner. I could and would have done the same had Felicia been there, but there was a certain sense of freedom in keeping bachelor's hall in one's own house. When I telephoned home Maria responded to my inquiries about dinner, "It's all ordered; Mrs. Curtis said ye'd be bringin' three or four gentlemen home." I am ashamed to say that my first feeling was one of pique.

"Oh, she did, did she?" I thought. No man likes to have his wife know quite so much about him. I made up for it in another moment to dear, good Felicia, who had been so touchingly thoughtful of my comfort. Dinner was nice enough, but it dragged. It hadn't the snap that dinners have when Felicia is there, nor did things look so well. There was an unfinished aspect to everything that I couldn't account for; that it wasn't definite enough for me to raise a row about made it all the worse. My guests went early, and with a spirit of true adventure I took myself off about ten o'clock to my neglected friends. It had been so long since I had sallied forth alone at ten at night that I had all the sensations of a boy who has escaped from his leading-strings for the first time. My friends received me jovially; they were unaffectedly glad to see me. It touched me, even though they, too, put me through the "Wife away?" catechism, and even more tiresomely than had the men at the club. There was an intonation in their voices that made me want to knock their heads together, for it implied that I had only been waiting for Felicia's departure to plunge into every sort of glorious manly dissipation, like my friend of the comic paper. They winked knowing eyes over me, drank my health, and, in a word, bored me a good deal with their "Those were days!" and their stories about Jimmy and Billy who had also married and had been utterly ruined and "dead to the world" since. I resented the implication that I, too, was utterly spoiled—a man can do worse than marry a nice girl; they needn't have put on such airs because they could sit up till morning drinking beer or whisky, telling interminable stories, or falling into their half-baked, long-winded arguments. They were no such glorious spectacle, I could have told them, that they need make fun or put on superior airs over a man who has a comfortable home of his own and likes to stay there.

I went home—I don't know why I stayed until half past three—disgruntled with them. They had had nothing new to tell me. I had heard all their stories before, knew the arguments of each one. I remembered what I had forgotten, that one of them was a tiresome farceur, that another could talk of nothing but himself; in short, that they all had the faults you may observe among any ordinary group of people anywhere. I had come to think of them as a fine, unconventional lot of fellows, birds of the night, bursting with freedom, and I found them instead a set of rather uninteresting barn owls. Then the sad conviction came to me that freedom wasn't, after all, of very much use to me except in the abstract, and freedom in the abstract is of no more use than a great deal of money in a place where there is nothing to buy. After one's first elation at being a millionaire is over, there is nothing in it.

There I was with an unlimited treasure to spend and nothing to spend it on. I am a pattern of virtue, alas! I do not care to drink to excess; I hate cards. Men who like these pleasures have the advantage of me. They have some way to pass the time when their wives are away.

The third evening I planned to stay at home and write to Felicia, but the house was a gloomy place. The maids were out; there was not a sound. The house had an injured air like a woman one loves to whom one has forgotten to say "I love you"; and, indeed, why shouldn't it look injured? Felicia wasn't there. The maids might do the work; it needed Felicia to make it a livable place. Through this silent house ghosts walked. The ghost of Felicia's laugh murmured from the next room. I heard her step in the hall. I couldn't stand it. I got up and sought a café to write in, nor was

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I merely living up to the part of affectionate husband when I penned the lines, "Dear Felicia, I miss you most awfully."

It got worse day by day. Nothing went right in the house, which alternated between utter disorder and a rigid, puritanical, put-to-right look. My meals were badly served; I continued not to find my clothes. All this surprised me not a little, for it had been a joke between Felicia and myself that she was a bad housekeeper. She had told me herself that she was, and I had believed her. Now it seemed she had, all unknown to me, been keeping house behind my back, as it were.

After a week of this, the isolated events all began to arrange themselves before me, began to show an order and meaning, and I saw once and for all what had happened. I realized that I was undone, and that it was Felicia who had undone me.

I was a married man, that was what I was, and not merely in name, as I had always supposed. I had never dreamed but that I could turn back to being a bachelor at a moment's notice. Felicia away, and presto! I should be a bachelor again; that had been my idea of it. But I perceived now that I was made of different stuff from a bachelor, and that I was just as much married when Felicia was away as when she was at home, or even more so. I was dependent on her not only because I was fond of her, but because she had treacherously made herself necessary to me in a variety of ways. Quietly, quietly, she had laid her toils during the past year, weaving her web about me like a lovely spider. I have read a great deal about the deadly arts women use to win men; a thousand times more deadly are those they use, once married, to make us their own —to transform a bachelor forever into a married man.

Felicia meant love and gaiety, well and good; but Felicia meant more. She meant good food, a comfortable house; she knew where my clothes were; she attended to a thousand trifling details that I never noticed until she went away. She had in some subtle way weaned me from all my old pastimes and habits and given me a brand-new set that needed a Felicia to keep them in order.

Yes, I was married, irrevocably. Married, whether Felicia was there or not. I reflected that she could get along a hundred times better without me than I without her; *I* had forged no such unbreakable chains as had she. Now I knew why all free-born men instinctively dread marriage: it isn't that you are not allowed to go free, as men would lead you to think; it's that you can't. The debilitating habit of comfort is too strong for you, stronger almost than love itself. Married, all your desires are gratified without your taking thought; and will you then, for the mere sake of freedom, go back to the wilderness, where good food is hard to come by and you must needs walk a mile for the sight of a woman? You couldn't if you would—you can never again be free. There are stories of wild animals that, when set loose, have returned to their haunts, heard the meaningless roaring and wrangling of their fellows, felt the pinch of cold at night and the pinch of hunger in the morning, and having learned the lesson that comfort is hard to get, have slunk back to the cage where there was always food to eat and a kind, sympathetic hand to stroke the head.

Thinking of them and of myself, I joyously went to the train to meet Felicia, who had taken my freedom from me.

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The World's Half-Citizens

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IN all civilized countries, quietly, steadily, inevitably, a revolution is taking place. Something more than fifty years ago it was set in progress. In much less than another fifty it will be complete. All the world is concerned in it, for it is women who are the revolutionists. And the issue is the great matter of woman's freedom.

Behind the tremendous change that is already accomplished lies the curious fact that a world of men and women should have so long existed without any general agreement as to what sort of being woman really is. So strangely diverse have been the opinions held of her that she herself is still a little bewildered as to her own identity. She remembers that there have been periods when she has been regarded as something almost superhuman, her nature obscured by a pleasant legendary fog, and that there have been and still are communities where the mothers of a people are its acknowledged heads. She recalls the long stretch of time when it seemed that women must have been designed for use as a lyric motive, merely; creatures to be celebrated in songs, whose only duty was to be beautiful. She has heard a good deal of emphatic oratory to the effect that a woman must abide always in a house, where are her baby, her kitchen, and her cat; and that she must not even know of a wider world, lest she become discontented with her own soft circumscriptions. And she has heard it just as loudly urged that a woman has no duties except to herself and that it is her vague and restless function to release in herself, if possible, the choked utterance of ages. It is perhaps not strange that the uncertainty of knowing whether she was a goddess or a house servant or something in between, should have stricken her, for so long, with a kind of paralysis.

However that may be, the women of our own country awoke, some sixty years ago, from what appeared to be a long romantic torpor and demanded to be citizens. Fulfilment of the demand has been slow enough to blast the pretty dreams they once cherished, but it has come nevertheless in large measure. Many thousand women, in our own and a dozen other countries, are now making easy and sometimes thoughtless use of a power and influence that women have never known before. For which reason the fashion has almost gone out of speculating airily about the mental and spiritual qualities of women, in the way that medieval thinkers used to speculate about the physical attributes of angels. Disregarding the mythological, the theological, and the romantic fables about her, a few modern students have actually gone so far as to consider her directly and scientifically, with the result that a good many treasures of conservative thought have had to be stealthily stowed away in the philosophical attic. As Havelock Ellis puts it, "The conviction of some men that women are not fitted to exercise various social and political duties and the conviction of some women that men are a morally inferior sex are both alike absurd, for they both rest on the assumption that women do not inherit from their fathers nor men from their mothers."

But the din of woman's triumphal march has been so discreetly muffled that the world at large has slumbered comfortably through it all. What Mary Wollstonecraft called "The Rights of Woman" has always been a singularly unpopular subject, as everybody knows who has ever tried to introduce it into a miscellaneous group of people not previously subjected to fasting and prayer. Even in our own most unreticent time, when it seems incredible that anything could escape being talked about, society and the newspapers have practically maintained a conspiracy of silence. Certain very remarkable facts are therefore by no means on the tip of every citizen's tongue.

For instance, in the United States (a democracy) in 1845 it will be seen that woman needed to be pretty forceful individually.

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She had not won the first step toward citizenship, and legally, economically, socially, you could crush her beneath your feet. It was vastly unpleasant to be a spinster, for a woman might not educate herself, the higher schools being closed to her, nor earn her living, practically all occupations being closed to her, nor contribute unofficially to the public good, since convention demanded that she stay at home. But if she married, she found herself in perhaps an even more humiliating position. Far from owning "property," she owned neither herself nor her own children nor money that she earned. The divorce laws frequently kept her in hideous bondage. No woman might speak in public nor adopt a profession nor have even an indirect share in the public life of the democracy.

All this was no farther back than what we call our "grandmothers' day." Yet the contrast with our own day is startling enough. The married women of our country now have, approximately speaking, adequate legal protection. Divorce, as everybody knows, since this is the only popular aspect of a great subject, is a simple matter. No limit is placed upon women's education, and in 1902 half the college graduates in the United States were women. Practically all professions that a woman would care to enter, except political life, are open to her, and she has made successes in all of them. She may speak in public all she pleases, and as a reformer has a large share in public life. In four of the United States, and in various other parts of the world, she is a full citizen. But no one should allow himself to picture these benefits as being lavishly poured into the lap of woman. Each one of them has been valiantly fought for. This, like all revolutions, has bred martyrs.

It is at this point that the conservative who has been sitting in the corner hugging his chilly bones begins to sing the dirge of the Home and Motherhood. There should therefore be inserted the cheerful statement that both these institutions have shared in woman's generally benefited condition. It is pleasant to record that the home is no longer the place of licensed slavery and that legal thefts of a child from its mother are no longer possible. The granting to women of the privilege of earning their livings has, as can easily be seen, resulted in more homes and happier ones. The brother of a group of undowered sisters is not nowadays obliged to struggle for their inadequate support while they miserably observe the conventions of the old-fashioned home. On the contrary, they may earn their own livings and the brother may found a home of his own. Few homes, on the other hand, have been wrecked by the fact that a woman now has the intoxicating privilege of doing a man's work as sweat-shop employee, stenographer, or public-school teacher. Probably no woman has ever abandoned husband and children for the colorless alternative of a weekly pay-envelope. Under present conditions most of the work of the world is hard and unalluring, and women know this as well as men. Indeed a woman who has learned it at first hand is likely to have a more tender regard for the home on that very account. And she is of course fitted for a much wiser and ampler motherhood than if her knowledge, according to the old ideal, were confined to domestic superstitions.

What, then, is the present status, political, social, legal, of this being who has always been found so stimulating to the imagination that her true nature still remains obscure?

A spectacular evidence of its progress was the parliament that this half-emancipated sex held last summer in Copenhagen. Ten countries sent delegates to this International Women's Suffrage Alliance. Some of these had ineffectual political rights, or none; others were full citizens. They met to discuss the means for obtaining full citizenship for all women—a disinterested and picturesque endeavor. It is no wonder that the whole world found itself stealing glances at those remarkable sessions in the Concert Palais, for a notable bit of history was being enacted. Australian women, serenely unfettered, were there to tell how it felt to enjoy citizenship without restrictions. Russian women had a somewhat sorrowful history of their own efforts during the preceding two years to conduct a suffrage union without a president or a concerted plan of action—factors which in that country the morbid radicals of the moment cannot endure. Scandinavian women were full of tales of achievement, for theirs are, after all, the countries most hospitable to woman's independence. The Latin countries present a most unfortunate contrast with the northern ones for the kind of chivalry that women demand nowadays, and the cold, remote little country of Iceland is the most advanced of all. Between their extraordinary sessions, which were held in three languages, and presided over by that

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extremely able American woman, Mrs. Chapman Catt, the women met for animated polyglot teas and talked of purely human matters. None of these zealous banner-bearers was in the least formidable and most of them would be conventionally described as "charming."

Their proceedings, however, did much more than affect the comparatively narrow circle officially concerned in them. They hastened the end of the revolution. They set wise men thinking. Only the other day, after many years of a determined muteness on this point, a conservative New York daily declared editorially its agreement with the London *Tribune* that "to exclude from citizenship is to stunt and thwart development." And the editor of an important American fortnightly asserts his conviction that "the time has arrived when the welfare of the nation would be most effectively conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office." If any one imagines that these are usual utterances in the national press, let him attempt to find others.

It is of course apparent, however unwelcome the fact may be, that from now on women will always have to be reckoned with politically. In our own country this particular line of advance has probably been slowest. This is because American men are incorrigibly romantic, even sentimental, and in the very face of multitudes of women workers still cling desperately to the bric-a-brac ideal of womanhood. It has nevertheless come about that women now enjoy full political rights in four States: Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah. In Kansas they have the privilege of municipal suffrage. Seventeen States allow women to vote at elections for school officers, and in Montana, Iowa, Louisiana, and New York women have taxpaying suffrage. The further extension of these privileges is regarded as inevitable. It is natural that spirited attempts should have been made to show that women do not make adequate or wise use of their political power, but this cannot be said to have been proved. They cannot at least be reproached with allowing the men of their families to dictate their votes. Whether wisely or not, they appear to have voted honestly, which is quite as much as can be said of the average male voter. More than this: Colorado is the State where the exercise of political rights by women has attracted the most attention. In this State, in 1903, women voted in larger relative proportion than men, which is an eloquent fact. It is also stated that the enfranchisement of women in Colorado has resulted in a long list of important reforms, of which improvements in the child-labor laws, the making of mothers coequal guardians of their children, the raising of the age of consent, and legislation exacting greater care for feeble-minded children and for animals are only typical. The women vote as a matter of course (and very often contrary to the vote of the men of their families), and no pother whatever is made, we are told, about the perils of a woman's walking to the voting-booth or the mental strain of dropping her ballot, or the injury to her womanhood that the whole proceeding involves.

Australia, however, would be pointed out to any extra-terrestrial visitor as the woman's continent. Its women do not yet sit in the high seats of government office, but they have every right to do so, and it is now merely a question of the conservative class getting used to the idea. The Australian constitution has no sex limitations, and the mother of an Australian girl baby can speculate as intemperately about its political destiny as though it were a boy. It is true that no women have as yet been elected to Parliament, but as Miss Vida Goldstein, the well-known Australian woman who was defeated in the elections of 1904, rather subtly remarks, "It says a good deal for the educative value of the vote that the prejudice against women entering Parliament is more pronounced among women than it is among men." Nevertheless no such bitterness has been shown toward the experiment, if experiment it must be called, in Australia as in our own country, and intelligent Australians seem agreed that women cast an intelligent and independent vote and that their tendency is to vote for economical measures. "The polling-booths," says Miss Alice Henry in a recent article, "are as respectable as the vestibule of a railroad depot or a theatre, and the process of voting is as simple as that of buying a ticket." Australian women vote in increasing numbers, and they, also, have already acquired prestige as reformers. "Among the measures that can be traced to woman suffrage within the last ten years," says Miss Henry, "are prematernity acts, acts raising the age of consent, family maintenance acts, and many acts improving children's condition by extending juvenile

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courts, limiting hours of work, providing better inspection, forbidding sale to children of drink, drugs, and doubtful literature." Similarly cheerful reports come from New Zealand and Tasmania, where women have for several years been full citizens. In 1902 seventy-five per cent. of New Zealand women voted, as against seventy-six per cent. of men.

In Europe the question presents a great variety of aspects. In Russia, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria, women, while deprived of political rights, are beginning to thrill with contact with one of the great movements of the age, and to reach out, more and more definitely, for what they lack. In Sweden, Norway, and Iceland women's political estate is curtailed only by their exclusion from Parliament. Last summer's convention was held in Copenhagen, because Denmark had just missed this emancipation of her sister countries, and a little spectacular agitation seemed desirable. The new constitution of Finland gives women full suffrage, and in Germany they are gaining ground.

It is in Great Britain, however, that the question of women's citizenship is at present most obviously alive. The most casual newspaper reader is aware that there is a struggle between "suffragettes" and legislators, but he is probably unaware of the real strength of the woman's movement. Its supporters, according to the English suffragists, are in a large majority in the House of Commons; most of the government leaders are in favor of it; Mr. Keir Hardie, the Labor leader, is their parliamentary champion and the London *Tribune* their enthusiastic organ. Popular sympathy for the cause has been strengthened by the willingness of many zealous women to undergo imprisonment and humiliation. It was possible, however, for the Prime Minister to decline to allow the Women's Enfranchisement Bill to be brought up in Parliament; and he did so.

At the same time the indirect political influence of women is far greater in England than in any other country. It has long been the practise for the most "ladylike" of Englishwomen to plunge vigorously into preelection work and their influence is regularly counted upon. They exercise also a modified suffrage. That is to say, if unmarried and qualified, they may vote in all local government elections. If married, they may not vote for municipal councils, but may vote for all other local administrative bodies, to all of which, except town and county councils, women, whether married or not, are eligible. In Scotland and Ireland women, whether married or not, vote on the same conditions as men for all local administrative bodies, and are eligible to all except town and county councils. All of which may seem complicated and fantastic, but is certainly more liberal and reasonable than the conditions prevailing in the greater part of the United States.

But if American women have been slow to get a political foothold, they have occupied themselves meanwhile in more directions than it would be easy to catalogue. Economically, the American woman now exercises great power. Her romantic countrymen have regarded her indulgently as a sociologist, sternly as they have discountenanced her as a voter. Temperance and religious organizations conducted by women are of course an old story, but these are only two of a thousand objects for which women organize to-day. There is probably not a city in the country that does not owe some municipal reform to the unpartizan organized effort of its women, while such an association as the National Consumers' League, which owes its origin and a good share of its accomplishment to the effort of women, has become of international importance. The idea of the moral responsibility of the buyer of clothing is one that has come to have a very powerful influence, and this great association, with its subordinate State leagues, has conducted an effectual war against sweat-shop horrors.

Leisurely observers used to spend a good deal of time wondering why women went into "club work" with such impartial zeal, and women themselves were not able to answer. They understand better now. They have come to feel the meaning of that dim gregarious instinct, and they can explain themselves. Timid groups that once met somewhat shamefacedly to yawn over unhappy, hesitant little "papers" now march determinedly at the most conspicuous and shameful social plague spots they can find. And there are plenty of statistics to show how many have been thus eradicated. Look at the subject of prison reform, or of child-labor legislation, or listen to the reports in the meeting of a national federation of clubs, and you will get some idea of the disinterested work of these half-citizens. A stupendous announcement was made not long ago by Mrs. Mary C. Bradford, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Colorado, in connection

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with the practical (and of course unpaid for) work of a state federation. Only a few of the matters to which these Colorado women devote themselves are, according to Mrs. Bradford, education and specific school questions, civil-service reform, domestic science and pure foods, the state employment bureau, child labor, city, county, and state institutions, the Consumers' League, local option, joint property, primary reform, traveling libraries, and picture-galleries. It would obviously be hard to keep this kind of woman in a wadded domestic niche.

Yet practically all the women who interest themselves in the diverse subjects that have been indicated have home lives and confining family duties. Meanwhile, many women who are personally free, handle individually and directly, the conditions that others are obliged to approach impersonally through associations. Usually this is done from a "settlement," that interesting and indefinable phase of modern altruism. Of the woman "settlement worker," Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, who, though politically nonexistent, is one of the most important citizens of Chicago, is regarded as the ideal type. It is probably due to its spiritual cousinship with the religious sisterhood idea that no louder protest has ever been made against this unconventional form of life for women, which represents as radical a departure as could be made from romantic and domestic traditions and yet fails to arouse the horror that the mention of citizenship does. It is a startling fact to have passed unnoticed that personal social reform, often under dangerous and usually under disagreeable conditions, should have practically become a recognized profession for women—one that college women in particular flock toward eagerly.

Perhaps the most remarkable expression of the stage of organization that modern women have reached is their great international councils, which meet once in every five years in one or another of the great cities of the world. In even the first of these councils twenty-three countries and approximately eight million women were represented—and the growth of the movement is rapid. Here many of the most famous women of the world meet and address one another, and the reforms that seem most important to the world at large are discussed and encouraged. The council that was held at Berlin and hospitably received by the Kaiser and Kaiserin, announced that it had three great objects: peace and arbitration, full suffrage for women, and abolition of the white-slave traffic. Important results follow from these quinquennial conclaves; their educational value is of course enormous. And each of them is one more patient crusade for a cause that is each time more nearly won.

If men are somewhat obtuse to the extent in which, in the last half-century, women have slipped from their ancient servitude, it must be admitted that the average woman seems herself but indifferently aware of it. In particular the legal emancipation of women has been so gradual that each successive step has effaced the memory of the preceding one. Thus many of the blithely unfettered beings of to-day have practically no knowledge of the bonds they have escaped and no gratitude to their emancipators. It might readily be supposed that, in the women's schools and colleges that are an outgrowth of it, some slight stress would be laid on this remarkable evolution, but such, generally speaking, is not the case. Indeed, only women who are professedly a part of the equal-suffrage movement in this country seem to be aware that it is primarily due to those doughty crusaders, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, that they are indebted for the right, not merely to vote at school elections, but even to earn their own livings. Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, in her life of Miss Anthony, gives a vivid glimpse of the estate of woman in the early fifties. That radical measure, the "married woman's property act," had been passed in 1848, but the legal situation of a wife was still one to appeal to public pity. In 1854, therefore, a petition signed by 10,000 names and engineered by Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, and others was presented to the legislature at Albany. It called attention to the fact that an employer was bound by law to pay a wife's wages to her husband, that a father had power to apprentice young children without the mother's consent, and to dispose even of an unborn child by will at his death. And it recommended reasonable legislation on these and other points. A Mr. Burnett, of Essex, promptly opposed the petition. "Are we to put the stamp of truth," he demanded rhetorically, "on the libel here set forth, that men and women in the matrimonial relation are to be equal?" The "libel" was therefore ignored and not until 1860 did the legislature pass the recommendations in the petition.

But the famous group of women agitators

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had meanwhile a multitude of irons in the fire of reform. In 1851 Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Horace Greeley were the guests of Mrs. Stanton at Seneca Falls, New York, on the occasion of the founding of a "People's College." Miss Anthony was very eager that the new institution should be opened to girls as well as boys. Horace Greeley promised her that this should be done, and kept his word. This college was soon merged into Cornell University. It is since that time that the agitation over women's "higher education" has threatened, culminated, and died out again. Probably no more will be heard of it. It is a commonplace that women are now free to educate themselves to any pinnacle they may yearn for and to enter any profession. Practically all the great universities of the world are open to them for serious scholarship. The great women's colleges of the East offer women a congenial and once unheard-of eminence in their presidencies. It is a common thing for a woman to be a lawyer, doctor, professor, editor, journalist, or to engage in trade or finance. She is also very often indeed a writer, painter, or musician, but that is recognized as quite another matter; affiliation of women and the muses has always been held decorous and suitable. Most of us are also familiar with the fact that droves of women are engaged in manual labor or in clerkships that are only a straw removed from it; that factories and shops everywhere could scarcely be conducted without them, because of the lesser wages at which they (of necessity) work. Few people are aware, however, of the many strange trades into which this modern woman has ventured. Yet the *World's Work* obtained from the last census the surprising fact that among the working women of the United States there must be included nearly two thousand stock raisers and drovers, almost as many fishermen and oystermen, and more than thirteen hundred miners and quarrymen. Also there are 167 masons, 126 plumbers and fitters, 879 watchmen and policemen, 196 blacksmiths, 113 wood-choppers, 154 boatmen and sailors, 100 lumbermen, 43 carriage and hack drivers, 26 switchmen and yardmen, 31 brakemen, 7 conductors, 10 railway baggagemen, 6 ship carpenters, 21 stevedores, 18 longshoremen, 84 civil engineers and surveyors—a table that ought to settle, for all time, the question of woman's versatility.

Doubtless one great reason why this colossal revolution has come about so silently, with so little comment, is that women themselves have suffered no intrinsic alteration. The two serious charges brought against them, one that they have grown averse to matrimony, and the other that they are too eager for it (a fact supposed to lessen their zeal as workers), may perhaps be best disposed of by balancing them. Statistics that are earnestly furnished each six months or so seem to indicate that educated women commonly do not marry early. Still, particularly in America, all classes of women marry later than formerly. It is probable (although no statistician has been ingenious enough to collect the data) that they also marry rather more wisely, as their greater social freedom and their education gives them wider choice and a sounder capacity for sane judgment. It has not been seriously charged that family life has lost its intimacy and sweetness, nor that a woman's affection and unselfishness—the attribute which Mr. Shaw says has been so unfairly foisted upon a long-suffering sex—have been proved to vary inversely with her intelligence. Also, of course, it is a great and shining fact that women know something about the scientific basis of health where formerly they knew nothing, and that they conscientiously apply their knowledge; which means not only that they have more sanitary houses and more wholesome food, but that they are themselves more vigorous physically, able to bear stronger children, and to rear them more carefully. Moreover, the romanticists must have observed that women are quite as good to look at as they used to be, rather more so, indeed, since they learned to live outdoors and to exercise; that they have not lost the power to charm nor the joy in using it. Even the dress of the most politically unfettered is "feminine" to as great a degree as costume may conform with gender. On the whole, therefore, there seems no imminent danger either that women will become "unsexed" or that they will set up gynecocracies. They have not abused the freedom that they have already gained. There seems no reason to suppose that they will not make good use of their liberty in the day when there shall be no more half-citizens.

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Little Stories of Real Life

Opal and the Parade

By Bessie R. Hoover

THREE dirty yellow tenement-houses with dingy white trimmings like soiled linen thrust their peaked gables toward the street on Loretta Avenue in the suburbs. They were all built on the same plan, long, narrow, story-and-a-half houses, with each main entrance opening upon a side porch.

Ma and Pa Flickinger, two sons who worked with their father in a factory, and a ten-year-old daughter, Opal, lived in the middle house. Opal's married sister, Elvie, occupied the building north of them; and Elvie's baby, Beulah, was one of Opal's charges. On the south side lived Mandy, another married sister, whose six-year-old son, Clarence Augustus, nicknamed Butch, assisted Opal in baby-tending at such times as he could be pressed into service.

Opal, who was as pale as her name signified, except when browned by tan, seemed always to be dressed in faded blue calico without a collar; she went barefooted in summer, and wore her hair in a stubby pigtail, tied with a shoe-string braided in. She probably took more steps in a day and was oftener in shrieking demand than any other person on the street.

Farther down Loretta Avenue, in another equally depressing row of tenements, lived Jule, also a married sister of Opal's. Jule was strenuous, not particularly in caring for her family, but in seeking amusement for them and—incidentally—for herself. She liked to be always going somewhere, and assumed that her twin babies, Janice and Jasper, were of the same mind. But when her babies were not "going by-by," as Jule called every destination to them, they were generally being tended by Opal.

"There's a dog and pony show in town today!" cried Jule, one morning, bearing down on Ma Flickinger's front yard like a feminine cyclone in an abbreviated dressing sack and flapping calico skirt. Opal was amusing the twins, whom Jule had brought over an hour before, by trickling water on their bare feet from the hydrant that stood in a circle of vivid green grass in front of the middle house. "There's more'n fifty ponies and dogs—and all kinds of little wagons jest like big ones, and dozens of gold chariots—and a brass band drawed by ten cream-colored ponies. Fairy Jones's cousin 'phoned her about it jest now."

"Can't I go, Jule?" asked Opal eagerly; "you're goin', ain't you?"

"Why, I don't care if you do; yes, I'm goin'—to the parade, that is, and what's more, I'm goin' to take these babies. Their pa may not care about them never seein' nothin', but I do. Maybe you'd better ask ma to let you go along, so's you can help with 'em. Tell Elvie and Mandy, 'cause Beulah and Butch oughtn't to miss it."

Then Jule jerked up Janice and her brother Jasper, crammed them into their cart, and hurried away.

"Better eat dinner before you start, Opal, for you can't tell when we'll git home. Hustle now," she called back, "for I sha'n't wait a minute for nobody when I git ready. These young ones ain't goin' to miss the show if I can help it."

Opal flew to announce the dog and pony parade; but only a limited number of the family could go. Ma Flickinger sighed and

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said that she might have gone if she had "known it time enough," but that Opal could go to help Jule with the twins. Then she sent Opal to tell Butch, while she herself broke the exciting news to Elvie and Beulah.

Opal was all but swept off her feet by excitement; a dog and pony show in town preparing for a parade—and she was actually going! It was wonderful!

In frantic haste she pulled on a clean blue calico dress, strapped a vermilion leather belt about her waist, hopped into her tan stockings and shoes, jerked the shoe-string from her hair, and tied the stubby braid at the nape of her neck with a stringy red ribbon. Next, mindful of Jule's injunction to eat dinner before she went, she crammed down a half slice of bread in a jiffy, chewing heroically, for she was not a bit hungry. Then she ran over to Jule's to see when she would start.

IN FRANTIC HASTE.

But Jule, who had declared that she would wait for nobody, true to her word was gone. The key hung on a nail beside the door, and the curtains were drawn.

"Jule and the twins 're gone!" panted Opal, bursting into Elvie's house.

"Well, that beats me," cried Elvie, continuing her hurried dressing; "here she's got them two twins and herself into their best clothes and is off before I'm ready with one. Where's Butch? You git him started; then you push Beulah in the go-cart—and I'll hustle along as soon as I can. Try to catch up with Jule. We'll meet at the main corners—all parades pass there. And don't overheat the baby, but hustle—Jule walks like a race-horse."

Butch was already half a block toward town, quite unconscious of the incongruous appearance of his ridiculous Eton jacket, faded blue overalls, and stiff white collar. His gray woolen hat, like an inverted wash-bowl, was pulled jauntily over one ear. But of all the people in the big crowd that day there was probably not one better pleased with his sartorial make-up than was Clarence Augustus, alias Butch.

Opal started, pushing the heavy baby in her stubborn little cart, which never seemed to make any progress except down-grade. Nevertheless, she soon reached Main Street, where straggling strings of boys and girls, and anxious mothers propelling baby carriages and leading children of tender ages, were hurrying down-town. There were also a few apologetic fathers who acted as if they knew that they ought to be at work, but felt it to be of the utmost importance that they take their offspring to see the dog and pony parade.

By the time Opal and Butch joined Jule, there was a fair-sized crowd, and when Elvie appeared she had some difficulty in finding her sisters and the babies.

But just as she was becoming discouraged in her search, Janice and Jasper, who were being freshened up by a sloppy drink from a street hydrant—which proved to be more of a bath than a beverage as administered by the nervous hand of Jule—rent the air with one of their characteristic wails. And Elvie, making her way persistently toward the sound, found them in a little group by the curbstone, tired and perspiring.

They waited. . . . Vague reports began to circulate about the dog and pony parade. It would be there at twelve o'clock; then some one said it would be detained an hour longer. Still the crowd grew. And Butch ran about like a familiar home-grown clown by reason of his strange attire, keeping his aunts in a constant twitter for fear he would get lost.

"We'll go off and leave you, Butch, if you don't stop traipsin' round," declared Elvie, the purple flowers on her hat bobbing with her emphatic nods.

Then there was a general dispersal of the people, for some one said that the parade would not pass there, but would cross Sixth Street four blocks away. Nearly everybody started for Sixth Street, and with them Jule and Elvie and the children.

Sixth Street was reached, but it seemed that the parade was not coming that way at all; and the crowd surged breathlessly back to Main, fearing that the dogs and ponies might pass in the mean time.

"I knew we was fools to leave the main

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corners," remarked Jule crossly; "here's where we'll see the show."

"And the children are all het up now," complained Elvie. "There, Beulah, don't cry— Want to see the pretty, pretty bow-wows?"

The babies had been tolerably good all the morning, but were now growing restless, for they were tired and hungry.

"Where *are* the dogs and ponies?" questioned Butch, almost in tears.

"Lord knows, I don't," snapped Jule; "they ain't in this town, I guess. You needn't expect to see nothin' to-day."

Butch began to sniffle at this unwelcome news.

"Never mind," comforted Opal, whose dark eyes looked wistfully out from her tired face. "I'll give you my green glass marble when we git home if you won't cry."

"Doh-unt want—ut," sobbed Butch. "I want tuh—see the do-og'n po-ony sho-ow, I do!"

Then the twins began to cry, in sympathy with Butch, perhaps, though they already had worries of their own, and it never took much to upset their emotional equilibrium; while Beulah suddenly lifted her voice and wailed in chorus.

"I'll never take a young one to a show ag'in," cried Jule, "if I live to be a million."

"They're hungry," said Opal, mildly resentful because her sister spoke slightingly of the babies.

"Ain't we all hungry, I'd like to know?" flared Jule.

Then a faint sound of music, scarcely perceptible above the hum of voices, vibrated through the air. "The show's coming," ran electrically through the crowd. The music deepened, lulled, swelled again, died gradually away, and then broke shrilly on the eager ears of the waiting people. And the babies, like living barometers, enlivened by the returning good nature of the expectant throng, stopped crying.

BUTCH PUSHED WITH THE ZEAL OF A GALLEY SLAVE.

"I said all the time that this was the best place to see the parade," observed Jule complacently, one foot beating time.

"Good enough," assented Elvie cheerfully, straightening her hat and wiping her perspiring face, and then Beulah's, on one corner of the baby's white cotton lap robe.

"The dogs and ponies is comin'," exulted Butch, standing first on one foot and then on the other. "Do you suppose the dogs'll be hitched to little wagons, Aunt Jule?" he questioned.

"Sure, Butchie," returned Jule genially, mollified by the turn affairs had taken.

"Do them little dogs that draw wagons like horses eat hay like real horses, Aunt Jule?" inquired Butch. "Say, Aunt Jule——"

But Butch was not answered, for Jule's quick ear had sensed that the parade was going away from them. The crowd grew uneasy. Only a moment before the band had seemed just around the corner; now the music grew fainter and fainter, stopped for a minute, was renewed to a scarcely audible vibration of sound, died slowly away—and was heard on the main corners no more that day.

"The procession," shouted a man on horseback, "will not come down-town farther than Sixth Street—on account of the new paving, which the authorities will not let us use; the procession will go directly to the grounds—where we will exhibit at two this afternoon and again at eight this evening."

Jule and Elvie stared at each other with blank faces. They had not caught all that the man said, but had heard enough to know that the nearest point now from which to see the parade was probably Ross Street—on the other side of town.

"I knew Sixth Street was the best place all the time," declared Elvie.

"Then why didn't you stick to it?" retorted Jule; "if you had, we'd have saw the parade."

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"Well, I didn't, and there's no use in jawin' about it. We'll have to go home now," said Elvie dejectedly; "we can't push these young ones to Ross Street and back again—we'd all be dead."

"I ain't goin' home till I see the parade," announced Jule firmly. "I've got backbone enough when I go to see a thing to stay till I do see it."

"But we can't go over there with all these young ones," objected Elvie.

"Well, we needn't," responded Jule. "I'll tell you what we'll do: me and you'll go to Ross Street and we'll send the young ones home—every last one of 'em. If we took 'em we'd have to walk lots slower and maybe miss the parade. I don't think the show'll amount to much, anyway. They might better go home and get something to eat. Besides, the sun's boiling hot; and a dusty street ain't no place for babies. Opal can push the twins back, and Butch can push Beulah; he's often done it. You'd just as soon go back, wouldn't you, Opal?"

THEY HAD NOT CAUGHT EVEN A GLIMPSE OF THE DOGS AND PONIES.

Opal's plain little face was strained out of its natural shape in her effort to keep the tears from falling. "Let me and Butch push 'em to Ross Street, and you and Elvie go on ahead," she said.

"Push 'em to Ross Street! You must be crazy, Opal!" exclaimed Jule. "You and Butch'd be dead to push 'em there in all this crowd. No; take 'em home, that's the sensible thing to do. You're all tired out and hungry; tell ma to git you somethin' good to eat."

"But I et my dinner before I started—you told me to," put in Opal.

"I'll bet you jest bolted a crumb or two," snapped Jule.

"I et a slice of bread—nearly," answered honest Opal.

"Well, what's the good of that now?" inquired Jule tartly. "A sliver of bread ain't a whole dinner. Come, Opal, be a good girl; you don't want to drag around town any longer. It'll be lots nicer at home on the lawn. And we'll tell you all about the parade. Come on, Elvie; I'm goin'. Good-by, dear," she said to Opal, then kissed the twins and telling them to be good babies and "go by-by" with Auntie Opal, started for Ross Street, reluctantly followed by Elvie.

"It don't seem jest right for us to send the young ones home and go ourselves," worried Elvie. "Opal's such a good little thing she'd do anything you told her to. And Butch'll break his heart if he misses seeing the dogs and ponies; and he'll jounce Beulah to mince-meat, he always snags along so when he's mad. And Beulah ought to see the parade if any of us does. I don't know, Jule, but what we've done a foolish thing, and——"

"Aw, shucks!" cried Jule, "they're all right. Besides," she concluded triumphantly, "our babies are too young to take to shows. Hustle up—I hear the band ag'in."

And Opal?—she was not much surprised. It had all seemed like a dream anyway. But she was none the less disappointed, though things like that were always happening to her.

Butch, tearful and angry, was openly rebellious and bumped roughly on with the cart, till Beulah was in danger of her life.

"Do be a good boy, Butchie," coaxed Opal, "and I'll give you my green glass marble—sure."

Butch was not to be bribed by so paltry an offer, and stumped unevenly along, sniffling disconsolately.

"And my striped blue one, too."

By the time she had promised Butch half her marbles, he began to take an interest in life again, and propelled Beulah a little less spitefully.

Opal pushed the heavy twins willingly enough, though it was hard work; but as they were not to blame for her miserable day, she saw no reason to make them suffer for her

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disappointment. But the spirit of Butch was made of sterner stuff, and he resented the turn affairs had taken with a royal ill-will, modified only by the promise of marbles, which was too prodigal to be slighted.

Occasionally they heard the band; yet this only added to the bitterness of their return. But as they neared home the music burst out with a sudden blare, and coming down their own street they saw a line of moving objects, half hidden by the dust.

Could it be the dog and pony parade? It must be, for the band sounded louder and louder, crashing out a popular air. It appeared that Fairy Jones's cousin had not said, when she telephoned, that the show was not to be held on the old fair grounds, because of some difficulty about renting the field; but the tents had been pitched in a vacant lot not far from Loretta Avenue.

The rejuvenated Butch pushed the stubborn, heavily laden little cart with the zeal of a galley slave rowing toward liberty. And Opal ceased to feel the strain on her frail young arms, and her heart rose like a lump of lead transmuted into a bird with eager wings, as she tugged the protesting old cab on to their own lawn.

Just as the procession came by, Butch and Opal dropped, panting, on the grass. And oh, the wonders of that dog and pony show parade! Shaggy Shetland ponies, with dragging tails and heavy manes, pulled gaudy little chariots that glittered with real gold and silver in the eyes of Butch and Opal. A team of eight cream-colored ponies drew the musicians in a beautiful gilded boat on wheels. Half a dozen piebald ponies reminded the delighted Butch of his calico kittens. And every pony had a gay ornament of bright red feathers nodding proudly above its head.

Besides, there were white dogs, black dogs, brown dogs, dogs with rough coats and coats that shone like satin; all kinds of dogs trotted patiently in harness or sat soberly in little wagons driving other dogs.

"Do dogs that draw wagons jest like horses eat hay like real horses? Say, ma—say, gramma, do they?" questioned Butch; but neither his mother nor his grandmother, who had come out on the lawn to see the parade, had time to answer him then.

And all the while the band played, transforming their plebeian street into an enchanted pleasure-ground. The miniature horses and the trained dogs were creatures from fairy-land to Opal and Butch; but the babies showed only a languid interest in the parade when their grandmother urged them to "see the pretty bow-wows."

An hour later Jule and Elvie came dejectedly home. They had not caught even a glimpse of the dogs and ponies.

"I guess the show didn't amount to much or it wouldn't have come on this out-of-the-way street," remarked Jule sourly.

The Beggar

By Alphonse Courlander

IT happened in St. Petersburg, whither business had taken me. I was making a stay of about six months, and my affairs frequently called me to the docks. There I made the acquaintance of Potomkin. He sat outside the dock-gates, on the bank of the ditch that bordered the road—cross-legged, with palm outstretched, and his ragged shreds of flaxen-colored hair tumbled over his humped shoulders. His nose was broad-nostriled as a Cossack's, and his face was hidden with a hairy growth, but his wide, staring blue eyes compelled attention.

The rain was filtering down despondently on the day that I first spoke to him. I had passed him several times, ignoring his plea

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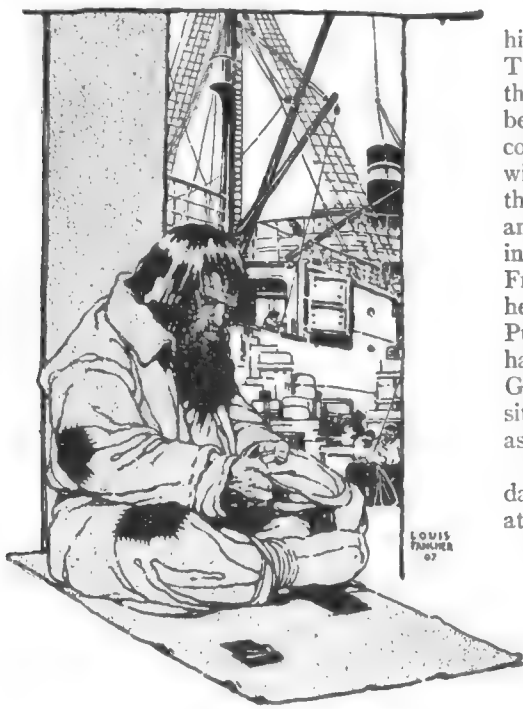
for alms; but once I tossed him a *grevnik*—a little ten-kopeck piece—and he clawed at it eagerly, and called down the blessing of the Virgin on my head, crossing himself vigorously. And ever afterward, when I passed, he lowered his eyes cringingly, and rocked his body to and fro, anticipating further gifts. So I spoke to him:



HE SAT OUTSIDE THE DOCK-GATES.

"Tell me, old one, why dost thou sit in the rain, and always in the same spot?"

He twisted his mouth into what was meant for a smile. "*Da chto*," he croaked huskily, "it does not always rain . . . and the sea-people who come from the ships have hearts as large as their vessels."

He spoke with an educated tongue, and I looked at him sharply.

"You are not an ordinary beggar," I said.

"I am a beggar!" he replied, with a satisfied sigh. "I am like a saint—I sit and receive offerings, and who gives I bless. For two kopecks I will send a prayer to the Mother of God on your behalf."

I gave him five times two kopecks, and passed on, leaving him fulfilling his part of the bargain. After that I conversed with him every day. At first our discourse was limited to ordinary topics; and one day he told me his name—"Potomkin."

"Yes, but your forename?" I ventured.

"Oh—*nichevo*—nothing—just Potomkin!" he grinned.

Another day he asked carelessly, "You are French?"

"Oh, no!" I said, "I'm an Englishman from London."

"A-a-h!" He drew his breath in with a hiss, and his fingers twitched tremblingly. That was all, but I noticed it, and pondered thereon frequently. Gradually Potomkin became part of my day. I did not reckon it complete unless I had seen him and spoken with him. I became filled with strange thoughts about him. He was certainly not an ordinary beggar, for he was educated, and in his speech he betrayed his learning. From his conversation, also, I inferred that he was acquainted with Russian literature. Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontof, Dostoyefsky—he had read them all, and even the more modern Gorky. Why should a literary beggar be sitting by the roadside, near the docks? I asked myself.

Once I had occasion to visit the docks after dark. It was the first time I had been there at night, and I was startled to see the dim, huddled figure of Potomkin seated in his usual place.

"Why!" I said, "you here—as late as this?"

His face was white in the moonlight, and he answered simply: "I never leave here—night and day—day and night."

In the cover of the darkness I drew near to him. "Potomkin," I said gently, "Potomkin, tell me why you sit here—tell me who you are—you are not the beggar you appear to be. Why do you sit here?"

He gave a low laugh. "Ah! you Englishman," he whispered, "you have always been sympathetic. I guessed you would find out. . . ."

"We are friends," I argued persuasively. "Who are you?"

"I'm Potomkin," he answered in his old way. "Just Potomkin—and I'm waiting—waiting!"

"For whom?"

"Shall I tell you?" He seemed to be debating the question with himself. "Oh, well—*zachem nyet*—why not? It is a very short story. I am Potomkin; there *used* to be a tea merchant of that name in Moscow,"

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he giggled suggestively; "I wonder what's become of him! The merchant had a very beautiful daughter, fair-haired and blue-eyed—like me! Hee! hee!" he chuckled, and swayed himself to and fro; "I get sentimental in the moonlight. Oh! she was a good girl, with the face of an angel and the virtue of a saint, and it was a pleasure to get home after work in the shop and find her waiting. . . . One day the merchant came home and found she was not there. On the table was a letter. She had left and gone away with an officer, who had been a frequent visitor at the house. The merchant found out that they had gone to England. . . . Some day he is bound to come back—they always do, the love for their country is too strong. . . . That is why I wait here—where the ships come in from England. I watch every face that passes." He laughed softly and slipped his hand beneath his coat; when he withdrew it the blade of a knife glittered in the moonlight, and I rose, fearful, for I deemed him insane.

He pressed the knife to his lips, murmuring: "He will come back. Now you know why I wait; I want to see him who took my daughter from me."

"Potomkin," I said, "it is late, and you are foolish."

"A-ha-a!" he crooned, with a leer on his face, "maybe — maybe. Still . . . I wait."

I went home, resolved to forget all about him, and during the remainder of my stay I did not again visit the docks. Yet Potomkin's face with the wild, staring eyes was often before me. On the day that I left St. Petersburg I had a chat with MacAllen, the shipping-broker in the Nikolai Street. "By the way," I said, "that beggar down by the docks is a queer character, isn't he? Never moves from the spot."

"Ah! you've noticed him," answered MacAllen. "He's quite one of the sights of St. Petersburg. He's been there off and on for about fifteen years. Waiting for some one, so the story goes. . . . He went blind two years ago and the fellow's quite mad. Have a cigarette, old man?"

I drove down to my ship that same evening, and as my droshky passed the huddled figure of the beggar I threw him two silver rubles. He groped after the coins with one hand, crossing himself with the other, and his eyes stared straight at me.

So that the last memory I have of St. Petersburg is of Potomkin, patiently sitting in the evening waiting for his revenge on the man whom he will never be able to see. . . . Perhaps he is waiting still!

The Ghost in the Snow

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

MOAN not, my Wind, about that close-shut door;
Children asleep and safe behind it lie;
Let them not hear us, lest they wake and cry;
Above the little houses let us soar.

Than these, my pallid sister-flakes of snow,
I lean no heavier on your airy breast;
Flying together in our chill unrest,
Take us, dear Wind, where darkened rivers go—

Rivers—or forests with their deep lament;
Strew us among the branches of a pine
To linger in his fingers, green and fine,
Or drift us underneath the spruce's tent.

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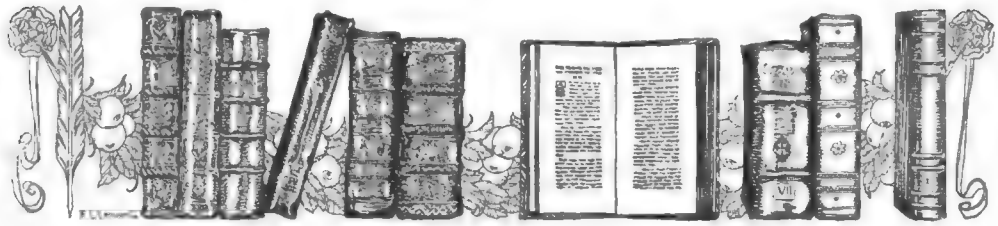

A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

Please do not accuse me of being a pessimist on the subject of current literature because I liken the letters of Lafcadio Hearn to an oasis in the desert. After all, when worst comes to worst, there is much to be said for the desert, properly looked at. But I choose, and indeed I cannot but choose, the simile because the salient and unforgetable and altogether blessed characteristic of these outpourings is that they constitute a well-spring of human feeling. From them we may drink to the refreshing of our aims, to the strengthening of our hopes, and to the inspiring of our ideals. And such a draft, be it vouchsafed but to the passing caravan of our own generation or for the perennial heartening of travelers yet unborn, constitutes its source an oasis to be welcomed. Of course as an interpreter between the East and the West, in those nuances of mental tone and angles of intellectual refraction that are among the most illusive of their differences, Hearn will doubtless in some sense live; for the peculiar gifts and temperament that in him coincided to this end, rare in themselves, are in conjunction rarer than any blue moon. But we are altogether too close to Mr. Hearn to make it safe to hazard any guess, even to ourselves, as to his precise status in English literature; and fortunately we need not trouble to foreshadow the opinions of the future. The formulation of its own opinions is one of the inalienable rights of posterity, and, with a viewpoint and a perspective that we can in no wise anticipate, it will reach conclusions in which, could we foresee them, we should doubtless find ourselves unprepared to acquiesce. Sufficient unto the day is the judgment thereof; and at least to us Hearn has been a musical singer, a patient and infinitely subtle expounder of subtleties, and, withal, a curious and interest-arousing individuality. But it is in these letters which Miss Bisland has rescued and incorporated in her "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" (Houghton, Mifflin) that his appeal is for the first time touched with a suggestion of universality. Here is a big soul pouring itself out to its fellows. We may be no appreciators of linguistic melody, no lovers of tropic color, no searchers into the springs of the occult; but if we are living men and women with hearts and brains responsive to generous hope and lofty purpose, we cannot but find our own master note sounded somewhere in these pages.

To turn from the oasis to the desert, even the optimist is obliged to acknowledge its sterility in the matter of fiction during the past half-year. Nothing, it is safe to say, that is capable of maintaining even for a twelvemonth any semblance of greenness in our minds is to be laid to the credit of that period. "Prisoners" (Dodd, Mead) indeed was announced with many trumpets as the first novel in years by Mary Cholmondeley and as a materialization of many superlatives. But alas, not in the reading, nor much less in the test of retrospect, does it bear out the claims of its heralds. The story concerns itself with the effect upon herself and her victim of a young woman's selfish and cowardly refusal, long maintained, to clear a chivalrous lover from a false conviction of murder. It is evidently written in an earnest and calculated effort to do a big thing, and it is full of a keen observation and lifelike portraiture of human littleness which, joined either to a genial satire or to a broader sympathy, would equip a humorous philosopher or set up a philosophical humorist. But in plot it is so gratuitously mawkish, and in detail so cumulatively and yet pettily cynical, that it hopelessly fails of its object.

In addition to an interesting tale and a complete change from current habit, there is, however, a certain promise, or at least a distinctly visible possibility, in the work that Owen John-

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son has done in his peculiar story of New York called "Max Fargus" (Baker & Taylor). Mr. Johnson is a young writer of acknowledged talent and of quite evident ambitions, untouched as yet by the commercial taint. He is, one would imagine, an enthusiastic admirer and student of Dickens's ideas of fiction and of de Maupassant's ideas of style, and he has not, as yet, quite cast aside the leading-strings of his ideals. But in "Max Fargus" these hang slack and are only noticeable to the observant, while in his "In the Name of Liberty" the attempt to paint the lily of "The Tale of Two Cities" escaped censure only by the humor of its sublime audacity. Now of course the story of "Max Fargus" may be, as the botanists say, a "sport," and its shortcomings may prove more indicative than its excellences; but its crisp and telling diction (still a little too reminiscent of French schooling) and its broadly romantic symbolizing of human frailties in the modified realism of a local drama, are altogether too hopeful to pass by unpraised.

For the adequate variation of the literary menu the short story is a necessary staple. Not only are there chinks and crannies of time that by habit we desire to fill with disconnected reading, but quite distinct from this convenience, there are promptings of intellectual appetite that crave not a meal but a snack. It is our misfortune that at such times we too often find the larder bare. Just at present, for instance, there is little enough in market, good or bad. By far the best of the offerings is James Hopper's collection of Philippine tales called "Caybigan" (McClure, Phillips). These stories have the great recommendation that they have not resulted from the writer's racking his brain for possible situations to work up and exploit. Quite contrariwise. They are the artistic and dramatic expression of actual and observed conditions, bits of life snatched from soiled and sordid surroundings, divested of the irrelevancy of dirt and rags and held up in the stark humanity of their fundamental pathos and tragedy. The volume includes fifteen stories and is the only interpretative presentation we have had of our new colonial activities. W. A. Fraser's "Thirteen Men" (Appleton) is another book of stories that is above the average. These, too, for the most part, deal with the dramatic side of colonial life. Burma is the scene of many of them, and while less specially and intrinsically interesting to us, they are nevertheless well-rounded and sufficiently unusual and colorful to make effective reading. K. and H. Pritchard's "Don Q. in the Sierra" (J. B. Lippincott) about exhausts the list. This is a collection supplementary to "The Chronicles of Don Q." by the same authors, published some time ago, and gives additional chapters from the adventures of a Spanish brigand of a Robin Hoodish kidney. Purely romantic in spirit and founded on a sufficiently conventional motive, the stories are yet original in detail and told with no little vim.

Nelson Lloyd, who in "A Drone and a Dreamer" proved himself so companionable a peripatetic philosopher and soliloquizer, and who has since added "A Soldier of the Valley" and other tales of sentiment and satire to his score, has written a new story called "The Robberies Company, Ltd." (Scribner), which is both an amusing and a novel experiment. The company in question is an association of intellectual socialists who have undertaken to awaken the civilized world to the intrinsic worthlessness of mere material possessions by a series of spectacular crimes against property, and who have selected a prominent New York clubman as the subject of one of their demonstrations. Utterly improbable as is the entire fabric, the author induces us, by the realism of his characters, by the essential though impractical truth of his theory of "useless rubbish," and by the logical development of his dramatic superstructure, to accept and enter into the spirit of it all. Another logical and realistic and therefore effectively convincing fiction is J. A. Mitchell's "The Silent War" (Life Publishing Co.), a story which follows the lives of certain capitalists during the reign of terror induced by a wide-spread but secret socialistic conspiracy of murder and extortion. The restraint exercised over a sensational theme by the quiet interplay of human motive and human action is very grateful, and the absence of any suggestion of the proletarian or the muck-raker from the social and financial satire of the scenes gives to this exciting little story a touch of class that adds subtle weight to the force of its impact.

Has Anthony Hope become too good a novelist to be any longer a writer of successful romance? After reading—and enjoying—"Sophy of Kravonia" (Harper), one finds this query obtruding itself. For this new story of his is essentially a hybrid. It has about it, especially in the latter half, the true romantic *élan*, a spontaneous, self-abandoning, emotional devotion to a cause and a personality which at once inspires and infuses the rapid, pyramiding action of the tale. But it has also about it, especially in the first half, the true spirit of the analyst; placing with deliberate and calculated skill the touches of color, of comment, and of disclosure that orient a single character upon the sea of humanity. That is, before the writer allows us to follow Sophy to the scenes of her ultimate self-discovery and ad-

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venture, he places before us the logical foundations of her development. The analytical half is by the author of "A Servant of the Public," the romantic by the author of the tales of "Zenda." The reader with sufficient catholicity of taste will make the transition with easy acquiescence. Whether the clamorous consumers of Graustarkian and other paraphrases of Hope's earlier mode will find the innovation to their taste remains to be recorded in the list of "best sellers."

The Egyptian artists, in whose work aerial perspective was sacrificed to social, have left us many pictures of huge Pharaohs with diminutive wives and courtiers standing about them. Mr. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" (Macmillan) is done in the Egyptian style, with, however, this innovation: that it gives us the picture of a huge Bram Stoker with a diminutive Irving and other Lilliputian celebrities bearing tribute and testimonials. The fact itself would be sufficiently amusing did not its embodiment in two thick volumes soon smother the humor of it, and a growing realization of the magnitude of the lost opportunities add to our weariness a sense of being personally cheated. The truth is that these reminiscences merely serve to show us in a most tantalizing way how interesting Henry Irving and Henry Irving's friends might be were they sketched for us by some one who had mingled with them as freely as did Mr. Stoker and who was as much interested in them as Mr. Stoker was in himself. For something like thirty years the business associate and constant companion of Irving, Stoker met, behind the scenes of the Lyceum and elsewhere, a multitude of well-known and celebrated people attracted by Irving's personality; but for all his hovering over many flowers, this bee comes to us with a portentous humming and mighty little honey.

Naturally enough, since from the point of view of the compiler and the publisher, the moment is a psychological one, there have been several books published lately about the Panama Canal; and as we are all in a more or less curious and receptive frame of mind in the matter, we are fortunate that one of these volumes is so complete, so readable, and so free from the desiccated lifelessness of a perfunctory compilation as is Willis Fletcher Johnson's "Four Centuries of the Panama Canal" (Henry Holt). Mr. Johnson's historical review of the discovery, settlement, and fortunes of the Isthmus down to 1879 is comprehensive, though rapid. But from the inception of the De Lesseps project to the present he gives a full, a spirited, and a most interesting account of the hodge-podge of promoters and visionaries, intriguers and diplomats and boodlers, private ambitions and governmental cross-purposes that have now been insistently swept aside by the new broom of American world power.

OTHER BOOKS

"A History of Modern England"—a strikingly written and extremely readable résumé of fifty years of Parliamentary proceedings, by Herbert Paul. In five volumes. (Macmillan.)

"Marcel Levignet"—a somewhat conventional and overdrawn detective romance of the Parisian underworld, but, in its way, effective and diverting. Written by Elwyn Barron. (Duffield.)

"The Man in the Case"—a pleasant story of New England, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; founded on a somewhat obvious mystery. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

"Glimpses of Italian Court Life"—by Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. A handsome edition of a series of elaborate but quite unremarkable letters from Naples and Rome. (Doubleday, Page.)

"Set in Authority"—a very interesting novel of British Indian officialdom, by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Its few chapters of Bazaar dialect are easily skipped. (Doubleday, Page.)

"The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby"—a discursive and rather flat sequel to Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's original success, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." (Dodd, Mead.)

"The Garden and Its Accessories"—a useful booklet, much to the point, written by Loring Underwood, a landscape gardener, and dealing with fountains, fences, walls, summer-houses, and such things. (Little, Brown.)

"Chippinge Borough"—an English romance of the days of Sir Robert Peel, by Stanley J. Weyman. Interesting in spots, but padded and long drawn out. Not up to Weyman's earlier work. (McClure, Phillips.)

"The Cruise of the Violetta"—an amusing adventurous absurdity, by Arthur Colton. A pseudo-serious sea story hitched to a humorous imagination. (Henry Holt.)

"Witch's Gold"—a new version by Hamlin Garland of one of his own earlier mining tales. A grown-up Sunday-school story. (Doubleday, Page.)

"The Prisoner at the Bar"—a popular treatise on criminal prosecutions and the ins and outs of the law, by Arthur Train, of the New York district attorney's office. (Scribner.)

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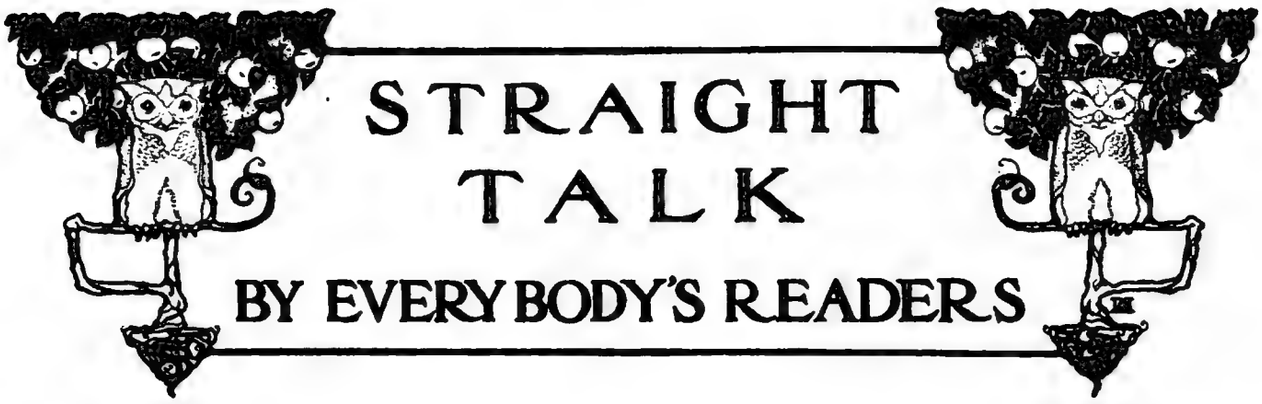

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—The letters appearing in "Straight Talk" this month are a selection from the large number of responses to our request, in connection with an article entitled "Help! Help! Help!" in the October issue, for our readers' opinions on the "servant problem."—THE EDITOR.

THE CRY FOR HELP

I AM inclined to think that the author of "Help! Help! Help!" in EVERYBODY'S for October struck the key-note when he laid the blame for the paucity of domestic helpers at the door of the women of the households, although it has occurred to me to wonder whether the idea that domestic service is degrading is not primal.

Savage man considered the female of his race his chattel, and to her he relegated the drudgery of his ménage. I say drudgery advisedly, for almost everything pertaining to housekeeping comes under that head.

There is nothing poetical in peeling potatoes. Struggling with a range that won't heat when dinner is behind time is not conducive to serenity of soul. Finger marks on paint and dust on furniture are not productive of elevated thoughts. Mattresses to be aired, soiled linen to be sorted, wardrobes and closets to be regularly emptied of their contents, cleaned, and inspected for the insidious moth and the devastating buffalo-bug—these and a thousand nameless but time- and strength-devouring matters leave little time and energy for the higher life.

Still, it is possible to get and to keep "help." It happened that the writer of this article was called to assume the duties of mistress of the house of a relative, a bachelor of the hopelessly helpless sort in household matters. My business kept me in the office of a corporation during the day; therefore it was imperative that there should be at least one servant who should be intelligent, capable, and honest.

I did not look for her in an intelligence-office, but thought over all the poor relations of the families of my acquaintance, fixing at last upon a woman, an old maid—who had brought up a family of motherless brothers and sisters, and who now, when past fifty years of age, was drifting from one to another of their families, not especially welcome in any.

She was given a comfortable room, and a fair start generally. It very soon became evident that she was not equal to any work that required muscle. She simply could not sweep a carpet properly, wash paint, windows, or do anything in that line. But it also became evident that she could prepare a good plain meal, that she did not waste a scrap of anything, and that she had good judgment in marketing.

So a woman was engaged to come in at stated times for the heavier work which the housekeeper—we gave her that title—was unable to perform. I found time to look after the dining-room and the parlors, and for a general supervision of the sleeping-rooms, linen-room, etc.

My second woman was not exactly what one would call a treasure when I first made her acquaintance. Her energetic movements wrought ruin to furniture and crockery, and she *did* have an appetite for fermented liquors. But a little diplomacy on the part of myself and the housekeeper moderated her attitude toward the household belongings, while plenty of hot coffee and substantial food about the middle of a forenoon's work took the place of stimulants. Being "as strong as a horse," she became a really valuable member of the domestic staff.

She came to me one day with the request that I arrange her work in a way that would allow her to go to another place the days on which she had been coming to me. I did so; in a week Margaret was back at the usual time, explaining in language forcible and expressive, but unsuited

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to family reading, that she worked for no people who thought "sour, dry bread and wake tay" a sufficient meal for a workingwoman.

The housekeeper was instructed to arrange her work to her liking. She was not limited as to her going out or her coming in, it being understood that the house should be kept in order and the meals should be on time.

At the end of eight years a new mistress appeared on the scene. Truth compels me to record the fact that my helpers left. The erstwhile smoothly running domestic machinery became erratic in movement. "Hired girls" came and went in endless procession. Each one was bad, and the next was worse. All were complained of, and one and all anathematized the "place."

Much less company was entertained; part of the house was practically closed. Yet the wail goes up that there is no "decent help to be had for love nor money."

Under the new régime the "hired help" are not supposed to need much in the way of food, heat, and lights. They are expected to work all day and every day, the "afternoon out" being to all practical purposes a myth.

This is a brief and absolutely uncolored statement of actual facts. The situation rose vividly before my mental eye while reading Mr. McCardell's article, and my conclusion was that he is decidedly "warm," as the children say, when he blames the mistress for the poor service of the maid.

M. A.

THE SKILJACRUE

For twenty-five years I have been advocating a plan for solving the "servant problem." Briefly as possible it is this:

A portion of what is spent in charity and in disciplining offenders of the law would be much more advantageously spent in establishing a skiljacrue.

A skiljacrue should be a house for the accrument of skill.

1. At the age of six the girl goes to live in the skiljacrue, the latter paying the family $1 a week until majority, and clothing the child properly.

2. The education should be in manners, character, a school course, and cooking and household duties should be the main object.

3. Each class should have its honors and awards, which taken in total should count toward honors in graduation and toward an old-age pension.

4. There should be amusements and a library.

5. The girl should go out to partial service at fifteen and graduate at eighteen.

6. The skiljacrue should take in work, paid for by its patrons, affording employment for its students and profits to the institution.

7. It should supply trained workwomen. In the matter of cooks, for instance: A cook should be sent to a household for a limited number of hours a day, serving the family as many years as she chooses. She returns to the skiljacrue every night or to a branch house.

There should be a class of trained cooks known as breakfast-getters or "daybreaks," arriving at the employer's house at five in the morning and remaining until breakfast is served, if served by seven in the morning. The "daybreaks" upon returning to the skiljacrue should carry on work or go out as "hour-helpers," or as substitutes. The household cook, arriving at seven in the morning, and following the "daybreak," should be able to pass the day in good temper. Remaining until seven in the evening, she should be replaced by a finisher of the day called an evening maid, who should remain until nine or ten at night. For these services the employer should pay the skiljacrue a fixed sum.

8. The mistress of the household shall write the menus and list the work she desires done on blanks furnished by the skiljacrue, date and sign them, returning them to the skiljacrue by the evening maid. But the mistress may not give orders in the ordinary sense, because she has a *trained helper*, and *deals with the skiljacrue*.

9. The employer must state to the skiljacrue, income, and allowance for expenditure, and then be given a rating on its books. She shall then be furnished with a scale of charges—a breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, consisting of so many dishes, shall cost a certain sum for wage. If she requires extra dishes she must pay extra to the skiljacrue. Maids must be educated for different ratings and service.

10. The maid trained in the skiljacrue's system and habituated to cleanliness and thoroughness should find life in the skiljacrue sufficiently interesting and lucrative to hold her allegiance. Marriage should be encouraged and the maid given a certificate entitling her to return temporarily in case of distress, or to reenter in widowhood. There should be a uniform, a sick benefit, and a pension fund. With the impossibility for the mistress to domineer over the maid much of the social obloquy of "servant" would be removed, residence in the skiljacrue or branch house preventing the friction arising from residence in the employer's house. Honor and security would thus be added to the life of a houseworker in a field which should be woman's happiest domain. The skiljacrue should educate housekeepers, servants of all classes, nurses for children, perhaps stewards to buy for households, extras for social functions, laundresses, chambermaids, fruit canners, cleaners, furnacemen, and housemen. The skiljacrue should send out inspectors to settle any friction between the employer and the maid.

It has been said that parents would not allow children to go into an institution at an early age. Ask the hospitals, who dare not allow a maternity patient leave to go out of the house for an hour without taking her babe; ask the homes for chil-

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dren, to say nothing of orphanages; ask the mother who knows that one more mouth means starvation for them all. Better give these little six-year-olds an honest profession in life than all the charity in the world. "Charity is cold, and it is a mighty blessing to humanity that it is cold."

G. M.

COMMON-SENSE KINDNESS

THIS is the plain, unvarnished story of one who has been "singularly fortunate in the matter of help," to quote the half-envious remarks of her friends.

I have been a housekeeper for twenty years, and have the following record: one maid for seven years, three for one year each, one for two years, and another for six years. The last is still with us. The second year of our housekeeping we were too poor to hire help. During the year unaccounted for we had one girl that was too frail to do any one's work; another that proved untidy; and a third whose morals were unsound. We have been unable to offer our help either a small house or a convenient one. We have eleven rooms besides bath-rooms and two halls; and as the house is an old one and has been added to at different times, it is a model of what a house should not be. Nor do we pay the highest wages; only what is a reasonable sum for people in the great middle class of which Mr. McCardell speaks.

Nor is our case an unusual one in our city. Several of our acquaintances and friends have records quite as good; in many cases keeping the same girl for years until she marries and goes to a home of her own.

Have we an infallible recipe for keeping our maid? No; but some suggestions that may be of use occur to me as I look over my own history and that of my friends.

First catch your maid. I have no advice on that point. But for the benefit of despairing souls let me say that I believe there are really many girls who would prefer housework to factory work, if they could be sure of proper treatment. Our maids have usually come to us. We did not have to persuade them or hunt them. Absolute frankness on both sides in the preliminary conversation saves a world of trouble, although many housekeepers resent the inquiries of an applicant as an impertinence. Why should the maid not ask how many children you have, and where she is to entertain her young men? A business man does not resent being asked for a full explanation of duties and privileges when he is talking with an applicant.

The housekeeper once installed, we try to protect her from annoyance by children. One of the commonest complaints among servants is this: "I couldn't stand the children. They were always under foot; they were rude and ungrateful, and were allowed to dip into all that was cooked before it could be properly served." One maid told me that at one place she simply could not guard the table from the ravages of the children, before the meal was served, and that her complaints to the mother were unheeded. Yet, when the linen was wrinkled and smeared she was blamed for untidiness. We made it a rule to demand of our child entire courtesy toward the help. If the girl complained, the case was looked into, and the small culprit was made to apologize for her rudeness and to forego her kitchen privileges—which she dearly loved—for some stated time.

By all means let the maid state her grievances, if she has any. This privilege will mean much to her. We used to have a cook who made plain her injured state of mind by most emphatic sniffs; sniffs so loud that they could be distinctly heard in the dining-room, even when she was in the kitchen, and so significant that we quailed before them. At first she "took it out" in sniffing, but when she found that she could her tale unfold without giving offense, and that her wrongs were always righted, she actually ceased to sniff.

We have striven to be reasonable in our demands. It has always been a mystery to me why women who openly declare that they are unable to do their own housework; who, when they are forced into the position of the housekeeper, provide scant meals, omit the heavy sweeping, and then toil all day to keep things going—should imagine that a maid of only average ability and strength is able to do all that they have done and left undone and then a little more. Systematic cooperation is the only solution of the problem where one maid is expected to do the work of an average family. Take, for instance, the task of ironing. There are houses where the ironing-board is in painful evidence all the week. No matter how tired the maid may be, when her regular work is done, there is the pile of folded clothes, the hot stove, and the back-breaking toil. Now if there is a clear understanding that the other work on ironing-day is to be reduced to a minimum, that the family will do the straightening up of the living-rooms, that the meals will be very simple, or that extra dishes will be prepared by the mistress, then the maid can dispose of that tiresome ironing within a definite time, and get it off her mind as well as off her tired hands.

There are times even in well-ordered households when the work is too heavy, and the maid is unable to handle it. Most of us refuse to recognize the situation. Some, for fear of spoiling the maid, do not lend a hand nor bestow the word of sympathy that makes burdens tolerable. Others, acting on a childish principle of economy, will risk losing the maid rather than temporarily put out of the house any part of the work. We have found that occasionally spending an extra half dollar in putting out the ironing, and rec-

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ognizing the fact that flesh and blood may grow tired, will carry us through the crises that come with visitors, housecleaning, and canning.

I hardly dare approach my next topic. We women are so fearful for our social standing that we almost fall into convulsions when some daring maid wants to eat with the family. There are business reasons why the maid should not eat with the family, and these should be the basis of the arrangement. But pause again, much shocked mistress. Did you ever try eating alone, day after day, especially after the others were done, when the food was cold and picked over; when the table that was so dainty at first has become a repulsive waste? Try it a week, and see how you like it. It is one of the pities of our domestic service, and there seems no way to remedy it. But this I can do. When my time permits, I stay while the maid eats her meal. I pour her tea and coffee; I make her talk on subjects she likes. Our washerwoman, too, will hurry through her work to have her tea poured for her. "It tastes better when you pour it," she says apologetically as she rolls down her sleeves. This little courtesy, occasionally extended, renews the bond of womanly kindness between us.

We also see that our helper has a room that is warm in winter. She is provided with a rocking-chair, all the usual comforts, and a large mirror that does not distort her features or make deeper the weary lines of her face. One of the wealthiest men in our town put into his house a fine heating plant, and yet left the maid's room entirely unwarmed. She burns a coal-oil lamp, shivers in the cold while she dresses, and sits in the kitchen of evenings because her room is unbearably cold. What girl would not prefer factory work, with the comfort and independence of her evenings assured? Yet this man offers higher wages than most of us pay, and is unable to keep good help.

When we women have cast aside that despicable patronage we too often show to our dependents; when on both sides there is right intention and a reasonableness in demands, families may have capable help and retain it. The chief difficulty is to prove to self-supporting girls that domestic service involves comfort and consideration and no loss of social standing. M. M.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING

It is the woman who wants something for nothing who complains of incompetent help. For there is help. Plenty of help, and good help; but in order to get it, you must pay the price.

You can't get something for nothing unless you steal something, cheat somebody out of something, or get cheated yourself in the attempt. Just as soon as you decide to pay the full value for what you receive, just so soon, and no sooner, will you solve the drudge problem.

If you are a millionaire, you'll go to a domestic science school or college, and secure graduates for the several lines of work you wish done. You'll pay domestic science prices instead of (lack of) "intelligence" prices. Price in a domestic science case means not only a stated amount of salary, but a chance for board and clothing nearly as good as your own, and rooms fit for scientists to occupy. You'll also be obliged to allow suitable time for recreation and the pursuit of happiness.

If you belong to the ex-class of women who are both poor and ignorant of housework,—women who now marry $1,500 men with the expectation that a poor little drudge will do everything for $3 a week—you'll be obliged to learn how to do things for yourself, by taking a course of study at one of these domestic science schools. Then you may, if your income makes competent help an impossibility, engage "new arrivals" with the understanding that you will teach all you know, and allow them to graduate from your kitchen when they can do things as they ought to be done.

If you belong to the great middle class, and really want help, not drudgery, you'll hunt about in your town or city for a good dependable woman. You'll agree to pay her a certain amount of money for certain hours of work. She'll reach your kitchen at seven o'clock in the morning, and get your breakfast while you dress the children. She'll wait on the table and let you eat your own breakfast in peace. She'll "do the dishes" and "tidy up a bit" while you go to market. She'll help you with your cooking or cleaning, and then go home to her own family. In the evening she'll come back again and clear up the dinner dishes, and put the house in order, or she'll stay with the children while you take the evening's pleasure that would otherwise be denied you. You'll pay at the end of the week for just what hours of work you have had. The probabilities are that your helper will be a widow, with a family of her own to be cared for, and if you pay what you should pay, she'll be glad to do her best; and her best will be a best wrought by years of managing and hard work. When her work for you is done, she goes home to her own enjoyments. She won't be poked off in an attic; she won't be forbidden to entertain the butcher, if she so desires. She will be perfectly free to "do her duty in that station of life unto which it shall please God to call her," without your making any efforts to keep her back from that station.

"But," says somebody, "the work I want done would take at least four or five hours a day, and such a woman would charge at least twenty or twenty-five cents an hour. I can't afford to pay so much for help."

Well, if you can't afford to pay for what you want, the only honest thing to do is to go without.

M. F. K. H.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

[Reprinted from the Latest and Last Number of *Ridgway's*.]

MORITURI SALUTAMUS

To struggle with a proposition that a man knows is hopeless, to carry on a work that is not getting anywhere and has no prospect of getting anywhere till strength and resources are exhausted, is pure bravado. To do this just to save one's face, is hypocrisy. When a man enters upon a worthy enterprise and gives it up before he has to, he must have mighty good reasons, and he must be willing to give them to the friends who have stood by him in the enterprise.

We started *Ridgway's* not because we wanted to, but because we had to. The idea forced itself upon us so persistently as to leave us the choice of giving it a trial or writing ourselves down to ourselves as cowards recreant to an obvious duty. We had the time, we had the strength, we had the money to give it a big, honest try-out. We could have used the time and money in other ways, but having the idea, any other use of our time and money would have seemed to us like rank evasion. We accept the loss with what calmness we may, and force from our thought the hurt that big defeat must always bring to sincere men.

What was this idea that drove us out of a comfortable environment to the stony roads leading into a pioneer country? It was not the hope of finding gold, nor ultimate ease, nor honors. It was a plan born out of a burning desire to help along in some new big way the common good. At a dinner given to our army of associates before launching the Weekly, a distinguished guest said: "I have heard your plans; I have listened to your speeches; I have looked into your eyes. This is not a new business enterprise you are setting out upon; it is a crusade."

We had experimented for months and we knew before we started that the conditions of simultaneous production over a great area, the necessity of editing by telegraph, and of printing on newspaper presses made it impossible to turn out even a respectable-looking publication. We knew we were flying in the face of progress in asking the reading public to put up with a poorly printed publication. But, we argued, if we can make the reading public understand that we are not trying to make a good-looking publication, if we can make them see the importance of having a great fighting machine such as we hoped to build up, as we see it, possibly they will be willing to sacrifice their strong prejudices in favor of appearances for the sake of the editorial strength so big and expensive an organization would guarantee. We were almost certain from the sepulchral silence which greeted our first number that it was hopeless to try to overcome the American's prejudice for appearances. Each week added to our certainty until the sixth week when we cut out most of the branches.

There are two kinds of circulation: subscription circulation and news-stand circulation. Through long years and with much advertising the reading public has formed the habit of buying a large proportion of its monthly magazines, especially the lower-priced ones, at the news stands. But your newsdealer will tell you that the reading public is not in the habit of calling at the news stand four times a month and putting down ten cents for a weekly. The large proportion of the circulation of our weekly periodicals is subscription circulation. The publisher who would attempt to establish the habit in the reading public of buying its weeklies at the news stands would need to have the United States Treasury at the back of him. In our original plan we had solved this problem with our circulation man in each city, who was to cover the territory with newsboys, who was to reduce the proportion of unsold copies on the news stands by his personal supervision, who was to employ canvassers for subscription circulation, and whose work we were to supplement with extensive advertising. When the reading public an-

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nounced to us so convincingly that it did not recognize values present or prospective that compensated for the inevitable roughness of our publication, they made it impossible for us to realize the reason for our existence, and put us in a position where we could not exist even if we had proved a reason.

Even now, when we are absolutely certain that the proposition is hopeless on its present lines, and when we have used up all the money we had set aside for experimenting and a little more, it is hard to be reasonable. It would be very easy to keep on and save our faces. But we are going to do the right thing now, even if we are a little late about it. We are going to stop.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

While we should not be willing to admit the exact application of the following story to our recent experiences with *Ridgway's*, it nevertheless furnishes so many striking similarities and on the whole is so very pat that we are constrained to ask you to enjoy the humor of it at our expense.

The café of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is regularly patronized by well-mannered business men who sit around the table for a social hour in the late evening. One night recently a medium-sized, ordinary-looking man came into the café and treated its patrons to a novel experience. There was nothing in the newcomer's appearance as he entered the room to make any one look at him twice. It was apparent at a glance that he had spent the earlier hours of the evening taking on board a considerable cargo of rum, which he was navigating with dignity and precision.

Possibly the stranger was nettled by the evident indifference to his existence. At any rate he steered for the bar, and in a voice that for an instant commanded the attention of the roomful, ordered a drink. He put the drink away with a flourish; then, facing about, he glowered over the room, squared his shoulders, and announced, "I can lick any man in this *room*." No one paid the slightest attention to him. Turning to the bar again he said, "Barkeep, gimme 'nuther drink and make it stronger." He drank it, faced the room, squared his shoulders, and in a louder voice announced, "I can lick any man in the *city of New York*." No one paid the slightest attention to him. An expression of hurt surprise crept into the stranger's face, but he was game. And again he sought the bar. "Barkeep," he said, "gimme 'nuther and make it the hottest you know how." He tossed it down; then taking a "Washington-crossing-the-Delaware" pose, in a voice that made the glassware rattle he bellowed, "I can lick any guy in th' *United States uv 'Merica*." At this a quiet little man got up, walked over to the stranger, knocked him down, helped him to his feet again, propped him up against the bar, and asked in a mild, kindly way, "I say, friend, what's the trouble?" "Trouble?" said the stranger; "trouble wiz me is I tried to cover too much territory."

FOUND—A STORY!

In our new serial, "The Adventurer," one of the characters, a novelist, says to the hero, "Gad, I believe we have a big story by the tail!" That is precisely the way we felt when we read the opening chapters of Mr. Osbourne's novel. They fascinated us. They thrilled us. Here was a real mystery, and real adventures. And a crackajack adventure story was the thing we'd been looking for. We clamored for the rest of the novel; and it did not disappoint us. In fact, we forgot all about forming an opinion; we forgot everything except our pursuit of the hero and his mystery through savage tropical jungles. And when we found the amazing solution, we plunged on into one exciting adventure after another. They kept up to the very end. When we'd finished, we had time to reflect that "The Adventurer" suggests the best work of Jules Verne. And also that stirring adventure story, "The Wrecker," of which Mr. Osbourne himself was joint author with his stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Osbourne has done a big thing. It's a great story. It's the very story we've long been hoping to find for our readers.

Everybody's Calendar

December: One of *the* magazines of the year. Sold fine.

January: Inside hot, outside cold. Lots of letters about it. Sold finer.

February: Red hot; books show 12,000 more yearly subscribers than last year at this time. News company sold out in six days; crying for more.

March: Here it is. Isn't it a good one?

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